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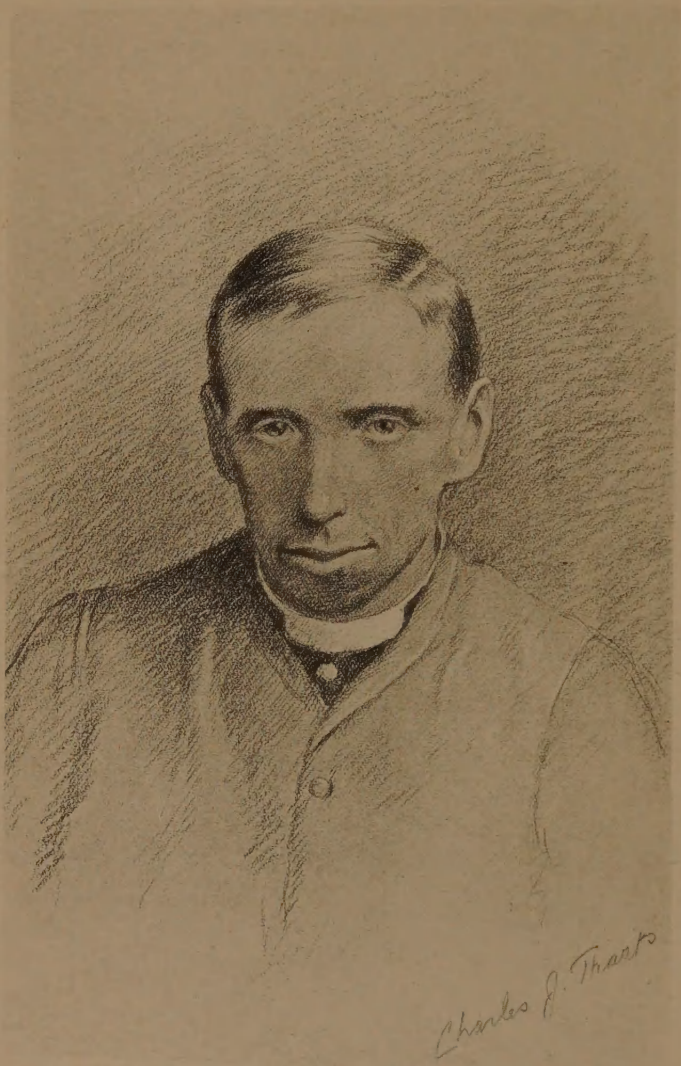
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JTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE TYRRELL

1861-1884

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Father Tyrrell.
from a group at St. Mary's Hall.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LIFE

OF

GEORGE TYRRELL

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE TYRRELL

1861—1884

1861-1909

ARRANGED, WITH SUPPLEMENTS, BY

M. D. PETRE

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD
1912

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INTRODUCTION

THIS is not properly one work in two volumes, but two separate works; an autobiography, succeeded by a memoir. They appear together by the force of circumstances, rather than by any inherent congruity; and the difference in size and character of the two volumes has to be accepted as an inevitable consequence of their partnership. The autobiography will probably be found to possess a value of its own, quite apart from the stirring history of Father Tyrrell's later years; yet since his life would not be complete without both beginning and end, it has had to serve also as the first part of the whole story.

This autobiography, which covers the life of its author from his birth in 1861 to the death of his mother in 1884, was not written for publication, nor did Father Tyrrell leave any directions in its regard.

It was on January 12th, 1901, that he wrote to a friend:

> I almost think I shall make you the recipient of some autobiographical letters that I have long contemplated; chiefly for my own benefit, but also with a view to further contingencies.

On January 17th, having been encouraged in the design, he writes again,—alluding, evidently, to some jesting remark of his correspondent:

> I will make you the recipient of the life of ten or more personalities; all I ask is that the MSS. may come back to me, for I

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feel sure your loyalty to me would make you destroy them after my death, in which case I should be compelled to haunt you for the rest of your days.

Again on January 23rd, he wrote :

I began the story of my paltry life a few days ago, but was interrupted by other work. As soon as there is enough to make it worth while, I will send it. But I am writing so principally for my own sake, in order to piece together this battered personality of mine into some flattering semblance of unity and coherence, that much detail will be absolutely uninteresting to you; and what, to me, is a bond of countless memories, and a fountain of tears or laughter, to you will be as lifeless as an unknown lock of hair. Still I will go on with it, and no doubt, if you persist, you will often wish I had been less candid ; for I mean to flay myself ruthlessly. Did you ever read Wilfrid S. Blunt's "Quatrains of Youth"? They give me courage ; as also does that strange book, "Jasper White," by Clarke of the Foreign Office.

At another time he spoke of taking it back into his own hands, but recalled the request before it had been fulfilled ; the papers therefore remained with their first recipient until his death.

Then arose the grave question as to the use that should be made of them. That they should be lost to the world for ever, seemed a proposition outrageous to contemplate ; but whether they should be given to the world sooner, or later, was a more delicate question.

"What then have I to do with men," writes Augustine, "that they should hear my confessions as if they could heal all my infirmities? A race curious to know the lives of others, slothful to amend their own."

It may be well imagined with how much greater insistency such a question has pressed itself on the mind of one who had to act for another. Would it be right or wrong to open out to a public, which must be composed of unfriendly as well as friendly elements, these pages of ruthlessly candid self-revelation? It is after

advice, and much reflection, that the step has been taken, and the autobiography thus adopted as the first part of the entire work.

With regard to the bringing out of any kind of Life of Father Tyrrell, there are many who have said it was too soon. It is true that those many have been almost entirely of the one class ; the class, that is, of those who, whether enemies or friends (and there are some quite genuine friends on that side) hold that the latter part of Father Tyrrell's life is to be regretted ; that silence is the kindest tribute to his memory. The fact that the objectors were, almost all, of this mind was naturally a reason for questioning their opinion, and yet, in so far as any true and abiding friends of his had such an opinion, it had certainly a claim to be considered, even if it were not eventually accepted.

But, on the other hand, a far larger number were asking for this Life, and asking for it quickly ; while, at the same time, the objections of the former class seemed to be blown to nothing by the too obvious fact that the silence for which they asked had already been broken, sometimes even by themselves ; and that there was not the least reason to suppose that it would ever be kept.

He was no sooner gone from amongst us than he was claimed or repudiated ; praised or blamed ; quoted, misquoted, discussed on every side. The most incautious of men, who never realised the weight that his words might possess, those words had been scattered far and wide, and appearing, as they did, piecemeal, here and there, cast bright, but bewildering flashes of light on a personality which, in its subtle and sympathetic attractiveness, " serving every man's will was turned to what every man liked."

One could not, therefore, entertain any serious doubts as to the advisability of bringing out the Life, and bringing it out as quickly as possible, and in as great completeness as possible. But, if so, then it seemed a kind of trifling to use one's own words when his were to be had; to fill up, with comparatively colourless narrative, that portion of his life which he had himself so vividly described.

Furthermore, there were his friends to be considered; those who had entered into relations with him by direct or indirect intercourse; or who had only known him from afar, themselves unknown. It seemed hardly just to leave to posterity a document of such poignant interest, and pass over these, his own intimates and contemporaries.

On these grounds the decision was made; the editor taking full and entire responsibility for the course adopted.

Of unpleasant "personalities" the document is free; there was therefore no sifting to be done in this respect. But, at the same time, indifferent, even friendly, remarks, made in privacy on living people, may at times be inconvenient to the same when published. Wherever it seemed likely that this might be the case, they have been omitted; but such omissions are few and unimportant because the autobiography contains few observations of that class.

In regard to the Society of Jesus I was necessarily in some difficulty, because I could not refer to them officially on a matter with which, officially, they declined to have anything to do. As the manuscript was written for private use, I knew that it might very well contain matter which would be ranked as privileged and confidential, in so far as it would only be accessible to members of the Order. I therefore made

it my duty to enquire whenever I was in doubt on such points. The question I invariably asked was as follows: "Could this fact be known, in other ways, to those outside the Order?" I found that there was very little which could not be so known, and, indeed, was not already, in however limited a measure, so known. In cases where I received the contrary answer I suppressed such facts; but, to avoid misunderstanding, I may say at once that there are no terrible "revelations" thus suppressed, no matter for vulgar scandal; they are simply subjects which regard the inner mechanism of the Order.

If, in spite of these my precautions, I have still published any facts which, to the Society, may seem confidential and privileged, then they must forgive the mistakes which they did not help me to avoid. If, however, they think they have anything of which to complain, they will at least admit that the writer has been harder on himself than on them. For, in its characteristics, this autobiography would be classed nearer to the "Confessions" of St. Augustine than to the "Apologia" of Cardinal Newman. It was not, like this latter, written for self-justification in the eyes of the world, but for self-accusation in the eyes of himself and another.

My readers will understand and sympathise when I tell them that it has been somewhat hard in a second volume to continue the history which has here so vivid a commencement. It was obviously desirable to carry it on, as far as possible, in his own words, for which purpose, happily, many letters and a few documents were available. Yet in the process of the work it became more and more evident that the narrative could not be produced merely by compilation, and that the writer must necessarily do more than she had at

first expected. Still it has almost always been possible to support statements by some written word, hence I have been able, I trust, to make but little demand, in my own behalf, on the faith of the reader.

In regard to the correspondence, I have selected therefrom on the sole consideration of its use as illustrative or confirmative of the narrative; thus many letters remain in my hands as important as those I have used. My thanks are equally due to the correspondents who have allowed me to make use of their letters, whether I do so in this place, or whether I reserve them for later and independent use. I soon realised that not a tithe of the correspondence could be given in the Life, and that it could only receive justice by appearing separately later on. Father Tyrrell was an indefatigable letter-writer, and yet there is hardly a post-card which is not illumined by some flash of life or humour. His letters will, I trust, possess only the greater interest for succeeding to his Life.

I have, of course, had difficulty in obtaining information on the years of Father Tyrrell's life subsequent to 1884, and previous to about 1897, but they were probably the least eventful years, and even in regard to them, I was happily able to gather some stray knowledge.

It has been my object, as far as possible, to avoid all that could pain private individuals; in regard to those occupying an official position there is, I think, nothing invidious in giving the plain story, along with the frankest expressions of the chief subject of that story.

The life of George Tyrrell is the story of one who did not outlive the day's labour, but fell, tired and wounded, on the very battle-field. There was, for him, no still and sheltered winter of life, in which to look

back on the strivings of youth, the struggles and victories and defeats of maturity; in which to sum up the losses and gains, to reject what was wrong, confirm what was right. In the full tide of his career, in the midst of his mental and spiritual growth, with more, apparently, in front of him than behind him, he was laid low. May the history of his life explain much which, in his indifference to self, he never explained, and fill out something of the work which every man leaves unfinished!

M. D. PETRE.

STORRINGTON, *March 7th*, 1910. (Vol. I.)
STORRINGTON, *July 15th*, 1912. (Vol. II.)

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My thanks are owing to all those who have helped me in the accomplishment of my task, not all of whom I need name in this place.

I must first thank the many who have so generously placed their letters at my disposal; next, those who have assisted me in the correction of proofs, the Rev. James Watson, Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, and Canon Lilley, of Hereford Cathedral. To this last my thanks are doubly owing, as to one who has aided me with his sympathy and advice throughout all the course of my work.

Lastly I must make special mention of Mr. Leslie Carter and Mr. Charles Tharp, to the first of whom I owe the pen-and-ink drawings, to the second the portraits published in the work. Had they not consecrated to their work much friendly zeal and devotion, as well as artistic skill, the result, under somewhat difficult circumstances, could not have been as satisfactory as I now trust it to be.

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"If therefore I have found favour in Thy sight, shew me Thy face, that I may know Thee, and find grace before Thy eyes: look upon Thy people this nation."

"This is the land. . . . Thou hast seen it with thy eyes, and shalt not pass over it."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

1861-1884

PART I

"THE STORY OF A MEAN OR MEDIUM LIFE"

CHAPTER I

1861–1864

PURELY for my own sake I have often wished to make a review of what the Curé d'Ars calls *ma pauvre vie;* for it seems to me that our experience is given us to be the food of our character and spiritual life; but, in point of fact, we spend our whole life in storing up food, and never have leisure to lie down quietly, with the cows in the field, and ruminate, bit by bit, what we have swallowed so hastily. To recall everything were impossible and perhaps profitless; but at least one should endeavour to grasp this same *pauvre vie* in its general unity, filling in such parts of the outline, as may seem worth it, in greater detail. The great difficulty attendant on such a task is self-deception and a desire of "posing," even before one's own consciousness. Just as a child instinctively plays the part of a soldier or a robber or some other that interests his imagination, so through life we are all subconsciously playing out some rôle or other, we have some theory, some view about ourselves—not always the same necessarily—in the light of which we mentally

construct our autobiography. One even hears people occasionally avow some fault or tendency, in a way that implies they have made it their deliberate rôle. "I am dreadfully proud," says one; or "I always say what I think and mean what I say"; or "You know I never can forgive"—these and a thousand like professions really mean that such is the part the speaker has chosen to play in the drama of life; that it is what he or she likes to believe about him or herself. Indeed on this point the difficulty of the autobiographer is just that of the biographer, who necessarily approaches his matter with a certain view or conception, which acts as a principle of selection.

To say that I am at present free from any such subconscious conception of myself would be to say I were more than mortal, but as far as my explicit consciousness goes nobody could approach himself more impartially, or with greater detachment, or even dislike, than I do; and I may say that I await the completion of the task, should I have patience to complete it, with a sort of absolute curiosity as to what the *tout ensemble* shall be like. It is nothing that my life is void of almost a single incident of moment; for it is not the big, but the little things, that are instructive—not the exotics of the hothouse, but the weeds and nettles of the wayside.

What I was too inert to do for my own good I have been stirred up to do for the sake of another, who is good enough to consider me an interesting personality for purely relative reasons. This, however, is undoubtedly a prejudice to that bare-naked candour and sincerity that I should have secured in writing simply for myself. Still I will as far as possible resist the temptation of wishing to seem other than I am; and I shall not be sorry, in all respects, to dispel any illusions that may be at the root of the regard aforesaid;

since I should prefer to be liked less for what I am, rather than to be liked more for what I am not.

With so much preface, let me say that I was born on February 6th, 1861, at 91 Dorset Street, Dublin, the house in which my father had died December 30th–31st, 1860.

Shortly before his death he called my mother to his bedside, and seeing her condition, and thinking of the poverty to which he was leaving her, he said: "I hope, darling, it will be a boy," and a boy it was sure enough —not that hopes or prayers could have changed matters at that stage of proceedings.

This father of mine was a certain William Henry Tyrrell, who must have been born about 1816 since he was said to be ten years older than my mother. I put down the few scraps I know about him, because they are few and because they interest me, though they will interest no one else. Oddly I have grown interested about him in later years, on account of a vague feeling that he must have been very like myself in many ways, and that I know him better now because I know myself better—or at least more.

My grandfather married a Miss Coleman; some say she was a Roman Catholic. They had five children—Elizabeth, Henry, William, Gerald and Frank. In 1884 I came across an old yellow letter from Elizabeth to her parents, in which she speaks of William and Gerald as "the boys," from which I gather also that she acted mother to them. Henry (the father of Professor Tyrrell of Dublin and Judge Tyrrell of Allahabad, whose son is now in the Foreign Office) and Frank (the father of the present General Tyrrell) both "went in for the Church," and certainly were as anti-Roman as could be desired. Henry, whom my father loved and reverenced, and whom he thought he saw sitting by his dying bed, died some years before him. Frank lived till 1884, but he only came to see

us twice or three times to my recollection; his own daughter, Mrs. Carlisle, became a Catholic in 1885(6), and was the theme of much correspondence in the *Times* between her husband and Monsignor Harrington Moore. Gerald, my father's favourite brother, died young. My father, who was then self-supporting, took lodgings with him at Harold's Cross, Dublin (then considered in the country), and nursed him like a woman till he died. From this I infer that Elizabeth may have been dead by this time; but I know nothing about her, nor am I quite sure about her name now. Having dispatched his brothers and sisters I return to my father himself.

Naturally I was thrown almost entirely with my mother's family and only know what I heard from her; supplemented by the evidence of my nurse, whom I unearthed in London in 1897, and of one or two others who remembered him slightly. When my mother first met him, and till his death, he was sub-editor of the *Dublin Evening Mail*, one of the earliest Protestant Tory organs in Ireland, under the proprietorship and editorship of Mr. T. Sheehan, brother of the late Catholic Canon Sheehan of Cork; but my father bore, in fact, the whole burden of the editorship. He had to supplement his resources by acting as Irish correspondent for the *Times* (under Mr. Walter, a good friend of his) and by other pot-boiling devices. At what age my father became connected with the *Evening Mail*, or what he was previously engaged upon, I do not know.

Somewhere about 1835 he married a widow, a certain Mrs. Dillon, a Roman Catholic, who had several grown-up children, one or two older than himself. She was the painted remains of a once beautiful woman, and retained her wonderful vocal powers even at that age. He was apparently flattered by her notice and got her to marry him. I don't think she had any money to speak

of. Indeed I think my father had practically to support one of her sons. Later on he undertook the charge of some ward or niece of hers, a certain Susan Cruise (a Roman Catholic), whom he loved like a daughter and kept with him till, in my mother's reign, she got married to Mr. T. Dillon, brother of General Sir Martin Dillon. This first wife never bore him any children, and lived in a state of semi-paralysis till 1847. I was told (by Susan Cruise and my mother) that he was always kind to her up to the very last, though for the last few years she was practically as good as dead.

He first saw my mother a few months before his wife's death; she being then twenty-two and he well over thirty. He lived then in St. George's Place, behind St. George's Church, North Dublin; and my maternal grandfather lived next door or opposite. My mother's first sight of him was that of "an ill-tempered man looking at her over the window blind!"

She was a Miss Chamney, the second daughter of a solicitor, of whom I know nothing remarkable except that he had Dan O'Connell for his client, and that my mother, as a little girl, used to be taken to see the great Liberator at Tara. He had married a Miss Fogarty, daughter of an ex-Roman Catholic doctor at Drogheda.* She was strikingly beautiful, even as I remember her in her old age; my grandfather—an affectionate, good-natured man—worshipped her. They educated their children well, as education went in those days; and made them religious after a very Low-Church, Protestant fashion. Needless to say there was no money to spare; and beyond her frank and buoyant humour, her good figure, and her very moderate but not unpleasing looks, my mother had nothing assignable to bring her husband in the way of a fortune.

Her first attraction, perhaps her only real love, had

* *Vide* correction in supplement.—M.D.P.

been for a certain Conway Joyce, to whom she was engaged, and whom I remember putting his hand on my head when my mother met him in the street, and saying "Ah! child, you should have been mine"—a contradiction in terms, but sufficiently understandable to me now; though whether to say *Amen* or *God forbid* I know not. Being near-sighted, and having, like myself, an atrociously slow perception of physiognomy she, one day after their engagement, stared him straight between the eyes and passed him by; nor was it ever explained for years after she had married my father. Conway Joyce never married *post hoc;* whether *propter hoc* I cannot say.

As neighbours my father and the Chamneys were constantly in and out of each other's houses; and thus it was he got to care for my mother, who admired and feared rather than loved him. He seems to have been well-informed (as his profession would insure), witty and caustic; and my mother having also a great sense of humour and satire they found mutual entertainment in one another's company. This violent temper was naturally in abeyance before strangers, though after their engagement it broke out once or twice and nearly led to a breach. I think he really loved her in his strange, domineering kind of way. They were married in St. George's Church, May 1st, 1848.

On the whole my mother's married life was unhappy, owing to my father's rather unaccountable character, and still more to the great irritability and violence of his temper. Like many others he was singularly patient and self-controlled when there was anything really worth bearing; and most of these storms originated in teacups, though when once started they swept everything before them and spared nothing or nobody. Doubtless, hard and worrying days of mental strain,

and shortened sleep (four hours; for he had to rise at four to receive the mails and incorporate their contents in the morning's paper), year after year, had much increased the natural irritability of one who was singularly quick in all his perceptions and movements, and could hardly recognise the difficulties of more leisurely and lethargic natures. I believe that once, if not twice, my mother went back to her parents' house, and that things were patched up, usually through the mediation of my grandfather, for whom my father had a great respect and veneration.

Their first child, Melinda, was born about '49 or '50; and my father, who, like myself, had a great horror of babies while yet in the gelatinous state, absolutely refused to look at it or see it, and went out of the room at once if it was brought in. All this pained my mother much, who had been used to the ways of her own soft-hearted old father; but I think she may have taken it a little more seriously than it was meant. I half think my father was afraid or ashamed to allow to himself how much he cared about his wife and children, for his whole conduct to his first wife and her sons and Susan Cruise points towards a strong, self-giving affectionateness. One day, when the child was about a year old, Luke Dillon, seeing my father following it with his eye as it tottered about the room, said: "The dogs are nowhere now, Tyrrell!" (for he housed every vagabond dog that followed him home); at which my father flew into a rage and swore by everything holy that he cared less for the child than for the last joint of Vixie's tail. Three weeks after the little girl was laid in her grave, and her father had to be helped into a cab by Luke Dillon and driven home with the blinds down.

My only brother, Willie, was born in November, 1851, and my sister Louisa in February, 1859, just two

years before myself. In June my father sickened of some internal pain, which the specialists never diagnosed, and after seven months' illness, borne without a sign of impatience, he died of mere exhaustion.

In late years he had become much more religious and had grown softer in every way. During his sickness he had frequent hallucinatory appearances of his brother Henry, whom he had loved and venerated. As to his "dogmatic" position, he was too worried and distracted all his life to trouble about controversies; he held a safe view that Catholics believed a great deal too much and Protestants a great deal too little. He asked my mother's forgiveness over and over again for all the unhappiness he had given her. He is buried with the little girl in St. Thomas's Churchyard, Marlborough Street, Dublin.

And that is all I remember about him, beyond what is revealed by two ghastly old daguerreotypes; one a family group, where he stands with my mother, behind my grandfather and grandmother seated; and in front my poor brother Willie, a boy of eight, in short trousers, all unconscious of a bitter future. There my father, who had been forced most unwillingly to take part in this ceremony, and had moreover been kept waiting at least five minutes beyond the appointed time, looks as cross and ill-tempered a man as one could wish never to see, and the others look quite conscious of the unpleasant situation of being photographed in company with a bear. An older and more faded photograph, shown me by Susan Dillon, is far pleasanter—a clean-shorn tired-looking face, a long aquiline nose, which reappeared in my brother, as did also the hazel eyes and brown hair; my own eyes and forehead as far as setting, shape and expression go; a long, flexible, thin-lipped, over-bearing looking mouth;



"PHOTOGRAPHED IN COMPANY WITH A BEAR."

and, finally, that negation of chin which has also fallen to my lot. Apart from his temper I know nothing against his moral character and much in favour of it. The newspaper cuttings relating to his death spoke of him as one widely honoured and respected, and greatly and universally loved.

I almost feel now, as I make this review, that perhaps my mother did not understand him, or that she unconsciously irritated him, and that my impressions, deriving mostly through her, are less than quite just.

On searching through his papers, in 1884, I came on a document, seemingly in my own handwriting, which proved to be my father's will—a strange instance of heredity, since I had never seen his handwriting before. But sometimes when I am out of temper, and catch my expression in the glass, I am startled by the resemblance to the group photograph. In fact, as the educational influence of my mother's society in early years gradually fades away, I fancy the underlying nature that asserts itself is more his than hers.

What with underpayment, and the many demands of hangers on, my father had not saved quite £600 at the time of his death ; this and an annuity of £30 was what my mother, with two children and one coming, had to face life with. "I don't know how it can be done, darling," he said to her, the morning of his death ; "but if anyone can do it, you can."

She stayed at Dorset St. till I was born, and shortly after took me and Louy, then two years old, to live with her brother Robert and his wife at Cullenswood Avenue, out Ranelagh way somewhere. My brother Willie, now nine years old, had been taken by the Rev. James Bell (husband of my cousin Lizza Tyrrell) to be educated in his school at Banagher, where he laid the foundations of his subsequent short-lived fame

as a classical scholar. When seven years old he had been thrown impatiently from the back of his nurse, who was acting as his horse; he fell against the edge of the table, and after many surgical botcheries it was found that the spine had been fractured. He never grew much above 4 feet (perhaps 4 feet 8 or 10 inches, I cannot now recall) and gradually developed that crookedness which embittered what else had been a successful and brilliant life. At this time, however, the worst was not known, and his habit of resting his chin on his hand was put down to laziness or weakness.

About a year or so after my birth the company in which the £600 had been invested stopped dividends, and thus my mother was reduced to her annuity of £30. At this rate she could not afford to live even with her brother, who was not too well off himself. Putting myself and Louy in the care of a certain good old Methodist, Mrs. Meyers, who kept a preparatory school near Mountpleasant Square, she went herself as companion to a certain Miss White.

My first conscious memories are of Mrs. Meyers and of her family and of my little sister. Terrors are my earliest recollections, the speechless terrors of infancy, that could not be explained or alleviated—the wall-eyed ghastly bust of Shakespeare in the lobby, that used to drive me into convulsions unaccountable to others; the train rushing over the bridge under which I was wheeled in my perambulator (in my chess-board plaid pelisse and peaked straw cap) and giving an impression of a procession of bodiless heads, I not reckoning on the part of the train concealed by the parapet of the bridge; Louy's infant feats of suicidal hardihood in walking on the edge of the kerbstone, or on walls and embankments at least a foot high; the faces, growls and grimaces of Master Tommy Meyers,

whenever fate threw me alone with that chief terror of my existence ; the agonies of my first tubbings, which I took as malignantly intended, not feeling any need of them ; the slappings and scoldings for frailties of nature, which also seemed ruthless and incalculable outbreaks of hostility on the part of normally friendly powers. Fear, I suppose, is the strongest passion of which semi-animal infancy is capable, and leaves the deepest and earliest dints in the tablets of memory.

I remember rare visits from a pale lady in black, called "Mamma," and from a boy called Willie, but they were dim and uninteresting personalities beside Mrs. Meyers and the formidable Tommy ; till at last one day I understood that "Mamma" had come to take us away for good and all, at which tidings I bawled for all I was worth till I was exhausted. How strange I should remember exactly what I had for dinner that day, and where I sat, and how I ladled things into my mouth with a spoon much too large for me, with disastrous effects to my clothes, and consequent naggings and slappings and tears ; and yet of the journey by train I remember nothing—my first memory of a train (apart from the nightmare experience above) dating from at least a year later. I dare say the excitement of departure deepened the impressions connected with the event, but that sleep took hold of me early on the journey. What trifles to record ! and yet they interest me and it is for myself I write, though the very act of writing or speaking calls up an imaginary reader, who will say : What intolerable egotism !

The hiatuses of early memory are curious. Experience comes like the first drops of a shower, at intervals that decrease ; and finally the marks blend into one *continuum*.

Whether Miss White had died, or the company recovered, I don't know, but my mother had resolved to take us down to live with a farmer called Cohen, at a place called "Dangens" (so it sounded), not very far from Portarlington and Mountmellick; and here experiences thicken and begin to run into one another. Most of them are connected with my darling mother, of whom I find it so hard to write or even to think; and with my little sister of four or five, who was, in a sense, my first oracle and educator, acting as interpreter between me and the far-off intelligences of my adult guides. Over those days of wakening consciousness hangs that golden haze of happiness, which is so generally attributed to the whole period of childhood. It was the first sip of life's cup, and surely it was the sweetest, the best, and the purest. It was there I woke to the joy of sunshine and flowers and groves and fields; not, indeed, to the reflex joy of later years, which, as it ever grows, is also toned more deeply with that strange sadness "for the days that are no more"; but to the unalloyed direct joy of the young animal in its natural and harmonious surroundings. And then there was the farm, with all its mysteries and surprises and cycling changes; stables, cowhouses, piggeries, fowl-yards, and all that comes back to me with a rush whenever my nostrils encounter the hot smell of a manure-heap. And the thrashing machine and the winnowing machine came round in due season, to wake my first wonder in man and his mighty works. How I stared and gaped and wondered and dreamed and longed to know and understand! though I think my earliest interest was a wheelbarrow.

Terrors were proportionately fewer in the "Dangens" epoch. One was the turkey-cock, ever infuriated by the red element in my plaid frock; another, a large,



DANGENS FARM.

"It was there I woke to the joy of sunshine and flowers and groves and fields."

wolfish dog, called Brandy, whose well-meant nose-thrust used to bowl me over; a third was Thomas Cohen, the eldest son, who managed the farm and used to tease me.

What agony teasing is to children! One day, when Louy and I had been found plunging about in a heap of grain, he said he was going to take us away in a bag and drop us in a well. Mother being away for a day or two, we had no refuge, and hid away all day in a cupboard, in a state of pitiable panic; save that Louy, who had just begun to do her own hair, and was rather proud of the accomplishment, crept out once for a visit to the looking-glass, saying: "Well anyway I may as well do my hair;" determined to die decently, like Julius Cæsar. Now why has that stuck? Yet it is interesting, as showing how early the woman asserts her characteristics. And when evening brought our mother back, what a rushing to those all-saving skirts; what sobs and complaints and explanations and soothings; what a turning of sorrow into joy! Augustine was wiser than to call these things little, for they are big to little ones, and our present scares are as little in the eyes of those above us.

"Tell it not in Gath," but now it was that I was advanced to the dignity of linen drawers, belaced at the edges. The pride of that day is still fresh, though in the process of investiture I escaped in a state of pure nature, and tore through the house to invite everyone to the ceremony. It was the shocked remonstrance of Miss Josey Cohen that first taught me that it was a disgrace to be seen as God made me.

What I best and gladliest remember were the evenings by the firelight, my mother in the middle, I and Louy on little stools at either side, listening to the stories, songs and hymns of which she had a large



DANGENS FARMYARD.

"The farm with all its mysteries and surprises and cycling changes."

repertoire. I still remember everyone of those songs and hymns, mistakes included, and even still I have sometimes to set right, by reflex reason, the absurd interpretations which I then put upon the sounds as they entered my ears. "*Jesus-Tender; Shepherd-hear-me*" were two polysyllables for me for many years after, and it is even now an effort to analyse them; and *Rocka Vages* has associations that "Rock of Ages" can never have. I like the old readings better; sentiment is more precious than sense. M. Paul Sabatier, in his Notes to his "St. Francis," has a fine defence of non-significant singing as a sane instinct of the Roman Church.

Even then our mother, who kept her child's heart and spirits to the bitter end, was our companion and playmate, not, I think, in that patronising, condescending way I have often noticed in other parents and which children are so quick to discern, but with a genuine sympathy and temporary reversion to the earlier strata of her own consciousness, being as interested and "real" as ourselves, for the moment. This power of sympathy —of becoming a little child—is surely the great and long-sought secret of education in every department. What we need is one greater, wiser and stronger than ourselves, who can also become little and enter into us and then expand and raise and strengthen us; else what does the Incarnation mean?

Now also began my artificial education, religious and secular. My sister, aged five, was undergoing daily lessons in "Step by Step," during which I, as occupying the room of the unlearned, had to keep penitential silence; and what with the natural impatience of the teacher, and the peevishness of the pupil, scenes of tears and woe were sufficiently frequent to give me a respect for such dark mysteries. But the

airs of learned superiority, that my sister assumed at other times, were so unbearable that I determined, at all costs, to pierce the veil, and demanded instruction forthwith.

I see the seat by the open window looking into the garden, and hear the daily formula that ended Louy's task and released me from my red-hot expectancy: "Come over here, Sir, and say your letters." I have had many difficulties since that of distinguishing between round *O* and *L* with a curl, but I am not at all sure that they have been of more consequence; and sometimes I think that few historical events are better worth recording than that *the fat cat sat on the mat.*

"Pray God bless my own dear mamma and grandpapa and grandmamma and aunt Melinda and Willie and Louy and everyone I love and make me a very good boy . . . Amen." That was a sensible business-like prayer, and if I had stuck to it the last clause might have been answered. Some will complain of its theological poverty, but I doubt if Simon Peter and Co. prayed very differently. Later, at the so-called "dawn of reason," a more elaborate form was dictated, but it never really caught on and I can't recall more than the first three words or so.

Of my first conceptions, or rather pictures, of things divine I should be ashamed to speak, were it not that I believe that all children are much alike in their attempts to grapple with what are the feeblest thoughts of formed minds, and ridiculous at that. We had a moral picture-book (*Aunt Oddamadodd*—euphonically, so it sounded to me) in which was portrayed a certain *Ugly Jane*, with her hair in a net, who was addicted to the evil habit of making grimaces before the glass; upon which a justly enraged heaven caught her *flagrante delicto*, in the act of putting out her

tongue, and there fixed her for ever to the consequences of her wilful choice—surely an apt illustration of the irreparable and eternal consequences of mortal sin! Well—He alone knows why—but that young lady, dreeing her sad doom, served as my phantasm of God for years and years; and even now, if the word is pronounced as we were taught to pronounce it—*Gaud* (as distinct from the short-vowelled gods of the heathen) that grotesque image is the first thing that starts into my imagination. "Jesus" was a somewhat insipid, long-haired female, derived very possibly from a religious picture. But, for some reason or other, I personified heaven as an old woman after the image and likeness of Mrs. Meyers, with a huge cap tied under her chin and a red plaid shawl folded across her capacious bosom.

One night I had a vision in which these personages figured, and my mother naturally listened with interest to the Divine revelations accorded to innocents and denied to sages, till I came to describe the celestial Gamp as *Mrs. Heaven*, upon which my "showings" were ignominiously relegated to the limbo of illusions and nightmares, and my heaven depersonalised into a place beyond the clouds, where "poor papa" lived in conditions of unspeakable comfort.

Naturally I studied the clouds with more care after this, and one day rushed in to say I had seen "poor papa" in heaven, having, as a fact, detected the semblance of a grotesque profile covering half the sky. But my credit as a visionary was gone, and I was snubbed, if not slapped, for saying what was not true. After this I abandoned all interest in theology for a time.

CHAPTER II

1864–1865

About this time my mother's eldest sister was left a widow by the death of Mr. George Heron, my godfather, a fairly wealthy merchant of some kind or other, who divided his time between Birkenhead and Calcutta, in which latter place he died. My aunt, having no children, resolved to come and live with us and thereby relieve my mother's straitened circumstances.

To prepare for my aunt's advent we had to leave Dangens for Portarlington hard by, where we took the upper part of the house of a certain Mr. Gilchrist, with a large garden-farm attached—though a poor business compared with Dangens Farm. In due time my aunt arrived, not only with all her own luggage but also with sundry effects of my mother's, which she had been storing for her since the break-up of our home. Amongst these was Alma, my brother's wooden horse, of mighty frame and high mettle, for whose glories I had been duly prepared lest the shock should be too much for my mind. "Here's your aunt Melinda, George," said my mother, as soon as that lady stepped down on the platform in her widow's weeds. "Where's Alma?" said I, without waiting to be pecked at! Whereupon I received the first of many a lecture from my excellent aunt. While she was dilating on the duties of a nephew, Alma went by ignominiously on a

porter's truck, with his four legs up in air; whereupon I broke loose and left her to lecture to vacancy. I mention this trifle as being a little seed of misunderstanding, that grew and developed as years went on.

She was indeed a good sister to my mother, though her style of goodness was over religious. In earlier years she had been distinctly irreligious, but had been "converted" to rigid Calvinism. She was always worrying about my mother's soul, which was, as a fact, in a far saner and healthier state, and had never needed a violent cataclysm of conversion. My mother was too honest to pretend either that she felt in imminent peril of hell-fire, or that she was absolutely certain of her election; and as my aunt would have it that either one or the other must be true, there was a certain amount of friction. At least our unfortunate little souls were to be saved from the wrath to come—and so we heard a good deal more about religion than heretofore, and family prayers began to be a burden, and Sunday a day of dreariness and funereal solemnity.

It was here I first remember being taken to church——an old Huguenot refugee chapel—and wondering what on earth it was all about. I was fortunately located near the organ-blower, and watched the rise and fall of the indicator with an absorption that rendered me oblivious of all else. But the prayers and the litany and the sermon, and, above all, the sitting still and keeping silent and general repression, made church-going an agony all the years of my early childhood.

Here I celebrated my fourth, my first conscious, birthday; and though I did not know what it meant, I understood it was something to be proud of, and the accessories were not unpleasant. Before this I dis-

cerned clearly between bidden and forbidden, between praise-provoking and anger-provoking acts; but now first I seemed to have a vague sense of right and wrong. I fancy this came with a freer use of speech, and hence with the possibility of lying—usually the child's first moral offence.

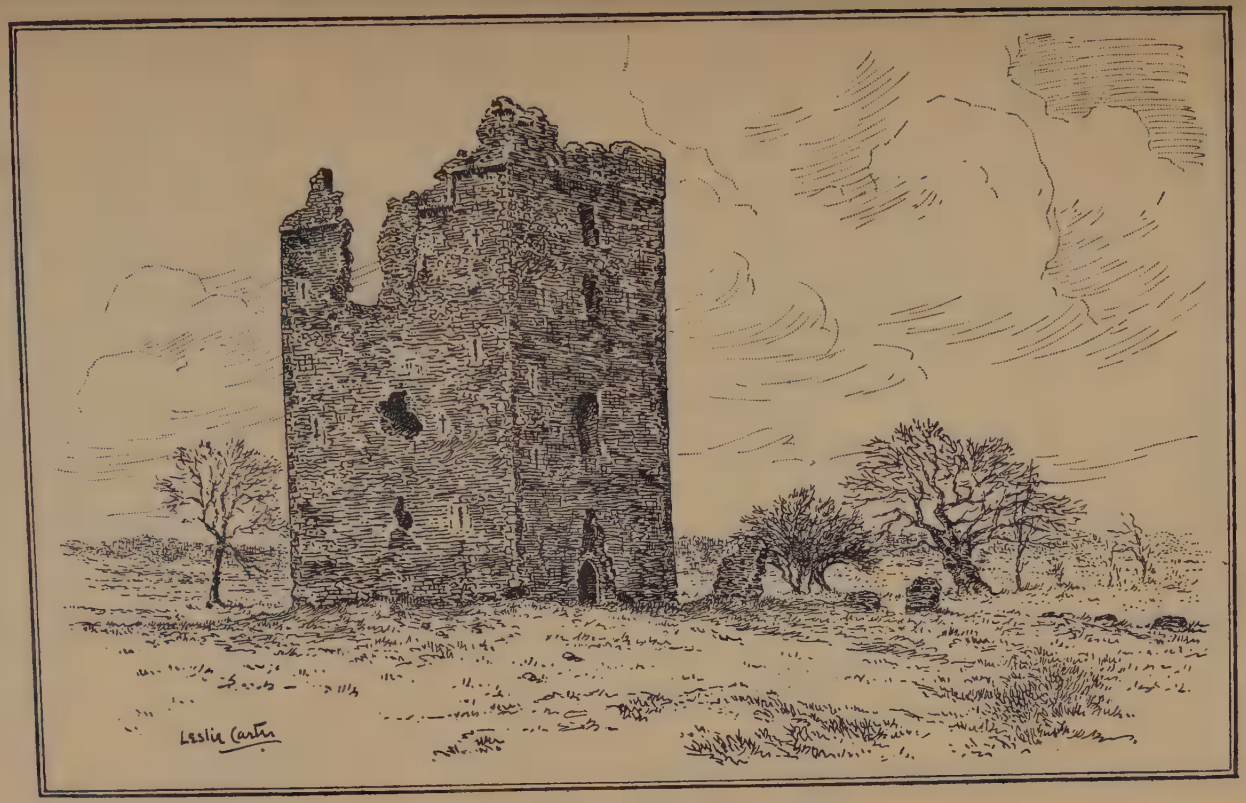
Truth is the first duty with no *obvious* utilitarian motive, such as attaches to external acts; a lie is not mischievous in the way that screaming, or stealing, or hitting, or breaking things, or making messes, is mischievous. Hence a lie is often our first notion of an act evil in itself and apart from its effects. Not that a child would ever suspect this absolute evil, for to lie is its first instinct; but that it is the first occasion of the "moral" conception being instilled into it by others.

Louy and I indulged much in a species of forbidden amusement, which my mother called "dabbling plays," in which the element of water always played a large part. Now one day, after watching the process of churning in the dairy with open-mouthed round-eyed interest, my imitative and inventive genius got the better of my conscience, and by the aid of a tin can, a stick and the water-jug, we started a very satisfactory dairy of our own in the bedroom. What with the rumpus of my vigorous churning and Louy's careful skimming of cream from the water in the basin, the soft-slippered enemy was on us ere there was any possibility of hiding our guilt. Quick as lightning I rushed to my mother's skirts and cried "O mamma, we *were* dabbling," and, as I had anticipated, I was instantly absolved, "for having told the truth." This is the first sharp move I remember; but it implies there had been some lies on previous occasions, whether formal or not is hard to say. But I do not think that, till the age of seven, I experienced anything like a *sense* of guilt

for my moral delinquencies, and then it was rather the consciousness of hypocrisy, or pretending to be other than I was—the thought of what others would say or do, if they knew, that made me uncomfortable; and not so much any feeling of duty towards God. I cannot remember any time of my childhood, or afterwards, when the fear of hell or desire of heaven had the slightest practical effect on my conduct—one way or the other. Even now it never enters into my calculations as an effectual motive, nor have I, as a Catholic, ever cared or tried to gain an "indulgence."

My recollections of Portarlington are but few and disconnected. Except the "big" and "little" grove at Dangens my earliest nature-pictures are of "Spire View" at Portarlington—a ruined spire of some kind in surroundings of moss studded with primroses—that, and a sense of light and gladness are all I retain of it; but such is the scene which a primrose always evokes. I also remember a place I used to call "Derravilla Hill," and a ruin called Tinikili Castle, where my brother once set a noose for a rabbit. I dreamed that the little creature would be found quietly waiting to be led home to a life of luxury and indoor civilisation, and bitter was my grief when, on a later occasion, my hopes were found in an advanced state of decay! Then I have a vague picture of an evening sunset walk, by the high banks of some river, and of a fisherman showing us a gleaming trout he had just landed; and of my wondering and greedy gaze, which made him laugh and give me a present of it; and of how I had it for my supper and didn't like it at all.

Already I had begun to rescue struggling flies from the milk-pot, and watch them into a state of convalescence, or grieve over their demise. Once my aunt persuaded me to put a blowzy old bluebottle out of



TINIKILI CASTLE, NEAR PORTARLINGTON.
"Where my brother once set a noose for a rabbit."

pain by treading on it, but if, for the moment, reason prevailed over sentiment, sentiment rose up and took vengeance, and I burst into a paroxysm of tears. Only twice since have I deliberately taken animal life, on each occasion with the same result.

I also started an asylum for sick and indigent snails, whose exposure to the weather excited my compassion. I harboured them secretly on the under-surface of the dining-table, and used furtively to warm them at the fire on cold days. Eventually my frequent disappearances under the table excited suspicion, and my darlings were hurled ruthlessly out of the window. The cruelty of the act scandalised and puzzled me very much at the time. I see now that this was crude "automorphism," and that the snails were happier on the cold cabbage than by the warm fire; but even still my imagination is too strong for my reason in the matter, and when I lift a worm from my path I say, "So may God deal by me." It is a lower and easier grace than charity, but it is better than nothing. "Your heavenly Father careth for them" gives me warrant for my folly on this point, and I do not want to amend.

About this time Willie's back got so bad that he had to leave school and lie on the sofa all day, and had to be wheeled about in a bath-chair of some kind. It was my first knowledge of him in any real sense, and as he had much to do with my life I shall have often to speak about him.

He inherited my father's temperament and temper as well as the best of his features, and, in despite of his deformity and the expression of distress consequent on it, was undoubtedly handsome as boy and man. To a character so entirely male as his, the nature of his affliction was bitterly mortifying. He said to me, a few

months before his death, that he would give all his distinction, ability, and scholarship to be a straight-backed lout at the plough's tail, and this was the expression of his life's bitterness and discontent.

His home-coming meant much to me and Louy, for he played a part in our education which the elders could not play, being nearer to our lowly level. He was the director and inspirer of our games from his throne on the sofa; our oracle on a thousand matters, not reached by formal instructions; and also our assiduous tormentor and tease. He spent his time in knitting, when he was not reading; and I remember his acting the good Samaritan to a large family of very indecent little china dolls, which my sister, with characteristic unthriftiness, had left exposed to ignominy and the weather—for, like many children, she had no interest in the realistic, bought toy, that left nothing for the imagination to construct and supply, but reserved her millinery efforts for the behoof of hair-brushes, shoes, and similar fetiches.

As Willie's health grew worse the doctors prescribed sea air, and as their brother William and his family, as well as their widowed sister-in-law Mrs. John Chamney and her children, were living at Bray, my mother and aunt decided to take a little cottage near them.

I remember our farewells to Portarlington; how Louy and I, having kissed everybody, proceeded to kiss everything, the bell-pulls, the doors, the window-blinds; and then my first conscious train journey; and finally, as we cabbed from Bray Station to our new home, *The Sea! The Sea!*—one of the great regenerating experiences to be recorded in the meanest life.

The sea has done more for my soul, in the cathartic line, than the stars. The heavens, in their vastness

and eternity, are too inferential, too unreal and invisible, too intellectual, to help me to rise above contingencies. It needs an act of faith in mathematics and science, and I am not good at acts of faith. But the sea's bigness and might and ruthless disregard of every human interest, coupled with its wonderful animation and expression and character, would have made me a sea worshipper had I been in search of a God.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTERS I. AND II.

At the time of his cousin's death General F. H. Tyrrell (Lieut.-Gen. and Colonel 74th Punjabis) wrote a letter to the *Church Times*, from which I quote the following lines:

"The Tyrrells of England and Ireland are all descended from one ancestor, who came over with the Conqueror, and who received a grant of land on the banks of the river Avon, in Hampshire, at a place still known by the names of Avon Tyrrell and Tyrrellsford. His name in the roll of Battle Abbey is spelt Tirel, and that name is still to be met with in Normandy. His grandson was Sir Walter Tyrrell, who is credited with the death of William Rufus. One of his descendants accompanied Strongbow to Ireland, and there became Baron of Castleknock, and founded the Irish branch of the family, of which the present head is Garrett Tyrrell, Esq., J.P., of Ballinderry House and Grange Castle, Co. Kildare. But Father George Tyrrell was not even an Irish Tyrrell. Our grandfather migrated from Oxfordshire to Ireland in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and settled in Dublin, where George's father and my father were born."

But Essex too was the home of a well-known branch of the family, which, according to the variations of spelling, at one time so little regarded, has written its name *Tirel*, or *Tirrell*, or *Tyrell*, or *Tyrel*, until it became finally fixed as *Tyrrell*. The Tyrrells of Heron lived near East Horndon in Essex, and in the church of that place is the Tyrrell Chapel, founded by Sir Thomas Tyrrell, who died in 1512, and which has lately been connected with the Petre Chapel in the same church. Besides Sir Walter we have another Tyrrell, uncle to the one just mentioned, whose name is connected with the slaying of a king—the Sir James Tyrrel of Shakespeare's "Richard III.,"

"a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind,"

a quotation which Father Tyrrell delightedly applied to himself.

In the same records of the Tyrrells of Heron we come on his namesake, a George Tyrrell, who went into exile in the time of Elizabeth, along with his wife and children, in order to practise his faith. He thus writes, in words that might have been used, with another adaptation, by the subject of these notes:

"I am reported, as I hear, to be a traitor to my prince, an enemy to my country, which are very grave enormities and heinous crimes. . . . As I did depart hence, so in like manner do I remain here, for no other cause than for quieting and satisfaction of my conscience, and to end my old age . . . in the fear and true faith and service of God in the unity of His Catholic Church," etc. . . .

The son of this man, Anthony Tyrrell, made a rash journey to England, was arrested, and, though released soon afterwards, had to appeal to the bounty of friends and relations, amongst others to his aunt "Lady Petre of Inglestone," widow of a Tyrrell by a previous marriage, and then wife of Sir William Petre, well known as Secretary of State to Henry VIII. This lady, being in a safe position herself, seems to have been unsympathetic to her unfortunate young relative, for her servants he wrote "lowered on him" and her own looks "would have made the devil himself afraid!"

The last Tyrrell of this branch of the family, which interests us by its connection with the days of persecution, was Elizabeth, who died unmarried in 1817 and is buried in the same chapel of East Hordon.* The family crest is a boar's head with three peacock feathers in the mouth; the motto is suitable to the one of whom we are writing—"Sans crainte."

We have seen what General Tyrrell says in regard to the Celtic origin of his cousin; but there is at any rate no doubt as to his Irish descent on the mother's side. We know already that his maternal grandmother was a Fogarty, which name speaks for itself, and in any case we find the Chamneys in Ireland as far back as the seventeenth century, which surely gives a sufficient period of time to acquire a nationality.

The first member of the family to settle in Ireland was one John Chamney of Shillelagh Forge and Ballard, Co. Wicklow, and

* For these particulars see pamphlet by Peter Y. Laurie, F.R.G.S., "The Tyrrells of Heron."

tradition says he came to Ireland to buy oak for the British Navy. Whether he bought it or not I cannot say; but anyhow he seems to have liked Ireland too well to leave it, for there he remained, while his name was modified from Cholmondeley to Chamney.

This was the great-great-great-grandfather of Mary Anne Chamney, who married William Henry Tyrrell and became the mother of George. It is of some interest to note that her great-grandfather married a Van Homrigh, of the family of Swift's Vanessa—a purely nominal connection with the name of Swift, which unavoidably catches the eye in tracing the pedigree of one who possessed certain mental characteristics of so similar an order.

We have to correct one mistake in the text of the autobiography; the Doctor Fogarty, father of Miss Fogarty who married John Chamney, was not an "ex-Roman Catholic," but became a Roman Catholic on the occasion of his second marriage.

To come now to the more immediate relatives mentioned in the autobiography. Of the brothers of William Henry Tyrrell, father of George Tyrrell, the eldest, Gerald, who is mentioned in the text, was a very successful barrister—he died young and unmarried. The second, Henry, Rector of Kinnity, King's County, was a distinguished man, with a brilliant career before him. It was cut short by his own act of heroism in hurrying to Dublin in 1849, when the cholera was raging, to administer the Sacrament to his brother-in-law; who with his wife and eldest daughter had been stricken by the disease. He fell a victim and martyr to this deed of self-sacrifice, and was dead in three days. He wrote his last words in pencil on a scrap of paper, in which he proclaimed his utter trust and confidence that God would guard and care for his young wife and seven children.

He had three sons and four daughters, the two eldest of the former had brilliant careers in the Indian Civil Service, one of them being, as we have seen, father to William Tyrrell of the Foreign Office, of late private secretary to Sir Edward Grey, who will figure again in the second volume of his cousin's life. The third son was Professor Robert Yelverton Tyrrell of Trinity College, whose classical reputation is too world-wide to need further mention.

Of the youngest brother of William Henry Tyrrell—Frank, the particulars have been given in the autobiography. His children, General Tyrrell and Mrs. Carlisle, were the only first cousins on the father's side with whom Father Tyrrell came in contact in later life. I well remember his telling me of the great pleasure it had given him to meet General Tyrrell, whom he described as the most

charming type of a man of the world. With Mrs. Carlisle and her family he kept up intimate relations after he came to live in London.

Mrs. Heron (Aunt Melinda), of whom much is said in the course of the autobiography, appears to have been an exceedingly generous woman in the use of her small income. This did not amount, I am told, to more than about £150 per annum; and although this would have seemed wealth to those who had hardly anything at all, it was not much for all she did out of it. But her somewhat extreme religiosity was a trait of which other relations of hers were likewise conscious.

The old daguerreotype of the family group is now in the possession of Mr. William Chamney, and has been reproduced with great fidelity by Mr. Charles Tharp.

That the marriage between the father and mother was not altogether happy is a fact borne out by what I have learned from other sources, and probably no one could explain the reasons better than he has done. His sympathies were, in early life, naturally, on the side of the mother, who bore so bravely the burden bequeathed to her. After reflection made him realise that there were probably faults—at least of manner—on her side likewise; and faults of manner may be as serious in their results as graver offences can be. She was a woman very gifted both in mind and heart, but rather Bohemian in temperament, and certainly belonging to the large class of womankind who are more loving as mothers than as wives. One rather guesses that, in this somewhat inharmonious *ménage*, the one who erred the most was also the one who loved the most.

The memory and description of places is, throughout, extraordinarily accurate; as he said at the time, memories came back to him as he wrote, until he was himself astonished at the clearness with which details emerged from the haze of the past. Of course parts of Dublin are greatly altered since those days, and whole streets that were once inhabited by well-to-do people are now occupied by the poor. The house in which he was born—91 Dorset Street—is greatly changed, and looks as though it had been rebuilt. But when we get into the country it is a different matter, and the retentive memories of the Irish people enable one to step back over an interval of forty years as though they were as many days. And so I went down to Portarlington, and visited Dangens Farm, and met on the road, as I was driving there, a cowherd (elderly of course) who remembered the Cohens—but they had left more than fifteen years ago. Yet one had only to look at the long, low, drab-coloured farmhouse, and at the busy prosperous farmyard behind, to know

that here nothing practically was changed; that one was stepping where little feet had pattered more than forty years ago, that one was gazing on the scenes that had filled two children's hearts with the first and purest joys that earth can offer. The great ruined mass of Tinikili Castle is about twenty minutes' walk from the farm—standing, strangely imposing and desolate, in the midst of the long flat fields—too remote from other objects of interest to attract any but a chance traveller. But what an object of wonder and delighted curiosity to the mind of a child!

The other residence, that in Portarlington itself, has quite changed its character and is now a public house. The old Huguenot church, however, in which, a very little while before his time, service was carried on in French (for Portarlington was a home of French Huguenot refugees) is not, I fancy, altered. But Dangens Farm held the best memories of all; the spirit of the nature-lover of later years was in the place where he had first looked in her face.

CHAPTER III

1865–1867

How long we were in Bray I do not know. It is astonishing, in making this review, how periods, that seemed to memory to be years, are dwarfed to a few months; verifying the hypothesis that our sense of life duration is always a fixed quantity, whatever our age may be. We were there in '66, because I remember my fifth birthday there; we were there in summer, because I remember sunshiny days and the terrors of being dipped in the sea; we were there in winter, for I remember snow on the ground, and the "wren" orgies on St. Stephen's Day.

Here I got to know two sets of Chamney cousins—the children of my uncles William and John; the latter set lived permanently at Bray, the former for that summer. Here, too, Louy and I occupied a bright little bedroom, and on summer mornings, when we were awake betimes, she would read me little goody tract-stories, which my aunt Melinda used to ply us with so assiduously.

From Bray we went to live with my uncle William Chamney, at 13 Kenilworth Square, Rathmines. His wife had died on their return from town to Bray and my aunt Melinda went to take charge of his children. I always feared my uncle William, who teased me a good deal. He called me "Mutton-head," more because I was very fat than because I was unusually stupid;

though my shyness and old-fashioned reserve created the latter impression too, and also the fear of being snubbed often made me seem awkward and slow. Once, when we children were going to bed, we went the round of our elders bidding good-night. My cousins of course kissed their father, when they came to him; but when I, sheep-like, followed suit, he drew back. I burst into tears, and record it as the first humiliation I received.

It was at Kenilworth Square that Louy and I were one day, contrary to law, sliding down the banisters, and I went over "like a bird," as Louy said, from the third flight to the bottom, and lay senseless in a pool of gore. I retain a distinct phantasm of myself, inverted, in a black and white tunic;* and, on regaining consciousness, my first words to my mother were that I dreamed I had fallen over the banisters. I suppose it was really what I last saw of myself before losing consciousness, and not a dream at all. Next day Mr. N. N., the Calvinistic minister of Zion Church, Rathgar, was brought in to see me by my aunt. I was lectured on the sin of disobedience and told that, had I died, I should have gone straight to hell; and that I should be expected to be very good for ever after; and finally I was prayed about in a long extempore prayer. I felt bad just because I was told I was bad and saw that he thought so; but what it was all about I had no idea. In fact, I felt it was almost as interesting to be very bad as to be very sick, and of the latter I was intensely proud, and went about showing my scars as long as there was a vestige to be seen. But what really made me fix my gaze on the minister with rapt attention was not, as he thought, the cogency of his eloquence, but the abnormal length of his upper

* At Bray I had gone into knickerbockers (G. T.).



GEORGE TYRRELL, 1868.

"In that state of obesity, aged seven."

lip, which I inquired about before the door was well shut behind him. How can people be so silly as to imagine that a child of five is capable either of sin or of righteousness, and can attach the remotest meaning to the jargon of Augustinian theology ?

The only permanent harm I got from this fall was some damage to the machinery of my right ear ; which, later on, was treated rather violently by a doctor ; whence an abscess and no end of pain and troubles lasting, one way or another, till 1896, and causing total deafness on that side. But except when several are talking together, or when someone whispers on that side (still more if I cannot watch the lips and face) this deafness is covered by the acquired, super-normal acuteness of the other ear. I think, however, it was after the abscess operation in 1869 that I ceased to be what I was till then, a strong and vigorous child, and became pale and thin as I have remained ever since. Till then my fatness was a cause of opprobrium to me from my brother and sister, and occasioned many passionate tears and murderous assaults. The solitary photograph that exists of me represents me in this state of obesity, at the age of seven.

My brother, now fifteen, was considered strong enough to resume his schooling, and went to a day-school in Rathmines, kept by a certain Dr. North, a clergyman, at which my cousin Willie also attended. I *think* it was in this year, 1866, that we all went to Skerries in the summer. We were there twice, but I am quite mixed up about the two occasions and which events happened on which. I recall the long row of white stuccoed houses, with their backs to the shore, in one of which we were crowded ; the sands and the cowrie-hunting and castle-building ; the springs at which we dabbled ; the streamlet that ran into the sea

nearer the village; and, in the other direction, the rocks and the smugglers' caves; and the Skerries themselves—Shinnick the nearest, to which we waded out at low water and nearly got overtaken by the tide on returning; Colt Island—Spike Island—Red Island, to the left—Lambay far away and, still farther, Rock-a-bill, with its revolving light (there was another light, was it Lambay?*). I remember the fusty old square-pewed Protestant Church (since pulled down and rebuilt) and Mr. Tighe, the parson, who lived in the first house in the row; and Dr. Sims opposite, the other end towards the church; and other families, especially the Johnsons (or Johnstones) of Hacketstown—friends of ours. And there was the tawdry little Roman chapel in the village† (my first experience of the Scarlet Lady) which my uncle's friends the Barrys (afterwards Judge Barry) and Judge Waters' family used to attend; and I wondered to see gentlefolk belonging to such a vulgar religion, suited only for servants. That Romanism was the religion of the Helots, and of vulgar and uneducated classes in Ireland, was one of the strongest, if the least rational—prejudices of my childhood. I mention this as an anti-Roman influence not existent in England. "That a son of mine should go to Mass with the cook," was perhaps the most sensible sting that my mother felt, relatively to my subsequent "conversion." And certainly the interior of the Dublin "Chapels," with their dirt and tinsel and flashy gew-gaws, and staring pictures and images, all tended to confirm my belief in the essential "commonness" of Romanism.

From Skerries my mother took the three of us to

* Yes! This description from memory is wonderfully accurate. —M. D. P.

† Also pulled down, and a clean handsome edifice erected in its place.—M. D. P.

live with her brother Robert's family, at Brighton House, Rathgar (though there was some intermediate residence in Kenilworth Terrace with a Miss Proctor, which is so dreamy and indistinct that I think it must have been very short). My grandmother, of whom I saw a little during the previous year, had died at Brighton House, and my grandfather, now almost in his dotage, wanted my mother to look after him. My uncle Robert had a boy's interest in all kinds of inventions and machinery and was always starting new hobbies of a (to me) enthralling nature—aviaries, or aquaria, or living models, or the most outrageous novelty in many-wheeled velocipedes. I think it was he who first woke in me that tinkering, inventive propensity which was the joy and bane of all my earlier years. His wife, my aunt Ellen, was a handsome, extravagant, hospitable, good-natured woman, whom everybody liked; and both then and later her house was a sort of home for me. Uncle Robert, too, was always generous in giving, and my brightest Christmases were ever at his table. I am now almost the only survivor of the fifteen or so I remember at those gatherings; for death has been very busy with us all. His eldest son Albert, then about fourteen (he died about 1886), was also an engineer and mechanic by hobby, and between father and son there was an explosion or catastrophe in the house every week or so, which, for me, was most exciting. Two children, then infants, now survive; one has married a Roman Catholic wife, the other a Roman Catholic husband.

Here almost began and ended my knowledge of that most good-natured of men, my grandfather, just tottering into his grave for grief for his wife. He spent his whole life in doing little kindnesses to everybody, and Louy and I were the last objects of his solicitude. He

died in my mother's arms in 1867, and thus she fulfilled my father's last injunction that she should "never lose sight of the good-natured old man." I was lifted up to kiss him in his coffin. I had already seen death twice at Bray—first a baby, then a woman—but this was the first whom I had previously seen and known alive, so as to be sensible of that change that makes the meanest of us great, as the victim of a tragedy that never palls by repetition.

Next door lived Mr. and Mrs. Neil (*née* Tyrrell, some distant connection of ours I think). She was a little cat of a woman, full of life and pluck, who began her career by eloping with her father's groom, a Roman Catholic of course. Her sons Dan and Jonty went to Dr. North's school every day with my brother. The former was the terror of my existence for then and long after, delighting to tease me into those violent passions which were beginning to be frequent with me. I used to hide away whenever he was in the house, and Willie would hunt me out and bring me face to face with my tormentor. Dan was no bully, but only a good-natured tease, and the fault lay entirely with my bad temper, which could not stand being laughed at or humbugged.

Mrs. Neil, when her house-agents were afraid to undertake the job, used to put a brace of horse-pistols (borrowed from my cousin Albert) under her shawl, and go down to the country to serve the writs on her own tenants. After several narrow escapes she was at last shot on her own doorstep in 1870. Whether she deserved it or not God knows, but it was a rude extinguishing of a very bright flame.

All round Brighton House, up to Roundtown, was then open fields and pastures, where Louy and I used to wander in the summer days, not without apprehen-

sion of Fenians, who were all the scare just then, and who, we took for granted, would slay and devour us, as loyal Protestant subjects of Queen Victoria.

After another summer at Skerries, and an impossible attempt to live in furnished lodgings in Frankfort Avenue, with a landlady whose filth and finery it would take a Dickens to describe, our mother took a little house called Rathgar Villa at the country end of Rathgar Road. It had a large lawn with good trees in front and a large garden behind, which made it very acceptable to us smaller folk ; while the internal accommodation was more than ample for our needs. Had it not been that every chimney smoked incurably, and that the paper fell off the walls from damp, and that the slugs devoured the garden produce faster than it grew up, we might have remained there for many years ; but we were fated to be vagabonds, and after a year or so we had to migrate again.

Now, in a certain sense my life had begun at Rathgar Villa ; a fact which agrees with the received view that children reach the age of reason at seven or eight years old. I do not say I was irresponsible or incapable of isolated sins before that time, but it seems to me it was there that I first felt vaguely that one had the making of oneself in one's own hands—a character to build up, a course to shape, an end to select. Not that I had then selected or could select ; but that I felt it had to be done. Previously there was the choice of good and bad acts ending with themselves ; now it was a choice of acts opening up paths and entailing a universal principle of action. Formerly it was a question of this lie ; now of lying. This, as far as I can remember and analyse, is the sort of change that came over me. I seemed to feel myself "qualified" and characterised by my faults and sins.

Up to this my seeming action had been mostly the passive reaction of my inherited nature to its circumstances and conditions; now I began to understand that, just as I should not let my nails grow wild, but must pare them or bite them, so with my disposition and character; I had to mould it one way or another, regularly or irregularly.

I find it hard to fix on the exact change of circumstances that lifted me into this new plane of existence; but I am inclined to connect it with my first systematic and sustained courses of disobedience of one kind or another. The perfectly obedient and passive "good child" has usually no occasion of responsible and independent action; whereas a raid on the orchard, like that of St. Augustine, or some other petty villainy, breaks the young twig from the parent stem, and sets it in opposition as a distinct personality. Earlier rebellions were too slight and disconnected to serve this educational purpose; whereas a prolonged course of secret idleness or deceit or theft makes the little soul into a reprobate "Athanasius contra mundum"—an Ishmael at war with the laws of God and man, a rebel against the smooth flowing order of proprieties. I do not mean to say that corruption is the needful condition of self-awakening; but that it is often the *de facto* condition. Wise education would never think it too soon to rouse the sense of responsibility in some healthy way; but ignorance and innocence, inertia and virtue, are usually confounded at present. The principle of never doing for children what they can reasonably do for themselves cannot be applied too soon or too rigorously; every departure from it is a weakening of character. And so here I draw a black line to mourn my departed innocence, and separate it from the period when I began to tamper with and spoil the self that

God had given me. Everything that leaves His Hand has some fairness about it until it falls under the influence of finite and secondary causes; the buds and tender leaves of spring; the young of nearly every animal; above all the little child just emerging from the pulpy embryonic forms of babyhood, and looking, through wondering eyes, on the scene of incomprehensible confusion all round it, whose chaos has to be sorted into some kind of meaning before life becomes a practical possibility. "Take this child and nurse it," seems to express God's mandate to each conscious agent with regard to himself; a mandate echoed in the formula with which the white robe of baptism is given to us to bear spotless before the tribunal of Christ. The first use of our self-government is often to destroy the type thus given us, and the rest of our life goes in trying to reconstruct it and to recover slowly the forfeited simplicity, purity and candour with which Nature first clothed us. Some few may preserve it substantially, if not entirely; their reflex thought may simply approve and adopt what has been done for them by others; but most of us break up the cast and begin to mould another that shall be chiefly our own devising. And of these perhaps a few return, when they are old, to their mother's womb, and become consciously and freely what God first made them; which is, doubtless, what the Gospel means when it bids us to become, not children, but as children, like, but not the same; children in malice, men in wisdom.

And now for the black line:



This line is not to be taken absolutely, as hard and fast; but as representing a period of twilight, or rather, the first undoubted beginnings of twilight.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER III.

When he says that, from Bray, they went "to live with" his uncle William Chamney at 13 Kenilworth Square, we have a certain inaccuracy due to a child's vague sense of time. They were not *living* there in the sense of a permanent arrangement, but were merely paying a long visit, as they did now and then.

Their cousin, Mr. William Chamney, has clear recollection of the days at Bray, and of the poor brother Willie's excessive sensitiveness in regard to his infirmity. He was—as he expresses it—"tenacious" of his affliction; could never detach his mind from a subject which was so easily overlooked by others.

The recipient of the autobiography had evidently, at about this stage, made some remark as to the story being—in spite of all his warnings—anything but an ugly one, and certainly a deeply interesting one—for he writes on February 4th, 1901, "No, I am not dismayed by your sympathy with my infantile years; I linger over that clean period of my life with a certain fondness, as I should play with any other innocent child. The next instalment may read just as pleasant and wholesome; but then the colour will change. I hope I shall not die before you have pulled the whole thread out of my mouth" (alluding to an absurd dream of his correspondent) "an operation I performed on Spy (the dog) a few days ago, who has taken to string diet," etc.

On the 15th he writes again, "We are still in comparatively pleasant waters as you will see, though some light shading begins to ripple the surface."

There is something strangely solemn and pathetic in the blotchy black line which he has drawn across his MS. in this place, and which is reproduced only in such modified and conventional form as the printing-press allows. Of all men in the world no one was less likely than he to be repelled by the tale of another's faults and shortcomings; yet he did, I believe, genuinely think that his own story should cure those who saw it of any favourable estimate they might have formed of him.

CHAPTER IV

1867–1870.

February 6th, 1901.*

It is difficult for a man of forty to think of himself as a child of seven or eight, except in the light of later years and coloured by their reflective rays. He will scarcely recall the impressions which events produced on his then-self, and will be disposed to depict them as though his now-self had been their recipient. Just as we credit the lower animals with feeling things as we should feel them, so we credit our infant self with the sentiments proper to our present self, and read pathos and tragedy and purpose into actions and sufferings which were simply instinctive, superficial and unreflecting. The more consistently and regularly a mind has grown, and the closer its life has been integrated and knit together, the harder it is to tear a piece from the context and restore it to its original condition and aspect. For with the soul, far more even than with a living organism, there is a continual circulation between earlier and later, past and present, each portion of experience flowing into and modifying all the rest; so that every memory, no less than every sensation and perception, is modified by the changing self of each moment, "recipitur ad modum recipientis," and the recipient is ever "becoming." We cannot remember the same thing twice in the same way.

Another difficulty lies in the growing complexity of

* He was forty years old the day he began this chapter.—M.D.P.

life. First memories are easily followed; a little pool of light here and there, then a narrow rill, then a wider stream. But presently this is met by others whose history is the same; so that when we come to the estuary no human wit can tell or trace the several factors and sources of the rolling flood. Hence one must be content to select and indicate the more important tributaries and leave the rest aside. But this selection is, at least, conjectural, and depends on the view one takes of one's present self—the phenomenon to be explained; so that the possibility of the task I have undertaken is really very questionable. Nothing would be easier and pleasanter than to run on, *currente calamo*, with the story of one's life, as it surges up in imagination, bit by bit; and, with a few additions and suppressions, it might make an agreeable work of fiction; but fiction it would be none the less, whereas truth alone is in quest at present.

From Rathgar Villa it was that I first went to Sunday-school at Zion Church, and fell under the dominion of a certain Miss Rose, whom I revered with the peculiar worship which a small boy often renders to a pretty woman old enough to be his mother. Later I was transplanted to a higher plane of religious culture, under a Miss Duner or Dooner. Here I became familiar with the books of Samuel and Kings, with all their very dubious morality, and carried off my first prizes at the yearly examination—"Jessica's First Prayer," by Hesba Stretton—a book I would gladly re-read; and "First Lessons in Kindness to Animals"—a very superfluous reinforcement of my zoophilist propensities.

It was now judged fit I should go to school. So far I had got to read tolerably for my years; to write a laborious round hand; and to perform operations in

Long Division with very uncertain results. I was certainly not one of those studious children, who have been through Scott before the age of seven and are deep in their Virgil at nine. As soon as lessons ceased to be a privilege and became an obligation I took the attitude of a minimiser and did as little as I could.

Dr. North, to whose school my brother went, had a preparatory class taught by a Miss Segar (we called her Miss Cigar, of course), and later by a Miss Ball; and there first I faced the world in the form of some dozen little brats, whose names and natures I remember but need not retail. We sat on three forms, making a broken square; and Miss Segar or Miss Ball was enchaired where the fourth side should have been. We screamed footy little hymns and songs; repeated columns of Mavor's spelling-book with tin edges; read "Little Arthur's History" and similar rubbish; chanted our tables, scratched on our slates and smudged our copy-books. Thanks to my mother's teaching I easily passed as a "good boy," and was only once in jeopardy of Miss Ball's cane, owing to my holding my pen as I hold it at this moment, close to the point, between index and thumb. Do writing masters never reflect that hands are constructed differently? When I held it in the orthodox fashion my hand shook and large blobs of ink defiled the virgin page, for which I got scolded. Hence I learned to keep my eye on Miss Ball, and when she looked at me I held my pen correctly and affected abstraction, as it were pausing in my labour; when she looked away I produced satisfactory results in my own unorthodox way. My God! how like my present methods!

Every Saturday the best boy got a silver medal, which he wore gloriously on a piece of blue ribbon till the next week; and as I carried off this trophy time

after time I became a sort of Joseph among my brethren, though I retained three or four friends in spite of my success.

Later I was advanced to male tuition, under a certain Mr. Johnson, for whom I entertained an enormous and uncritical veneration. Now it was that I entered the thorny ways of the five Latin declensions and exercises in the same, and was advanced to Sullivan's spelling-book, with "words pronounced exactly alike but different in meaning and spelling"—a rude awakening to the unnecessary complications of life—and to Anderson's geography, with its barren lists of names and brutal disregard of the needs of the young imagination. These books, and others like them, had much to do with making me the idler I eventually became.

It was not my mother's fault if I did not know my lessons. Every morning, after breakfast, she drilled me in my declensions and other tasks, which I was piously believed to have prepared the night before. But I was fond of play and hated books, and, to avoid my mother's anger, I would often pretend that the appointed lesson was a repetition of the previous one which I knew. Hence catastrophes at school and bad marks in my Judgment Book, which of course perplexed my mother. Then I would leave the Judgment Book at home or else at school, or would lose it altogether. But, being a clever child, I applied to deceit the industry I should have applied to my books, and was rarely detected if at all. I could usually pick up from other boys, as we walked to school together, enough to pass muster; and, in short, the struggle for existence soon evolved my scheming capacities to a very surprising degree of perfection. My mother began to resign herself to the fact that I was rather a stupid

boy, little knowing that my cleverness had simply been directed into a wrong channel. I never had the brains of my brother Willie, but had I been *interested* in books I should have done very well, if not brilliantly. But no attempt was made to get me interested, whereas my plays and diversions gave scope for my natural inventiveness and imagination. Thus it was, I think, that I began to cut myself off and lead a secret scheming life of my own.

To make, construct, produce, was then, as ever since, the dominant need and desire of my life. My mother always considered me destructive, for my few weekly pence (2d. a week, later raised to 3d.) always went in toys, which were soon subjected to a searching analysis and reduced to their primitive elements. These and like purchases, for years after, were classified opprobriously as Crickle-Wockle, in reference to a wooden steam-engine which I secured at this time, which made a mysterious sound not inaptly so represented. But my interest was to know how that sound was made, and to deny mystery as long as it was possible to do so. To make the like and improve on it was really the motive of all my destruction. If my educators had only understood this propensity, and made it the basis of my mental training, what wasted years would have been saved! Even at that age I began to be referred to by my mother in domestic emergencies requiring mechanical and practical suggestion, and to this day, when my mind is turned in so different a direction, I pride myself on meeting such difficulties in the simplest and readiest way; if possible without going out of the room, for there is always something within reach that will do, if one will but think.* This element was quite

* Any who have lived in the same house with Father Tyrrell will probably recall amusing incidents in confirmation of this account of

wanting in my brother, who could no more put a nail in straight than save his soul.

Extemporised games and plays, that involved invention, were part of my idleness, but rule-governed games I never cared for, for many reasons of which I may speak later. Climbing trees and walls, and walking on narrow ledges, and getting out of the house and into it by non-natural and illegitimate ways, were all congenial diversions at this time.

I remember a good many passionate outbursts of blind animal anger in these days, chiefly over my morning repetition of lessons; and how my mother, rather cruelly perhaps, wrote an account of my misdeeds to my hero and divinity, Mr. Johnson, who spoke to me solemnly about Our Lord's obedience to His Mother, and made me horribly mortified and ashamed, and therefore much worse instead of much better. To have lost caste in the eyes of one's deity is always a source of moral weakening.

Near us lived a friend of my mother's, a Mr. Y., whose little girls, Louise, aged twelve, and Flora, ten, were companions and constant playmates of my sister. I had long since entered into prospective matrimonial relations with my cousin, Fanny Chamney, aged four at the date of our engagement; and later with Emma Sims of Skerries, aged seven or eight; but Louisa, with her grave and sedate beauty, was the first who really pierced my heart with the golden arrow.

himself; and his room was full of quaint, and utterly uncosting, appliances. A pair of scissors, that had got past their rightful use, would be bound tightly together and used as a prod; there were various other strange little implements, that came out of no shop, but were perfectly adapted to their purpose. He was one of those for whom it was almost impossible to devise a present; he wanted nothing but necessaries, and he fashioned those necessaries for himself.—M. D. P.

Instinctively I concealed my love, not only from others but from her; and even went to the length of manifesting a sort of hostility and brutality in my dealings towards the mistress of my affections. Indeed one day, when I conceived I had been treated by her slightingly as a "little boy," I made myself so rude that they withdrew and never appeared again in our house. Then, like disconsolate lovers of olden times, I began passing and repassing the home of my hopes many times a day, and seeking in vain for possible chances of meetings and encounters; then first there woke in me the poetic and romantic faculty, and I constructed imaginary scenes, in which I tilted at windmills and brought their mangled corses to the feet of my Dulcinea.

Before that I had not realised the potential sources of interest stored up in one's own brain; and how one could spend one's hours pleasantly in the realm of pure fancy. I used especially to look forward to the quiet time before sleep, as most favourable to the elaboration of these visions.

Yet how secret and apart all this life was; and how it separated me in spirit from those with whom I was closest. Children are more gregarious in the measure that they are more animal, less personal, than their elders. They talk only of what is usually talked about; of matters for which they have a vocabulary at hand; but of any kind of oddness, which they fancy in themselves, I think most are as reticent as I was. A language, after all, is the frame in which the gathered experience of a people is presented and passed from mind to mind, and generation to generation. By it, largely, our several minds are put in order and systematised; and hence any branch of our personal experience, for which we have yet no language, remains

apart and unassimilated. If mothers who have daughters, and fathers who have sons, understood this better much harm might be averted.

To say that I either believed or disbelieved in God, or in anything else, at this age, would be to forget that, for children, the difference between fact and fiction is of little or no interest. In religious, as in other matters, I dutifully repeated the prescribed formulæ, and if I knew that God existed, and that Jack the Giant-Killer did not, it was only because I was told so. It was only this passive faith in the word of others that made me afraid of ghosts and banshees and of the dark. The notion that any beliefs, opinions or professions, different from ours, could be tenable, was quite unthinkable; the critical and reasoning faculty was as yet wholly dormant.

I think it was about now that Louy got a nomination to an institute, founded by a Mr. Pleasant in Camden St., where some twelve or fifteen girls were educated and sent out with a dowry of £200 or so at the end of their course. This relief was naturally a great object to my mother; and certainly the child herself was better fed, clothed and taught than would have been possible at home. To me the parting from my hand-in-hand companion and playmate was very grievous, but on Saturdays she spent the day at home, and then there were the vacations as well. On the whole I think her years there were moderately, if not ecstatically, happy, except for a good deal of trouble with her eyes, which pursued her to the end of her rather sad and unsuccessful life.

Unlike Willie and myself she had rather a lethargic disposition, owing no doubt to the heart weakness, of which she died at last; and though lacking neither in gaiety or mirth, nor in anger or ill-humour, was never

tuned to the same pitch as myself in either respect, not having, as it were, the vigour to be intensely anything. I think she had plenty of brains, but not go enough to make use of them ; though she was more studious than I and carried off several good prizes during her whole school career. Up till about now she had retained the supremacy of an elder sister of nine or ten over a brother of seven or eight ; but for the next three years it began to be disputed in various combats, issuing in a reversal of the relationship, which became accentuated every succeeding year ; sex and character proving weightier than mere age. Henceforward, for many a long day, it was my Saturday routine to fetch her home in the forenoon and take her back in the evening, and in those journeyings to and fro, in the entrance and exit of that brightest day of the week, our fondness seemed to be fostered and deepened. We might often squabble and fight in the intervening hours, but meeting and parting were never embittered by any unpleasantness.

Willie, being so much our senior, was somewhat towards us *in loco parentis.* Partly on account of his age, partly of his delicacy, my mother treated him very much as a companion and equal ; and, indeed, at this time, she had no other. Hence we were "the children," and lived in some sense apart ; we were packed out of the room or sent to bed if anywise troublesome to the "upper community." We were very much afraid of Willie, I especially, for he had a severe tongue and a sharp temper. When studying he was particularly irritable, and would not tolerate the least noise. At other times he could be very pleasant, but though I craved for his praise and feared his censure and admired his talent and power, yet I think perfect fear had cast out love, and it was only perhaps a few months before

his death, when I was fifteen and he was twenty-five, that I began to feel any sort of affection or friendship for him, much as I was always under his influence. Louy, I think, did really love him, though never in the same way that she grew to love me.

Until reason has awakened a sense of uniformity and law and normality, nothing that children are used to seems strange; not if their mother had two heads would they waken to the oddness of the fact in early years. Hence, one day, about now, as I sat a little behind Willie at the fire, I first noticed what I had always seen, and passing my hand down his back I cried "O Willie your back is all crooked!" Instantly he struck at me and burst into a paroxysm of tears, and I, all unconscious of my offence, was bundled out of the room lest worse should follow.

He was mercilessly satirical over our childish mistakes and mispronunciations, and would weave them together into sentences with which he used to drive me to tears of mortification and suppressed and impotent anger. One of my rigmaroles was "*Sattan* (Satan) got into a *furry* (fury) and rode his *velopicede* (velocipede) over an *abbess* (abyss)" etc. One bad effect of his *régime* was to convince me that I was thick-headed, and to deter me from pursuits in which I had so little chance of shining. He was, however, much gentler to the little girl; and sometimes they would both side against me and make my life a burden.

To hurry on. All this time my aunt Melinda was keeping house for her brother William and his children in Kenilworth Square; but for the sake of his health they all went to Jersey somewhere about 1868 or 1869. There my uncle died, leaving his sister Melinda guardian of his three children. It was thought well that she and my mother should be together again. As Rathgar

Villa was too small we took a dingy house in Mountpleasant Square, which had belonged to an old miser, who had lined all the doors and windows with sheet-iron. I don't believe in haunted houses, but there was as much evidence of haunting here as in any house I have ever heard of; and old Mr. B. drove many of our servants into fits and out of the house.

Hither in due course arrived aunt Melinda and my three cousins, Willie (fourteen?), Sophia (thirteen or twelve), and Fanny (six). The first must have vanished at once* for I have no subsequent recollection of him at the time. Fanny served as a substitute for the immured Louy, as a sort of playmate; and I used to make her the recipient, not only of all the knowledge I possessed, but of a great deal more that I invented. The lust of dominating over a weaker mind and forming it was roused in me by being entrusted with the task of teaching her to read, etc., and, like the Scribes and Pharisees of every age, I went on to mingle the word of God with the vain tradition of men. And certainly the world I revealed to her was far more interesting than any I have ever lived in. How far I believed those romancings I hardly know; in passing from the possible to the actual, in making what might be or ought to be into what actually was, I was, after all, in the venerable company of half the fathers of the Christian Church, and of the uncritical millions of every clime and generation. I never confused this sort of lying with the lie of fraud and deceit; nor do I think a merely unfounded and gratuitous assertion is the same as a *locutio contra mentem*—a saying of what we know to be false is worse than a saying of what we do not know to be true, but might be so. In the lower

* He was probably at school at Cheltenham. Fanny—or Harriet Frances—died in 1896, Sophia in 1908.

stages of intelligence, where the distinction between fiction and fact, subjective and objective, is weak because unimportant, the mere occurrence of a thought to the mind is sufficient evidence for its assertion; just as, in early childhood, to hear a thing said is to believe it true.

Before we left Rathgar Villa Dr. North had broken up his school and gone to Australia, and my brother had been placed at Rathmines School under the Rev. Charles Benson, whose sixth form was then taught by a certain Mr. Vaughan Boulger, of whose ability my cousin Robert Tyrrell (just then made Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and ever our adviser in educational matters) had a high opinion. As this was a more expensive school, I was taught at home for some little time; but, for one reason or another, it did not answer, and, to my bitter humiliation, it was decided to send me to the mixed day-school still kept by my old friend Mrs. Meyers, just close to Mountpleasant Square. There were a good many boys there of about and below my own age, but a distinct majority of girls, many much older, and one or two, alas! who still remembered me in my infant short-clothes! for, after all, it was only six or seven years ago, and children there ranged from four to fourteen or fifteen.

I must say I was well taught, though the methods were humbling to one used to the dignity of a boys' school. Yet I was more interested and less idle than before or after. I think Willie looked after my Latin at first, but it led to such scenes that it was dropped for the present. His temper was just now particularly inflammable, as he was reading hard for a classical Sizarship at Trinity, which is there not only a more economical, but, oddly, a more honourable method of matriculation than the ordinary entrance examination.

It franks its holder of all fees through the four years of his course, and entitles him to his rooms and his commons.

It is now that I first remember waking to a most evanescent interest in those games which are the delight of all properly constituted boys from the age of five to that of fifty. A certain C. R. won my affections, and through him I got in with a circle of little braggarts of my own age, whose talk was of bats and balls, "alley tors and commoneys." Willie also, though excluded by his affliction from games, was always keenly interested in them (perhaps his exclusion was the reason) and used to inspire me with passing enthusiasms. But just as Louy would lavish on the neglected and outcast hearth-brush the care and affection which no pampered and well-proportioned doll could elicit from her unnatural bosom, so no ready-made, recognised and traditional game ever interested me much longer than it took to understand its nature and construction. It was the improvised novelty that ever appealed to me.

But as this "gamelessness" is considered by some the note of a vicious and dangerous boy, and by others the note of a saint in embryo, and as in me it was the note of neither the one nor the other, I must speak more fully on so momentous a feature in my education. As to the former view, my objection is that some of the most vicious boys I have ever known have been ardent cricketers and footballers; not because they were bad, but because they were boys, and badness and goodness have nothing to do with the matter. I believe, however, that the very drill and discipline of these games is a most excellent training for the character as well as for the body; that it develops the social instincts and awakens a sense of

rule and subordination that is not awakened by other forms of athletic exercise. From this point of view I regret very much that I was not in some way forced or encouraged to overcome my natural distaste for these *serious* games, as I may call them, for certainly they are taken most seriously by their devotees. It was partly a certain unseriousness and over-seriousness in myself which prevented me from being in earnest about results which were not of the least consequence. I suppose it was a sort of incipient rationalism or revolt against revered illusions, that later showed itself in other forms. "Tea-parties"—*i.e.* little private gossipings in the intervals of business—is what the serious gamester will not stand ; and I was ever addicted to this vice if any congenial listener was within hail. Also, through mere failure of interest, I would be in the moon at critical moments, or, if awake, would, through a certain levity and wantonness, betray my cause for the mere pleasure of doing the unexpected. Thus I made myself odious to the heads of teams and elevens, and fell into disgrace very early in my career. Possibly had I given my mind to the matter and tasted success I might have become a maniac like the rest.

I also disliked and resented the discipline of those games, being compelled to obey arbitrary rules and being ordered about by my equals, robed in an authority as brief and imaginary as the Emperor's invisible clothes. It seemed to me I had enough of that in school ; and that the essence of pleasure was the antithesis of business. *Desipere in loco,* to play the fool in the play-ground, at least, was my right, if I could not do so elsewhere. I was not a sickly or timid boy, rather, reckless and dare-devil, and I liked other forms of exercise like gymnastics and fighting and tearing

about, and climbing and courting danger; provided it was informal, and not obligatory or according to rule.

I think I always disliked competition; partly from an absurd sensitiveness which made me dislike being worsted; partly from an absurd sympathy, which made me dislike worsting others. As far as I know it has never given me pleasure to feel that others are below me in any way, though I do not like being eclipsed. In fact, I always wanted to be liked, and felt that inequalities, in either direction, would stand in the way. And though I was not a gamester, and thereby shut myself off from the chief current of school life, yet I think I was the most universally liked boy in the school from my ninth year onwards; nor can I, at the moment, recall any sort of chronic enmity in all my school days. Looking back it seems to me that my strong wish to love and to be loved developed in me a sort of unconscious *finesse*, and made me feel instinctively the difference between character and character, and speak to each in its own language. I am now anticipating in order to get rid of the subject once for all. When the needs of mere animal exercise were satisfied what I liked best was talk—not wise and erudite talk, but satire, badinage, humbug of all sorts; but my real, solitary, serious diversion was tinkering, inventing, contriving. That I was too poor to have any tools or materials was undoubtedly an advantage, as it made me stretch my imagination to make bricks without straw. But my uncle Robert, who was in the same line of business on a larger scale, used to let me come and rummage in his drawers of *débris* and go away laden with anything that looked interesting, either as apt for some purpose already conceived, or as suggestive of some new

purpose. This is just the way I work now in mental matters, and so it interests me. When I ought to have been at my lessons I would go to my room, pull out my box of treasures, turn them over and think and think "what would fit on to what." Sometimes, having fixed upon the end, I would search for the means; sometimes, in handling the means, I would stumble on some end I had not thought of. I often describe the two systems of meditation with this in my mind. The mania grew and lasted until I was fourteen or fifteen, when the propensity was diverted into other channels. It ruined my studies, not merely by the time actually idled away, but by the continual preoccupation, which excluded other interests.

And now to return to 1869 and 1870. This friendship with C. R. was of short duration, as he had allied himself with many rougher companions whom I considered cads, and who were in no way congenial to me. There are many boys (and men too) who distinctly prefer and seek out those with regard to whom they can assume a patronising attitude. Our mother, who was somewhat of an "equalitarian" by instinct, had always checked us in rudeness and inconsiderateness in relation to nurses and servants, and taught us to respect them as human beings; hence we never took the "superior" line in our intercourse with them. On the other hand to "fraternise" with them was repugnant to other elements of our training; and the result in my case has been a certain general aloofness, coupled with a perplexing affability and familiarity when intercourse cannot be avoided. I have never succeeded in hitting off the right mean in the matter, which must be something between the *de-haut-en-bas* style and unqualified familiarity—neither of which is right—still less my own compromise.

I was singularly backward, I think, in the development of any sort of literary or artistic interest, and was never much of a reader, even of fiction, till I grew up. At this time, however (1869–1870), I began to read a little for my own amusement—Hans Andersen, to whom, undoubtedly, I owe some of the first and most lasting refinement of my imagination and emotions; also that absurdest of books—"The Swiss Family Robinson"—which I read a score of times, if once; and then "The Coral Island" and books of that sort. Not till 1880 did I even understand the spell of poetry—"In Memoriam"—if I except Coleridge's "Hymn before Sunrise," which appealed to my nature-worship when I was about eleven or twelve. Of course I learned and heard a lot of poetry at school; and I liked the jingle of "Hohenlinden," or the "Light Brigade," or "Excelsior"; but the appeal was only to my musical ear, not to my thought or my heart—for I had neither save in embryo.

It must have been in 1870 that Willie went up for his Sizarship and came out first—a success that his cousin Robert predicted, but which he himself had not dared to hope for. On this occasion I wrote my first poem or rhyme, immortalising the event, and subsequently added many other lyrical efforts, which I kept secreted somewhere. These I read to my mother as an indulgent critic, on condition that Willie was not to see them; but of course he rooted out my MS. and led me a life of misery that caused my Muse to die of a broken heart.

Before this Dr. Benson, being very proud of Willie's brilliancy, offered to educate me for nothing. I was therefore told that evening that I was to be released from the indignity of Mrs. Meyer's juvenile seminary, and to be restored to the exclusive society of my own

sex. To my mother's astonishment this joyful news was received with a rueful countenance, and I was found, later in the evening, behind the sofa, in a paroxysm of sobs, of which the true reason is now to be stated for the first time.

Some time before we left Rathgar Villa our neighbour Mr. Y. had died, and his two daughters went elsewhere. Removed from my sight, the fascinating Louisa's image remained for some time in my fancy, to be a source of pining and regret; but gradually the image became blurred; the wounds of my affection were healed, and once more my heart was to let. It was taken, shortly after my entrance into Mrs. Meyer's school, by another sedate and swan-like damsel, named, I think (Heavens! that I should doubt of a name once burnt into the quick of my heart), Caroline B. This was love at a distance—speechless, trembling, hungering, yet never fed by so much as a crumb of consolation or hope. Still worse; she was one of those who remembered me in my infancy; and if she ever addressed me at all it was in an aggravating, maternal sort of way. My whole endeavour was to see her and be near her, and the miles I have walked to and fro on the Ranelagh Road, out of school hours, in hopes of a chance encounter, would be difficult to calculate; while the extraordinary shyness which made me want to run away the moment I saw her, though a very normal feature of the disease, is impossible to explain. And now, with my rent heart-strings, I was torn away from my beloved and the next day saw me at Dr. Benson's school.

Dearest and best of men! it is impossible to do justice to his character or to estimate the influence of his personality on my own. If, through my own ingenious idleness, I learned little or nothing from his



DR. C. W. BENSON.

"Dearest and best of men!"

schooling, I learned much from himself. I remember, as if it were yesterday, how he took me by the hand and led me upstairs to the junior school and committed me to the care of a certain Mr. Walker, who had charge of some four or five animals of my own age at the very tail of the school. This was the initial mistake. Had I been put one or two classes higher I might have been saved. But the work was so much below my attainments that I could afford to idle and yet succeeded in sweeping away all the prizes at the examinations for the next year or so. Hence two evils; first a confirmed habit of idleness; secondly, an overweening conceit of my own powers. Later, when I got into the third form, these ill-results became manifest, and I sank rapidly to the tail of my class—a position which I kept more or less consistently to the end of my educational career.

This was a school which provided ample opportunities for an industrious boy to develop himself, but the discipline was too Irish, too easy, to coerce the bird, that could sing and would not, into singing. There was too much of the Gospel, too little of the Law, in Dr. Benson's dispensation. It is marvellous to me how I could have spent six years there and learned so little of what I was supposed to learn. In justice I must make allowance for my unusual artfulness in scheming. No boy ever kept up so much appearance, though absolutely it was not much, on so little knowledge. I never cared to know any of the things taught for the sake of knowing, but merely for the sake of passing muster and not being found out in my idleness. To this end I was quick in listening, in observing, in feigning, in all the needful devices and conditions. A "send-over" from a friend before school or *in via* would carry me much farther than it would carry many

another. To make a long story short, when I left the sixth form in 1875 or 1876 I was supposed to be a master of several plays of Sophocles and Æschylus; of some dialogues of Plato; of a good deal of Cicero, Livy, Sallust etc.; of Geometry and Algebra, of English History, Geography and Literature, and of Hebrew (as I was specialising for a Hebrew Sizarship). Actually—I did not know the elements of Greek grammar; I could not have construed a single sentence of Greek or Latin, even with the aid of a dictionary, to save my soul; my Hebrew was in a far worse plight; History and Geography were blanks to me; Algebra, mere alchemy. No wonder that I failed twice in my attempts for the Hebrew Sizarship, and, later on, had the greatest possible difficulty in matriculating in the ordinary way.

Yet, in the face of this, the incidental and informal education I received, during those otherwise wasted years, was really considerable and valuable. Dr. Benson was an exceedingly religious man, and, although Evangelical, had a taste for liturgical observance. Thus we opened school by an abbreviated Choral matins; *i.e.* the *Venite*, the Psalms for the day, a chapter, a hymn, then a lecture on the Scripture and finally some collects—the whole taking about three-quarters of an hour. To this I owe my acquaintance, not only with the text, but with the sense of the Scriptures, and also my liturgical taste, which, later, helped me on towards Catholicism. These lectures were fairly critical, and were interspersed with many terse, practical and devotional comments from the Doctor's well-stored mind and ready wit. I always listened to them with interest, though I never showed up well at the examinations, being too indolent to take notes as we were supposed to do, or to devote any private study to the matter out of school time.

There were some other special subjects the Doctor used always to take himself. Now it would be Chaucer, now a play of Shakespeare; or philology, or astronomy, or the Greek Testament—and bubbling over with interest himself, he could not fail to be interesting to the dullest and idlest. An impulsive, boyish-hearted man, and a great lover of boys, he may not have been sufficiently feared, but on the whole he was greatly loved. His generosity, lovableness and deep piety were an immense grace to those who were under his care—seed that bore fruit at once in the well-disposed soul, and lay safe, in other cases, to be fertilised perhaps in later years. Thanks to the good masters he secured, the number of very brilliant men in the Church, the Law and other professions, that have been turned out of Rathmines School, is very large in proportion to its duration. It was started in 1859, and Dr. Benson retired only two years ago.

My dreams take me there oftener than to any other scene of my life, and I should know my way blindfold through every corner of the establishment as it was in my time. I can see the Doctor, stretching out over his pulpit with excitement, and saying, as he did every day, more or less: "Really, dear boys, I do think that, *without any exception*, this is the most remarkable text *in the whole Bible*"; or I picture him in his untidy clerical costume, tearing along the road with a boy on each arm, he the youngest of the three; or, having turned his back garden into a large pond, he is holding a regatta of small boats; or he has us all up to the cricket field, on some cold dark night, to see Jupiter's moons through the magnificent telescope he has just bought.

This school was modelled on Arnoldian lines as far as a day-school might be; we had prefects and a

Captain of our own election—none of your ballot-box elections, but a good old-fashioned, open-air business with plenty of corruption and free-fighting, issuing in the selection of the most worthless and unfit—as was meet and right. These officials walked in procession with the Doctor into the hall at the beginning of morning prayers, resplendent in gowns with crimson facings, and sat in stalls on a raised dais—the cynosure of all humbler eyes.

But I must remember that I have only just crossed the threshold, being nine years old, more or less.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER IV.

Poor Louy ! there is something pathetic in the silent little figure that emerges occasionally from amidst the memories of more important and more brilliant people. The best thing that God ever gave her, on this earth, was surely the love of her brother George ! For it was her fate to be born and to live among those stronger and cleverer than herself, and the light that might have burned clearly enough in a duller atmosphere was quenched by the more vivid lights around her. I have been told, by a near relation, that her mother rather obviously thought but little of her capacity ; and she seems to have left, amongst other relations, a general impression of inefficiency. How precious then must have been the love and appreciation of this one who, whatever his faults, certainly never crushed the bruised reed nor quenched the smoking flax !

Rathmines School was opened in 1859 by Dr. Benson and Mr. Freeman C. Wills. The latter, however, retired in 1862, and is now Vicar of St. Agatha's, Shoreditch. Dr. Benson is at present Rector of Balbriggan, and when I visited him there (in January, 1910) he showed me the entry of George Tyrrell's name, in November, 1869. He was No. 465 in a total of 2,190. The description of the school is well borne out by the testimony of others, who knew it, whether from outside or from inside. There are newspapers which are essentially the work of one mind, with however many collaborators; and there are schools, necessarily short-lived, of which the same may be said. Rathmines School was one of such ; its spirit was the spirit of its head-master and founder, and one feels glad that it did not survive his retirement. In this it fulfilled the

ideal which Father Tyrrell upheld in regard to religious Orders, viz. that they should not outlive their founder and his immediate associates. The school expired in 1899, the year in which Dr. Benson lost his first wife, without whom, he said, "he could not have carried it on even had he wished to do so." He received from friends and pupils a presentation gift of 1,000 guineas. He now enumerates no fewer than 85 of his former pupils in the Church of Ireland, two of whom are Bishops.

In talking over this school with one who will be mentioned in the next chapter of the autobiography, I asked him to what he ascribed its singular success, since, in point of discipline and educational methods, other schools might have ranked higher. He replied that he attributed it to its singularly high moral tone, a proof, in that case, if one be needed, of how much more is achieved in life by character than by mere brains.

But also there is surely something—nay much—to be said for the spontaneity of its spirit. This same informant told me that many of the former pupils had been instigated by Dr. Benson to that taste for natural science which had made them distinguished men in later life. Now natural history used to receive but little direct encouragement in the ordinary schools of that period. Boys cultivated it, for the most part, either in the course of truant "out of bounds" excursions, or otherwise only in holiday time. The school day was far too closely filled in with lessons and *compulsory* games to allow of other pursuits. But at Dr. Benson's school games were *ardently encouraged but not compulsorily enforced;* there was a chance therefore for that—not always least select—minority, who preferred to spend their leisure in other ways. Fortunate boys! not compelled to feign an interest for eight years of their lives in what did not interest them at all! And yet no ardent game votary needed to blush for his school; and boy nature asserted itself healthily enough. Indeed I found that one of the reasons why George Tyrrell was intimately remembered by so few was precisely because of his indifference in the matter of games—showing what was the general spirit of the school in that respect.

Undoubtedly the large-minded informality which prevailed in the general system of education, if entailing certain disadvantages to the mediocre, who did not wish to learn, was an immense gain to minds in which there was some flicker of genius—such a flicker as could not have survived the monotony of routine work.

The *Rathmines School Magazine*, of which certain numbers are to be found in the National Library, Dublin, furnishes good proof of

the earnestness and efficiency of the Bible studies—such proof as would, I fear, put most Roman Catholics to the blush. Astronomy and gardening also held a place of special honour in its pages, so that heaven and earth might both get their due. The old pupils have still a lively recollection of those country walks with Dr. Benson, which formed no contemptible part of their education.

I looked up the examination entries, and thus verified Father Tyrrell's account of himself. Certainly, to judge from these, the boy is not father to the man. We have a quiet steady record of low mediocrity, which one is used to consider less hopeful than positive disgrace—he rarely fails altogether, he hardly ever attains an honourable place, save in the solitary instance which he himself mentions later. To take a few examples. In February, 1873, we find him with 385 marks out of a total of 1,000—Christmas, 1874, he has 2,071 out of 5,000—at Easter, 1875, he gets 797 out of 2,000—at the next midsummer there is a blank—in February, 1876, he has 395 out of 1,000—at Easter, 1877, we find 13 out of 110 and so on. I picked out from one of these old magazines a few words spoken by Dr. Benson himself at the prize-giving on December 16th, 1873, which fill out the description of the school better than anything I can say:

"I feel that I cannot conclude this long and rambling address without expressing my humble and hearty thanks to that Gracious and Almighty Being, who has watched over us and kept us and blessed us through the closing year. When I consider the wonderful increase in our numbers, the success of our boys in the University and elsewhere, and their almost invariable good health and good conduct, I can only say 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' The great secret of our success, I feel every year more deeply, lies in the fact that we recognise the relative importance of temporal and eternal things, and that our boys are treated as *reasonable*, and above all as *immortal* beings, for whose happiness we long, for whose souls we watch 'as those that must give an account' in the day when the great Master shall appear. 'Ora et labora—to pray and work,' this is our motto, may this be our highest aim! To work, but first to pray—to pray and then to work, as in God's sight and as for Christ's sake, till the evening comes. O wealth of happy childhood! O freshness and purity of opening boyhood that I had once and now have lost for ever! I seem to myself at times to catch something of both from those among whom my life is spent, and I think that although I am growing old in their midst my heart will never grow old"—nor has it grown old!

The undistinguished pupil, who was to become so distinguished a man, did, it is a joy to know, after many many years of silence and separation, exchange words once more with his venerated old master. It was in 1908 that they corresponded again for the last time, and George Tyrrell told him that "there was still a good deal of the old hen in the ugly duckling she had hatched."

"Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit!" these are the words of Swift that Dr. Benson suggested as a fitting epitaph to his former pupil.

O.R.S. (Old Rathmines Schoolboy)—these letters Father Tyrrell delighted to join to the S.J. in writing to his early friends—not without a certain wicked pleasure in the approximation of two titles with so little kinship.

CHAPTER V

1870–1873

I REMEMBER distinctly that, during all those years of idleness and disgrace, I was perfectly conscious in my own mind that I had only to exert myself in order to recover my lost reputation. Of course as I steadily fell behind I knew that the foundations on which to rebuild the ruin were ever more and more inadequate, and that greater exertion would be needed. Besides the reasons already adverted to, I think my brother's brilliancy and success were too often flung in my face as a reproach, and that, altogether, I was too much urged at home not to be disgusted with the course urged upon me. After all, Willie's line was self-chosen, and, had he been urged and morally coerced in the matter, his spirit of perversity (just as pronounced as mine) would have driven him in the opposite direction. This perversity, in my case, is not stupidity or disobligingness, but a jealous love of liberty; the dislike of the domination of another will in any way whatsoever. In excess it is of course a fault; but in moderation I think it is a rational and defensible instinct. I certainly felt I could never equal or eclipse my brother, and that to come short of him would always count to me as a failure, though to others, not so closely overshadowed, it might count as success. It is not only in the peerage, but in other categories of

greatness, that the lot of a second or younger brother is hard and unjust.

While at Mountpleasant Square I attended Rathmines Church and Sunday-school; but of neither have I any interesting or pleasant recollections. It seemed blank boredom and nothing else; also there were some rough boys in the Sunday-school class whose savour was unpleasing to my nostrils.* I cannot remember who taught me or what I was taught; but I began to find religion very wearisome and unmeaning. Ere this I had insisted on the dignity of saying my night and morning prayers to myself, and not aloud to my mother. But this really meant that I said nothing and did not even kneel down when I was not watched over or reminded. It seemed as though the passive, imitative faith of childhood had gone, and that my dawning reason was absolutely non-religious; neither suggesting nor feeling the need of God or prayer. I felt towards it as I felt about wearing gloves on Sunday —it was a tiresome convention whose reasons, if there were any, did not interest me. I can hardly account for this natural godlessness, for my mother was a truly religious woman after a very healthy and un-Calvinistic pattern. Morning and night she prayed, in her own words, for what seemed to me nigh half an hour; and not only read the Scriptures with regularity, but meditated on them assiduously and lovingly. I am sure no manner of doubt as to the fundamentals of Christianity ever crossed her soul, though she was an unusually intelligent and independent-minded woman, albeit educated on the old-fashioned lines. Nor was her religion of that unitarian and theosophic kind so common among Protestants, but centred entirely upon

* His sense of smell was abnormally keen, and caused him a certain amount of suffering through life.—M. D. P.

the personality of Jesus Christ. It is not, however, those whom most we love who influence us most. Even then I knew that Willie, in virtue of his education, stood higher intellectually than my mother; and she herself taught us to regard him as more or less an oracle in things of the mind. Hence his religious attitude affected me much more than hers, and I was predisposed to ape his ways. I believe that he said his prayers from his boyhood, up till about this time, very regularly and even earnestly; that he was not naturally non-religious as I was, and perhaps am. Yet beyond these observances his tone was by no means "pious." Our aunt Melinda furnished continual occasions for bringing satire and ridicule upon religion; and made a certain mild form of profanity doubly piquant and appetising. I fancy her past insistence, in season and especially out of season, had much to do with setting Willie against religion, and that he reflected his antipathy on to me in later years. Still the fact remains, as ultimate and unexplained, that the invisible world—God, heaven, hell, sin—presented no reality whatever to my wakened reason. I neither denied nor affirmed; but when the mere verbal formulæ of childhood were dropped, there was nothing underneath them, no second teeth to come down. Hence the more positive unbelief, that supervened later, extruded nothing; it was simply my first self-chosen attitude in regard to religion; I did not cease to be a believer, but, from a non-believer, I became an unbeliever at about the age of ten.

With Willie the case was different. Though I think our mental capacity was very similar, yet in him the literary and imaginative interest was awakened before the rationalising or reasoning-seeking interest; whereas with me it was the converse. Hence I think

he carried his infantile religion on to the time that, under the influence of the afore-mentioned Vaughan Boulger, he abandoned it positively. This, however, is a very *a priori* conjecture. Only I know that he did say his prayers assiduously up to the age of eighteen or nineteen, and also that it was only late in his University career that his philosophical capacity woke up. In my own case, as soon as ever I ceased merely to repeat the formulæ of religion, and began to translate them into realities, the whole thing vanished as completely as Jack and the bean-stalk; not by reflex reason and negation, but because there seemed no object to lay hold of. God, being pictured humanwise in my thought, the assertions made about Him (*e.g.* God is everywhere) simply blew my childish conceptions to bits. I could not construct anything answering to such statements. To say that He was a spirit helped little, since for me (as also, indeed, for most adult minds) a spirit was but an attenuated body, labouring under the chief limitations of matter. The "invisibility" attributed to God and the soul also seemed to me suspicious, and excited a sort of subconscious distrust long before I consciously or explicitly gave up belief. Had I not been interested in reasons I should not have had any trouble in the matter. I hardly knew how to formulate any questions on the subject; and, if I asked, the answers I received were so vague, so unsatisfying, that I soon ceased to look for light from those round me. No doubt I should have been quite incapable of understanding such answers as are possible to these elementary but obstinate puzzles; my misfortune was that I could see the difficulty. I do not consider that this was a state of doubt or disbelief; it was simply that, as soon as I was capable of thinking at all, the elementary religious truths meant

nothing to me, and were unreal and dreamy. It was a subject I knew nothing about and did not understand, like many other subjects that grown-up people used to talk about.

But, as I have said, my brother, about this time, fell under the influence of his master, and gradually passed from a state of doubt to one of definitive abandonment of all religious belief; and of this process, and of course of its reasons, I was dimly aware from the controversies that used to go on between him and my mother, and to which I was a sharper listener than was supposed. Intuition failed to teach me religion, of inference I was incapable, authority, therefore, was my only guide in the matter. But, as I have said, Willie stood, mentally, high above my mother in my regard; and this authority, as it was embodied for me, was on the side of my natural godlessness, and I began to imitate and repeat the sentiments and expressions that I picked up from time to time. I do not know that the greatest genius ever born could have satisfied a mind so ignorant and unprepared as mine was; or that my mother could have done better than have recourse to somewhat violent measures, after the manner of Holy Church in the ages of faith; in short I don't see how things could have gone otherwise than they did; though one is bound, *a priori*, to say there was fault somewhere. Possibly a more mystical and concrete conception of things divine might have been brought home to me, and the real God within me might have been made more experimentally evident than the imaginary God outside me. But I do not know how to deal with children in this plight, though the case is not an uncommon one in my experience. At all events the result was that I held my tongue for prudence' sake; but till the age of fourteen or fifteen, when I began to

want to believe, and to force myself violently into belief, God and the invisible world were to me as truly dreams and nonentities as the Houris of the Mohammedan Paradise; not that I had abandoned belief, but that I had never possessed it for a moment.

If I wanted to excuse myself I should say that the truth had never really been presented for my belief; that I identified it with the absurd anthropomorphisms of my babyhood, which my first reason instinctively assigned to the region of fairy-tales; that no one tried to show me the difference between the symbols and the realities symbolised. I fancy that much unbelief is due to this confusion; and that what men deny is not God, but some preposterous idol of their imagination. It is to be desired that children should remain passive, receptive and docile; attached, as it were, dependently to the parent stem, until they are capable of understanding the solutions of the first questionings of reason; but all are not so, and the first symptoms of a precocious mental puberty and independence should be carefully watched for and attended to at once, else a spiritual species of solitary vice may lead to irretrievable decay and death.

About 1871 my mother wanted to be nearer Trinity College (as Willie, like so many others, lived at home and went daily to his rooms there) and my aunt Melinda wanted her three charges to be nearer the country; so, like Abraham and Lot, they agreed to differ, and my mother, having only Willie and myself at home, took lodgings in Grantham St. (?) with a sour old Methodist couple, who passed their life between quarrelling and prayer. Already it might seem we had had shifts and changes enough in the course of ten years—indeed I have slurred over one or two for very shame; but it was between this and 1875

that our vagabondage became rampant. The fatal facility of changing, at a month's notice, from one furnished lodging to another (we auctioned off our own furniture on leaving Mountpleasant Square) gave freer scope to my mother's fidgetiness and scarce-disguised love of change for its own sake. Each new residence was at first heaven; presently earth; then purgatory and finally hell. She lacked what I so much lack, the power of shutting off the consideration of the infinite sacrifices involved in every change and decision, those countless incompossible advantages excluded by the securing of any single advantage. I can never enjoy the walk I have chosen for thinking of all the others I might have selected instead; nor is it the delights of any of those rejected paths, but of all of them put together, which weigh down the scale of my spirits on the side of discontent. Any time or place seems brighter than the present; on the hill-tops my longing is for the river-side, and when there I am aching for the heights. This is, I take it, the difference between the melancholic and the sanguine temperament, that the latter is gripped and absorbed by present and actual pleasures, and but dimly realises and imagines the distant and future and possible; more animal than speculative, more sensuous than imaginative, it is not always straining against the miserable restrictions of *here* and *now* and *this*, but lies snug in the sty of its immediate surroundings.

Be this as it may, if there were serious losses to my moral formation in this tramp-life there were advantages on the other side. Not to have had a home, in the strict sense of the word, was as grave a loss as not to have had a father. I cannot but think a permanent home must develop those conservative elements of character that we miss so much in the American mind,

and in the mind of the flat-dwelling races generally; and for the same reason I should say a country home rather than a city home, and an ancestral rather than a new-bought mansion, "pricking a cockney ear" in red brick. The detachment that comes from a vagabond, homeless existence may be advantageous to those traditionalist minds whose need is a greater individualism and separateness; but for me, whose need was just the opposite, it was to some degree a misfortune. Still it brought me in contact with a greater variety of human nature than is the lot of those who live always in the narrow circle of their family and hereditary home, and had I the skill of a Charles Dickens I have the matter for many such studies, as he has given us, of "genteel" life under difficulties, and of grandeur in lodgings. Nor was my mother wanting in that sense of humour and observation which could seize the ludicrous side of otherwise distressing circumstances. I am unjust, perhaps, in putting down the frequency of our migrations solely to her restlessness, for in a good many cases there were other reasons, sometimes quite imperative; and indeed my last "home" knew us for four or five years.

It was about my tenth year that I found in my schoolfellow, Newport Davis White, one of those healthy friendships which, as far as I am concerned, lives on still; though since my "conversion" I have not met him. He is now Professor of Divinity at Trinity College, and has fulfilled the promise of his boyhood. I mention this as the first of many subsequent friendships, founded in community of mental interests. I "kept company" with him more and more continuously than with any other of my school friends. His conversation was absolutely free of all

vice, and he was conscientious, high principled and religious, though in no sense a prig. Though eventually I fraternised with all sorts, there was none whose society gave me so much pleasure, or with whom I would more gladly renew acquaintance. Those endless *causeries* had more to do with the unfolding of my mind than had my schoolmasters. He was usually at the top, and I at the bottom, of the same class for the rest of our school career ; yet in our various arguments I think he felt me, in some ways, stronger than himself, and was always a devout believer in my neglected capacities.

In 1871 Willie succeeded in taking a first at the classical scholarship examination, having got the first Sizarship in the previous one. This is considered a great *tour de force*, few cases being on record, so that he sprang into fame at once, and had no difficulty in securing pupils and making money as a "guide" or coach, so far as his further studies would permit. Subsequently he went in for everything he could go in for, and with one exception (Vice-Chancellor's prize for *English* verse) always came out first. Needless to say all this tended to exalt him in my eyes, if not in my affections, and to make his opinion the final note of truth in everything. It did not, however, provoke me to emulation, although, in some crooked way, it increased my estimate of my own powers, for I felt that what he could do I could do—if I liked. Perhaps it was that in converse with him I did not find my wits so inferior to his, though my ignorance was so absolute. Also, as his brother, I won, and certainly took to myself, a sort of reflected glory at school.

I used, till lately, to think he had a great pull over me in an accurate and retentive memory, but now I recognise that my bad memory is an acquired defect,

due to habits of slothfulness and self-indulgence in the very first years, and to my neglect of systematic and persevering study; in fact, due to an unmortified and undisciplined imagination. For things I am interested in I have an excellent memory, but they are not many; and for other matters I have absolutely none. Thus, I have a memory for the structural and philosophic part of a language, but none for the vocabulary; and so, in other things, perception and memory go together. The real injury lies in my acquired *inability* to notice or attend to things I am not interested in—which is the primary requisite of education. And besides noticing, there is a habit of noting or recording in which again I am woefully deficient for the same reason—a habit, as it were, of repeating or retailing a thing to oneself as one notices it bit by bit. This I can do expressly when there is a motive, but not habitually and instinctively; and at the end of an absorbing novel I could rarely give even a coherent outline of its plot. For example, I have read "The Mill on the Floss" seven or eight times, but could not now give an analysis of its plot except by raking my memory and putting the results together, as I am now doing with this story of my own life.

My eleventh birthday (it is the best guide to follow) found us in Peter Place, nearly opposite St. Matthias' Church, which we attended. Louy (when she came home for the vacations) and I used to hold divine service in private, at which the sermons of the rector (a fashionable preacher) were reproduced with more fidelity than reverence. Willie, who had long since rebelled against church-going, was persuaded by my mother to go and hear him. I remember the sermon all turned on the force of the "but" in a text, which "but" unfortunately did not occur in the original;

so Willie scored heavily and the Saints were discomfited.

About this time his paroxysms of temper became so frequent and violent that it was judged better for all parties that he should live entirely in College, and this further contraction of our little group threw me alone with my mother when Louy was at school. I now began to be to her what he had been for all those years—her companion and confidant; child though I was in most ways. Undoubtedly it hurried my character on too rapidly, and made me old-fashioned and more independent-minded than I had any right to be. In many ways I am younger at forty than I was at eighteen, and have lost much of that puritanical seriousness that came of a premature closing up of my views on many points about which I was unfit to decide. During those years (from eleven to eighteen) I possessed myself of such knowledge as my mother had to impart; I discussed and argued over, without by any means accepting, all her opinions and beliefs; and I was her confidant in all, especially in her financial troubles, which were what eventually wore out her naturally inexhaustible fund of good spirits.

I remember her most readily on the sofa, with her account book in her hand, going over and over the data of the problem of how to make ends meet, and make the less of her income equal to the greater of her expenditure. Used to them from my infancy, these troubles of hers were a matter of course to me, it is only in looking back that I understand the protracted martyrdom of anxiety that embittered her whole life, and gave her what we used jestingly to call her "woe-begone" expression. She had inherited her father's buoyant good-natured temperament and perpetual youth of heart, which alone could have enabled her to

bear up as she did; and the prevailing vein of wit and humour, which ran through her ordinary conversation, prevented our realising her sufferings as we should have done had she been peevish or complaining under them. She so spoilt us by this habitual brightness of bearing that we almost denied her the right of showing any depression she might feel; on the other hand *we* were to be privileged growlers and snarlers, to be coaxed into good humour by her.

Anything more absolute, continual and thankless than her self-sacrifice for us I cannot conceive possible. Racking my brains, I cannot recall a single sign of self-care, still less of self-preference, when we were in question; nor indeed in regard to others, so far as her limited means allowed. I might well have learned economy from her, but meanness never. She had a great love of Nature, of beautiful trees and of wild flowers. From her too I got that "love of all things great and small," and my horror of physical cruelty. She used to offend my boyish dignity by stopping to speak to little ragamuffins in the street, regardless of "making herself remarkable," which I considered a capital crime. Once, being very simple and "green," she *would* cross over the street to speak to a "poor woman" sitting weeping on the kerb-stone. I remember feeling meanly triumphant when this drunken prostitute (for such she was) rapped out a volley of oaths more epigrammatic than elegant. She was greatly loved by children and the young, on account of her unserious and light-hearted ways; and many made her the confidante of youthful peccadilloes, which they dared not have confided to their own mother.

As soon as Willie went to live in College, and we two were left alone for the most part, except when Louy came home, she hit on the happy, but short-

sighted, economical expedient of giving me money to get my dinner at school, and of starving herself on tea, or some such sloppy kind of meal as women love when left to themselves. To a boy with so little money, and so many unsatisfied longings other than culinary, this was too great a temptation ; and having satisfied my hunger, if at all, in the cheapest and most unwholesome way possible, I used systematically to devote the residue to the purchase of more imperishable meat, in the form of wire or nails or tools or paint, or whatever other need might be in the ascendant for the time being. I think I felt this to be mean and unfair, though I did not consider it stealing, because my own stomach paid the penalty ; but it involved a long continued course of deception, and as it was carried on during the two or three years when a boy is growing most rapidly I am sure it did permanent damage to my constitution. But food always seemed to me waste of time and money, and I had no patience with it.

A grain of dust, blown into a man's eye at a certain moment, may change the course of the world's history, still more easily the course of his own history ; so I must be excused for recording similar trifles that shunted my destiny on to new lines. At Peter Place there was a Roman Catholic maid-of-all-work, whose bright cheery ways made her attractive to me as a companion, and I used to slip down to the kitchen more frequently than was ever my custom before. She abounded in stories and songs, and was persistently good-tempered and jolly. At the same time she was a good practising Catholic, and if she was on handkerchief-waving terms with most of the engine-drivers who sped past the end of our garden on the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway line, it was part of her general

buoyancy and gaiety, and quite remote from any sort of impropriety or flightiness. My mother, always inclined to treat servants as distinct personalities, was also much interested in the same Anne Kelly, and used to drift into controversy with her. In my early days, far more than now, all my geese were swans, and if I admired anything I admired everything. Hence in these controversies, which in themselves were absolutely uninteresting to me, I rejoiced when it seemed to me that the weaker party had triumphed, and my sympathies were all with Rome, or, rather, with Anne Kelly.

I think the love of paradox, both now and long after, mingled with my anxiety to say something in favour of so preposterous a religion as Popery; while my secret unbelief made me find little objection to the gnats of Romanism after the camels of Christianity. I used to get hold of R.C. prayer-books and manuals, and if much that I saw there seemed silly and unintelligent, much also surprised me as being the same sort of Christianity I had imagined to be an exclusively Protestant heritage. Indeed my mother, who was too kindly and sensible to be very bigoted, and had, moreover, been much disgusted with the fanatical and venomous anti-Romanism of her own mother, was quite prepared to allow that Roman Catholics were Christians, and that salvation was possible inside that Church for those whose ignorance was invincible. She was once much amused, and, I think, slightly piqued, when one of our R.C. servants extended an analogous toleration to Protestants; but we never see the absurdity of our own position till we stand outside it.

What I learned of Roman Catholicism at this time left me at least with a sort of interest in that religion; there was so much more to know about it than about

bald, Low-Church Protestantism; it was so much more complex and mysterious, and had moreover, for me, the spell of being not only novel and paradoxical, but even dangerous, wicked and forbidden. But when the house in Peter Place broke up and we flitted to Clanbrassil St. off the South Circular Road, the interest in Popery fell asleep. It was in no sense an interest in religion as such, but simply in a paradox and a novelty.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER V.

By the Rev. Dr. Newport J. D. White, Deputy for the Regius Professor of Divinity, University of Dublin

It is one of the regrets of my life that I did not pick up the dropped "bonds of love" that had drawn me as a boy to George Tyrrell, when, in after years, I had learnt to appreciate the man at his true worth. I was kept back by shyness, for which I believe there was no ground. Some day he "will wake, and remember, and understand." Perhaps he understands even now.

The only biographical value of what I can say about G. T. lies in the fact that we were boys together, and that my impressions of his boyhood have not been transfigured by contact with Tyrrell the man. We never met or exchanged letters after he became a Roman Catholic. Tyrrell's change of religion was to me a far greater severance than his death would have been. Those who know Ireland need not be told that, thirty years ago, the feeling of the average Irish Protestant towards Irish Roman Catholics was a repugnance, instinctive rather than reasoned, based on racial and social as much as on religious antipathies. To-day, these antipathies do not, speaking generally, obtrude themselves to the same degree. Sensible people in each communion are learning to appreciate what is good and praiseworthy in those from whom they differ; and indifference to all religion, which asserts itself more and more, also makes for toleration. If G. T. had died in 1878,* much of him would have been embalmed in affectionate memory; as it was, I hastened to bury him out of my sight.

My knowledge of G. T. commenced at Rathmines School, Dublin,

* That is, before his conversion.

kept by the Rev. C. W. Benson, LL.D., a man who deserves well of the community for the exceptionally high moral standard he fostered among the boys under his charge, a considerable portion of whom, including myself, owe him a debt of gratitude for his generosity in the matter of school fees. My school days there lasted from 1872 to 1878. I forget in what year Tyrrell came. There was an antecedent reason why we should know each other at once, owing to the fact that my mother knew his, and that his elder brother, William Gerald Tyrrell, had been a school and college chum of my elder brother. William Gerald Tyrrell's name is kept familiar by the "Tyrrell Memorial Prize" in Trinity College, Dublin, for classical composition, a subject in which he excelled.

But George Tyrrell and I were naturally drawn together by a common sense of humour; the same things—books, people, circumstances—appealed to our sense of the ridiculous. I should like to be able to say that we had common literary tastes and noble aspirations; it may have been so, but I have no distinct recollection that it was so. Others of my school-fellows I admired and respected more, but none of them made me laugh with more enjoyment than did Tyrrell. On the other hand my impression now is that Tyrrell's only other intimate companion was a sunny, light-hearted, irresponsible boy, who had ritualistic tendencies. He died in 1879 or 1880, perhaps earlier. These two used to "make sport" for the company that gathered in the long schoolroom on "Public Nights" at the close of each term, when prizes were distributed and recitations and songs performed. Arthur Patton, a versatile genius whose hymn tunes are well known, was the chief musician. It used to be a standing joke of Dr. Benson's to announce in school that the programme would include "Tyrrell and M.; M. and Tyrrell, those four." M. was the better reciter of the two; he had brightness and vivacity and some acting ability. Tyrrell had no natural gift in that way. I have a vision of him now, standing gestureless on a platform, repeating, in level tones, rhymes from "Alice in Wonderland" or "Through the Looking-Glass"; a slightly-built boy, with hair the colour of hay, and light blue eyes, a round deeply freckled face with no striking feature, and only relieved from the very commonplace by a gleam of quaint subtle humour. And as I gaze on the vision called up from the past, I can hear the pathetic close of a mock romantic poem:

> "And the purple-nosed monkeys chew their tails
> O'er the grave where the maiden sleeps."

But this is only one aspect of the boy. My mother died in

December, 1875, and the night before her funeral an envelope addressed to me was left at our house containing some consolatory stanzas, commencing, I think, "Thou art gone to thy rest, Mother." I kept the paper for years. I suspected at the time that George Tyrrell had sent it to me; but an unaccountable shyness prevented me asking him about it; though his sympathy with me in that first great sorrow touched me deeply, and I have never forgotten it.

Tyrrell lodged with his mother on the north side of Dublin, in Hardwick St.; my home was on the south side in Rathmines; consequently our walks were chiefly in the city. The restoration of Christ Church Cathedral occupied several years prior to 1878, and he and I used to roam freely through mazes of scaffolding in nave and transept. We used to explore crypt, triforium, and clerestory, and watch the "cunning workman" carve the delicately foliated capital.

I had other companions for country walks and for the playing-field. I have completely forgotten the matter of our talks; it may have been at times serious enough, for religion was not kept in the back-ground at Rathmines School; yet I do not remember that Tyrrell confided his thoughts to me when he came under Dolling's influence. Perhaps he thought me hopelessly unsympathetic and prejudiced where the Church of Rome was concerned. Yet now, when my anti-Papalism has become a matter of matured conviction, I am prepared to admit that, for Tyrrell, his change of religion was the necessary precondition to the gaining of his soul spiritually and intellectually. The Tyrrell that I knew was an idle boy, with nothing to show as compensation for neglect of books; though we all felt he could learn if he chose. The Tyrrell, whose books I have read with admiration and ever fresh amazement, is not perhaps a scholar in the narrow sense of the term; but he is a man whose reading has been wide and deep, who has developed his powers of thought with earnestness and care, and who writes from a fully stored mind, with a rare distinction of style. His intellect must have been always logical; but he seemed a shallow boy, and not at all heroic; yet I find in his books an intense sincerity, profound thought on great subjects, a passionate love of truth and great moral enthusiasm. As I contrast the boy I knew, with the author I read, I know that I have before me a miracle of divine grace. So Adam might have exclaimed: "This eagle hatched out of that egg!" I can assure those who have known him in later years that George Tyrrell did not as a boy give the faintest promise of the really great man he afterwards became. The miracle was wrought by Christianity, but it would not have been wrought, in Tyrrell's case, by the form

of Christianity in which he had been brought up. The truth is that he had not as a boy assimilated the saving truths of the Gospel as presented by Protestantism. The Protestantism he saw around him would not have retained the allegiance of his type of mind to orthodox Christianity. If Dolling and Rome had not come his way he might have become a clever man, but probably not a good one, certainly not great. "God doth devise means," of manifold variety, "that His banished be not expelled from Him."

CHAPTER VI

1873–1874

About now it had been discovered or imagined that I had some facility in speaking and elocution, which I have not and never had. I look on elocution as Plato looked on poetry, though both views are quite indefensible. Besides debates and other public exercises Dr. Benson had monthly "academies," which consisted of music, recitation, dramatic performances etc. I must have been about eleven when I first stood upon a platform, and declaimed Lewis Carroll's "Aged, aged man," and other pieces of that nature, to an enlightened Rathmines audience. Beyond that it was well remembered, clearly uttered, and rendered with a certain sympathy and appreciation, there was no merit whatever in this or any subsequent performance; but being, I suppose, very small then and very shy, and withal exceedingly popular with my school-fellows, high and low, they raised such a din of applause that my fame in that very useless line of business was established for ever. Ever after I was a standing dish at these almost monthly festivals, and got to be as well known in Rathmines as the town clock. I suppose it had some sort of educational value, and certainly I do not think I was ass enough to be made vain by it; though I loved the applause, not as a sign of my own merit, but as a sign of the goodwill of others. I think too it checked, in some degree, the utter decay of self-

respect which resulted eventually from my bankruptcy in other respects. At least I was somebody and good for something, in the light of this single talent. I resolutely refused to do serious pieces, knowing that I had no real elocution in me, and instinctively feeling that my popularity depended more on the matter than the manner. My mother wrote most of the pieces for me, when I had exhausted what was to be found elsewhere of the kind I wanted. She was consoled to find that I was not altogether so stupid as my school reports and examinations proved me; but still it was poor consolation, and if anything it added to her perplexity as to why I did so badly at my lessons; for of the extent of my deliberate and systematic idleness she never had the remotest suspicion. My colleague in this celebrity, who made his *début* the same night as I did and was ever after inseparably associated with me on the platform, was a boy of my own age, who had really considerable elocutionary talent for his years. There was never any sense of rivalry between us, and later we became close companions in quite another interest, for the sake of which I mention him here.

I have spoken much of my brother's and my father's violent temper, and but little of my own; yet from the age of seven I began to manifest exactly the same undesirable characteristic. I believe it could have been checked by drastic and severe treatment, but that my mother took the wrong line with all three of us. She neither kept perfectly self-possessed nor did she get violently angry herself, either of which courses might have been effectual; but she just got moderately annoyed and annoying. What confirms me in this judgment is that these paroxysms of rage were reserved almost exclusively for her special benefit. We never treated one another to the same exhibitions, or anyone

else that I can remember. In fact, she had an unfortunate tendency to pour oil instead of water on the flame, and to nurse it into a conflagration. Paroxysms they were, of blind impotent rage, laying hold of any word or weapon, with the one thought of hurting and avenging—and yet usually about less than nothing; anger that left one weak and exhausted for hours, as after a fever or an epileptic fit. Now and then I still feel the strange surging up of that long-buried fire, but I have learned at last to dread it as I would dread madness. I am sorely deficient in the sentiment of rational and prudent fear, but of this I am afraid; and what looks like timidity when I shrink from a quarrel is simply the dread of one of these fits.

At all events the outbursts became so frequent in 1873 that my mother decided she could manage me no longer, and that I must go to a boarding-school. Middleton College, Co. Cork, an old-established school, worked by a committee of Trinity College men, was selected, and the principal, Dr. Moore, who was in Dublin for a few days, came to inspect and examine me. The examination revealed chaos—void and darkness—but on account of my brother's reputation he agreed to take me on slightly reduced terms. To meet these, for Dr. Benson charged nothing for me, my mother determined to seek a post as governess or companion. Oddly, just before she went, an old and wealthy lover of hers, whom she met at Dangens, turned up and renewed his proposal of marriage; but she had a strange dislike for marriage, and rejected this as she had already, in her widowhood, rejected three or four offers.

This was my first exile from home, *i.e.* from my mother, who for more than a year had been my sole companion at home, and whom, in spite of all my

deceit and selfishness and violence, I loved for all I was worth, and far more than I have ever loved anyone else since. I remember every item of those last days of preparation, and the feeble attempt at a tearless and philosophical farewell at the Kingsbridge terminus, and the last look of my mother's pale, woebegone face on the receding platform—after which my fortitude broke down. I was met, according to arrangement, at Sallins by Reggie Moore, the principal's son, and we picked up various boys *en route*, who knew one another but did not know me. I was detected leaning out of the window, seemingly to admire the view, really to hide my tears.

Anything more desolate than my waking next morning in a strange bed, nearly 150 miles from home, I cannot imagine and hope I shall never again experience—the absolute breach with the past, the no less absolute ignorance of the future. Had I been at Middleton College all along, instead of but for one term, my career would have been very different; but whether better or worse, who can say? Who knows how often good comes from and through evil, and evil through good!

It was a rough, hard school, with established traditions, Spartan *régime*, regular discipline. *Ora et labora* was the motto at Rathmines; but if there the emphasis was too light on the second precept, here the first was the sufferer. "Labora" was the be-all and end-all of this shrewder godliness. My past idleness made it necessary for me still to scheme to a certain extent, but I could not run up a heavier bill. My chief teacher was a hard Northerner, who banged our Latin and Greek paradigms into us by sheer brute force. We sat close round him, well within range of his long arm, and at slightest slip or sign of inattention

he would clap his iron, bony hand down on my knee like a horse bite, or slam the book into my teeth. It is not the best system, but it was just what I needed, and what I learned from him I have never forgotten. He took my measure exactly, and dealt with me for the deceitful little devil I was. Also he took me in hand in the playground, and forced me to play and also to fight, in both of which arts I did wonders when thus put to it. Still the forced fagging and fielding I had to do there disgusted me finally and for ever with cricket, while the sanguinary earnestness of the foot-ball matches, or rather battles, pushed to the breaking of bones and the battering out of teeth, to the tune of the most violent language possible, forbade me ever after regarding that kind of contest as a game.

I was very soon as popular as I had been at Rathmines, and I think Dr. Moore rather liked me for my old-fashioned, grown-up forms of speech, learned from so much companionship with my mother. He was a stern man, with a slow, measured, business-like laugh that made my blood run cold. He needed to be strong, for it was by tradition a great fighting school, where even the masters challenged one another, as happened when I was there, or were challenged by the fifth-form heroes; where an under-master had been felled for "cheek" to the school-captain. It was a strangely barbarous tradition, this frank supremacy of physical force; each boy had to learn his exact place experimentally—whom he could lick and by whom he could be licked. Himself and these two classes constituted his world.

I remember some brief but pleasant companionships there; some beautiful rambles by the cove of Cork, by Aghada, and about Carmore Castle. Shortly after my arrival my mother came down to Cork to get a situation

somewhere in the neighbourhood, that she might be near me. I spent two or three days with her, which have always seemed the brightest of my life, separation having brought me to value explicitly what I had unconsciously valued before ; nor was the first parting half so hard as when now I had to go back to this most unhomely school. Presently she got a situation in Kinsale as governess to two little children in the family Allmans, where fortunately she was treated with all possible respect and kindness, and became a permanent friend. She also, of course, fell in love with the little children and received a return of devotion.

But since my birth she had been liable, once a month or oftener, to terrible headaches of two or three days' duration, helped, if not wholly caused, by money worries and nights of sleepless anxiety, not to speak of the slow starvation due to a poor and insufficient table. At Kinsale one of these headaches culminated in what seemed a sort of dropsy of the brain, and I got news quite suddenly that she was unconscious, that Willie and my aunt Melinda had been summoned and that I was to await orders. Those twelve or fourteen days of suspense without hope were the first real agony of my life ; and yet so naturally and thoroughly godless was I in my heart that it never so much as occurred to me to pray. If it had I think I should have done it, on the offchance, as a drowning man clutches at a straw ; but I should as soon have thought of praying to the sun. To the amazement of everybody she began to rally, and gradually recovered her former degree of health or ill-health, and the doctors said that if she lived more generously, and not only kept free from anxiety, but kept the mind continually amused and diverted, there would be

no reason to dread a return of the attack—a fairly humorous prescription under the circumstances, which she used afterwards to quote with some bitterness.

It was arranged then that she, Louy and I were to meet in Dublin for the Christmas vacation, at a boarding-house on the Rathgar Road. This was a novel and curious bundle of experiences, which, however, I shall pass over, as I am not writing for diversion, but simply retailing what bears on my own evolution.

As my mother's health forbade a repetition of the governess experiment she could only afford to keep me at Middleton College at a still further reduced pension; but as, owing to the rottenness of my earlier studies, I had, in spite of good teaching and considerable real progress, come out deservedly low at the examinations, Dr. Moore concluded that I was not a good investment and would never tread in my brother's footsteps; and he was most certainly right. Dr. Benson, though a little hurt at my removal, was too kind, and even too fond of me not to be willing to take me back on the old terms—*i.e.* nothing at all and all extras and school books into the bargain; and before the vacation was over I had already stood on the platform again with my old ally W. M. I was as glad as a travel-worn pig returning from the rude fair to his own familiar sty and stuffy ways; but "good had it been for me had I borne the yoke" of Middleton College "from my youth."

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER VI.

Middleton College, whose charter dates from 1696, can claim to have sent forth a good number of distinguished men, thus verifying George Tyrrell's testimony to its intellectual force and educational vigour. The present Head Master is the Rev. George Sydney Baker, B.A., B.D.; the third successor to Dr. Moore. The gentler spirit which now pervades all such establishments has, doubtless,

made itself felt there also, in a certain modification of the somewhat rigorous system which has above been described.

It is certainly a curious thing that the one whose sermons and discourses in later life—full as they were of spiritual penetration and profound thought—were robbed of some of their effect on an undiscerning public by the want of a more impressive delivery, is remembered even now by his old school-fellows, who had no specially intimate acquaintance with him, for his dramatic performances, such as have been described. "Yes I remember Tyrrell," said one of them to me. "I didn't know much of him; but he used to *recite*."

"I can see him still," said Dr. Benson, "as he repeated 'You are old, Father William,' and laid his hand gravely on a post."

"It was from Lewis Carroll," says the Rev. C. E. Osborne, "that he usually chose pieces, of which 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' was the most popular. The quaint solemnity with which he alluded to the oysters' fate was irresistible."

And in the school magazine we have occasional references, such as: "It is needless to say anything of Tyrrell and M., their recitations are much too well known" etc., etc. or "Of course M. and Tyrrell came prominently forward, and won that applause" etc. (April and May, 1874). In later years one got, at times, just a hint of this histrionic gift, in his humorous imitation of small peculiarities, and his power of rendering an accent or intonation. But he was not a very good reader.

We shall see more of W. M. later on—the two friends parted eventually to follow very different roads—and both lives were afterwards tinged with tragedy rather than comedy.

In regard to the terms on which he was received back into Rathmines College, I have heard a few other "secrets" of the same kind in regard to Dr. Benson's methods, and I do not feel any sense of wrong-doing in revealing them. Perhaps as many as a *third* of the boys were often receiving their education on the same conditions, and we know not how many may yet be blessing their old schoolmaster for happy and successful careers which they owe, in good part, to him. He had the honour of retiring from his labours *a poor man*—a fact full of meaning.

CHAPTER VII

1874–1876

In the year 1874 my aunt Melinda died (June 25th), to my mother's great and genuine grief, for she had always looked up to her, as a firmer and more religious character, for guidance and support, and they had been life-long companions. My mother inherited from her the life interest of I forget what sum, and was also residuary legatee; but the addition to her income was not very great. It enabled her, however, to send me to board at a sort of dame's house, kept by one of Dr. Benson's masters. This step was needful, because my temper was more ungovernable than ever, and, being older, I was harder to manage.

Of *sin*, in the religious sense, I had at that time no thought whatever. Had I died with my wits about me it would have been as an animal, without a touch of fear or of hope. The sense of *right* and *wrong* I think I always had, but its implications I did not understand, and I explained it away; still less did I apply the conceptions of right and wrong to what did not naturally suggest itself to me as such. The fact is I began to think long before I was capable of thinking, and became a monstrosity in consequence. There only remained with me the non-moral restraint of a certain refinement, or perhaps prudery, of taste, that made me shrink from what was inherently disgusting or coarse, or at least unredeemed by some sparkle of wit or humour. Otherwise I had now, reflexly and

deliberately, given up all attempt at self-restraint, and was, for moral scepticism, an unconscious disciple of Nietzsche. I lately had to do with one of his avowed and conscious disciples, and recognised my old system of life reduced to philosophical formulæ and sounding quite respectable.

Curiously it was now that a boy, who was a little Nonconformist prig of a teetotaller, persuaded me to take the pledge—a very superfluous precaution, seeing I never got the chance of getting drunk had I wanted to, which I never did. I think I also went to a Methodist Sunday-school for a few weeks, to oblige him. When Willie, whom I used to go and see at his rooms from time to time, heard of this nonsensical pledge, he poured out a glass of port wine and put a five-shilling-piece beside it, which I was to have if I drank the wine. I hesitated for nearly a minute before committing what I falsely believed to be, technically, an act of perjury. Still I do not think this hesitation arose from any belief in religion, but simply from a struggle between my tendency to accept the conventional estimate of the action and my rational conviction of its indifference. It was a very formal defiance of received morality, and as such I record it.

I was now pretty well all undone; I had reached bottom. I was untruthful, violent, irreligious, idle, and good for nothing except ineffectual tinkering. Lately I had added occasional truancy to my accomplishments; but I found the long listless mornings of aimless wandering so tedious that I preferred the mild severities of school, save when I was more shamelessly unprepared than usual. And about this time a friend introduced me to a new vice in the form of theft—not to any serious extent nor with any lasting effect. But, like the youthful Augustine, I was ashamed of my

scruples, and wished to be no better than my neighbour or no worse. I felt the "caddishness" of it more than anything else; but after a few essays even this feeling wore off.

Now once when this same friend and I were talking of the ritualistic extravagances of two of the boys, who, the one from affectation, the other from a sense of duty, would bow their heads at the Holy Name at morning prayers, I spoke of St. Bartholomew's very mildly High Church, which in Dublin was regarded as a nest of Jesuitry; whereupon my friend said it was nothing like so bad as Grangegorman Church, at the north side of the city. There was something pretty about the name Grangegorman, and so the idle remark stuck in my ear as a mote might have stuck in my eye—and to some purpose, as will hereafter appear.

Were I superstitious I might here dilate on the mysterious workings of Providence; how in my lowest degradation, and by the lips of my worst companion, the stray seed of future redemption was quietly sown. But this kind of reasoning cuts both ways; and it would be as easy to show that the seed of future downfall is often sown by the lips of some ministering angel in the hour of closest union with God. All we can say is that our fate is determined by straws, one way or the other; and that the greatest events in history—let alone the little events of a little life—can all be shown to depend, in some part of their course, on some microscopic vibration of air or ether. The truth is that everything great and small, without exception, depends on everything else; and if there be not a God over all, it is hardly worth labouring to adapt ourselves to conditions so incalculable and complex, and we must turn to the East for light to be tranquil and indifferent.

On my aunt's death her three charges were taken

over by Mrs. John Chamney, my mother's sister-in-law and first cousin, who was still living in Bray with her three children. To accommodate her three wards she now took a house in Hardwick St., North Dublin, close to St. George's Church; and as she was always a great friend of my mother, having had very analogous troubles and difficulties, she asked my mother to join them, which she did. There too I came, when the master, with whom I had been living, broke up his house (in 1875).

But I have left out a very necessary link prior to that event. Willie had already got the Berkeley Gold Medal for Philosophy, and had gone in for philosophy honours at his senior moderatorship. In fact this side of his capacity, probably as considerable as the other, had been thoroughly roused up; and though his philosophy rather confirmed than mitigated his agnosticism, by setting it on a more rational basis, yet it seemed to create in him a wish for some kind of synthesis—I would even say, a wish to believe. So I gathered from him later; though to the end he believed that death was absolute extinction.

Now I used to go to his rooms frequently to earn certain *honoraria* for cutting books; he being as inept as I was expert at such processes. Hence, in spite of myself, I had at least to get to know their names and a minimum of their general nature. Thus, one dreary Sunday afternoon, I was rummaging over Mr. P.'s* bookcase from sheer listlessness, when I lit on "Butler's Analogy," which I recognised as one of the books I had operated upon. I turned to Mr. P. and said: "May I take this out, Sir?" He said: "Yes, certainly; but you will not understand a word of it." I resented the insult quietly, and stuck to the book till I had, at

* The master with whom he lived.—M.D.P.

least, got through it. I saw him eyeing me as, day by day, I ostentatiously brandished my Butler, and sat down to it in the window in the intervals when we were expected to keep quiet and read what we liked. As for my companions, they knew I was quite incalculable, and made no comment; for I was miles ahead of them all in reflection, in spite of my piggish ignorance, and they always felt it; as though I had an extra eye of some kind. I never bothered them with it and "put on" about it, but used it simply for their amusement, if at all. The average boy is so utterly wanting in speculation that he is glad of an oracle, if he can escape a prig and a bore. As to the general purport of the "Analogy," and the unity of its wonderful argument, I had no conception whatever. What I did apprehend were certain particular arguments, like that which Bishop Butler brings for the survival or independence of the soul, and a few other of the simpler and less subtle reasonings—probably as much as many a pass man gets his B.A. upon. But the real use I got from it was the knowledge that religion could be soberly defended on a rational basis at all; though I knew that Willie had been all through this and was still an unbeliever. Shortly after, in his rooms, I took care to allude casually to what I had been reading. He laughed and asked me a few questions, and was greatly surprised to find how much I had got hold of; but he also took care to show me that the arguments were not worth much. Yet the hope that the light, which I was blindly groping after from the dawn of reason, might really be reached in this way, was kindled; and the constructiveness, which heretofore went exclusively to mechanical effort, was now partly, later wholly, diverted to philosophical effort. These were the rude beginnings of such a mind as I have since

endeavoured to build up. But another interest had also to be awakened, which lent spurs to this severer one; the two eventually blending together into that which now dominates my whole life.

It was on Easter Day in 1875, I being home for the vacation, that as I had to go to Church somewhere, and was very eager for any variety in that weekly martyrdom, the name "Grangegorman" rose chance-wise to my memory; and, learning that it was not very far from Hardwick Street, I announced my intention of going there. My mother made no objection, especially as old Dr. Maturin* had been one of the few preachers to whom my own father could listen without blaspheming afterwards; for which reason she often went there with him in the fifties, for the sake of peace. He was a High Churchman of the Laudian type or early Tractarian school; not the least of a ritualist, and with a good solid dislike of popery. So backward, however, was Irish Protestantism that the most moderate ecclesiastical decencies of his Church (they had not even unlit candles on the altar) seemed sheer Romanism; and more than once the place had been wrecked by aggrieved Orangemen; one of my own uncles having led the fray on one of these occasions. The enormities complained of were, besides the ordinary choral service, an altar-like communion table with a coloured frontal and a few vases of flowers—Holy Communion twice every Sunday, and the eastward position (which was voted bad manners, the doctrinal significance entirely escaping notice).

Doctrinally, there was a fairly advanced eucharistic teaching, and a very moderate advocacy of seeking absolution in exceptional crises. Many connected with the Church went much farther in doctrine and practice;

* Died June 30th, 1887.

but the terrible old Doctor snuffed out everything either more or less than he himself approved. He maintained that at the first synod of the disestablished Irish Church, when the prayer-book was expurgated and the lectionary altered, the whole of that Church had gone into schism and that he alone was left, a solitary Jeremiah, to weep over the fallen city.

This first visit to Grangegorman attracted and interested me. It was not merely the choral service, which was a relief as contrasting with the unutterable prosiness of St. George's ; nor that the devotion and reverence, which I marked, made any particular appeal to my godless nature ; but rather that I felt instinctively what I, long afterwards, understood clearly, namely : that the difference between an altar and a communion table was infinite ; that it meant a totally different religion, another order of things altogether, of which I had no experience. Naturally my fundamental assumption was that the religion I was brought up in was the only authorised and tenable form of Christianity ; that popery was utterly indefensible except as a paradox, and for the sake of shocking Protestant propriety. But here now was something more piquant ; popery in a Protestant Church and using the Book of Common Prayer. I cannot doubt that it was the wrongness, the *soupçon* of wickedness or at least of paradox, that faintly fascinated me ; the birettas and cassocks made the fibres of one's Protestantism quiver. I had almost discovered a new sin, and found the sensation novel and agreeable.

I often wonder how far this would prove true of other " converts " of the superficial sort, could their first attraction Romewards be analysed. It was quite impossible that such as I should ever have been hooked

by any healthy bait ; nor does it seem to me alien from the orthodox conception of Divine methods to allow that God brings good, not only out of, but through permitted, not sanctioned, evil.

After the history of my decadence and depravity it would be pleasant to tell of some blinding light, some clear call from death unto life ; but miracles are not common, and I seemed to wander back to the better way as casually and as crookedly as I had wandered away from it. Indeed the spoiling and tangling of one's soul is easy and rapid compared with the tedious labour of disentanglement.

When asked, as one often is, for the "story" of one's conversion, I always decline for the knife-grinder's reason—"Story, God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir." I drifted into the Church for a thousand paltry motives and reasons ; some good, some bad ; some true, some false or fallacious—much as an ignorant and drunken navigator gets his vessel into the right port by a mere fluke. I am more satisfied to think, as I fondly perhaps do, that my lots were in other hands—at least I still hope so.

After I returned home for good in the summer the transient impression of that first visit to Grangegorman was deepened by many subsequent visits. I think my mother came with me occasionally, only too glad to find any sort of Church-going propensity awakening in me. If there were features she disliked or criticised, I was at once on the defensive—on the side of paradox, as, in my heart, I felt it to be. In the first glow of affection for persons, things, or causes, I will hear of no defects or shortcomings, for this would seem to imply a defect in my own judgment and choice. The criticism must come later and from myself, after the novelty is worn off and appetite is sated ; but in the beginning my

geese must be worshipped as swans, and my whole endeavour is to make out a case for them.

At first there was not a scrap of religious motive in my defence of Grangegorman ; I believed as little as ever ; it was simply that I had taken a side in an argument for trivial reasons enough, and I fought for it as I fight for all my opinions and choices, tooth and nail, *per fas et nefas*. It is hard not to get to care about what one has thus laboured over and fought for ; and, indeed, there was so much more to be said for "Grangegormanism" than I ever believed possible, that I was surprised and interested and carried farther as the subject began to open out in my mind. My mother's opposition stimulated me a great deal ; because I could not bear that she should differ from me, and I was equally determined not to give in ; hence I became as diligent and ingenious a controversialist as I had once been a carpenter. But it was all, at first, *ex hypothesi non data*, in my own mind ; nor did I dream of saying my prayers or changing my life. If I went to Church it was to observe, to listen, to strengthen my position. Also I now sought out my friend and colleague of the platform, W. M., who had of late become less frivolous and larky, and was a communicant at St. Bartholomew's—the only other High Church in Dublin—and a member of the guild there. He never had any influence over me in the strict sense, for that implies that my love or my admiration of another guides my opinion or alters my will or taste, irrationally—by force of sentiment as opposed to reason ; but he was well posted up in all this High Churchism, its aims and methods, whereas I was ignorant ; and so I was dependent on him for information.

Though we were close friends and companions over

this and other sympathies, he lacked what I looked for most, and what, in my worst days, I never lost, a craving for reality and a profound fear and distrust of illusion, pretence and sham. I don't know but my very unbelief was only a perversion of that tendency; for there is merit as well as blame in the doubt that says "Except I see and touch I will not believe"—it is a fault on the right side. This boy was at heart a "ritualist," in the more odious sense of the word. The dramatic instinct and talent, which he possessed, have always seemed to me a most dangerous gift. We all of us have many *rôles* and can play many separate and internally coherent, though complex, parts, besides that one part with which we have chosen to identify ourselves permanently, and in our *real* moments. Our motives for such temporary acting may be various, good or bad; but where there is this dramatic instinct, acting pleases for its own sake; it is the part as a part, and not this part, which delights. The clown may find a sort of dreamy pleasure in acting the king, and the fool in passing as the learned. Of this kind of pretence we are all, in some degree, guilty. But when posing is cultivated as a fine art, for its own sake, the sense of reality is often weakened and lost, and a man hardly knows, at last, which suit of clothes is his very own—which of the many selves is his own self. He becomes a bundle of appearances and loses all substance.

For this reason, as I said before, much as I admire eloquence I abhor elocution; most of all in the pulpit. I can forgive a woman easily, who paints, enamels and dyes; but a preacher who practises his sermon before a cheval glass (as some of our French celebrities do) seems to me farther away from God and reality than the blackest atheist in existence.

Much then as I liked him and learnt from him and

went with him, I was always conscious that his religion and his High Churchism were but a pose. Not that he had, at this time, had any doubt about eternal realities, having taken what he was given, as most boys do, without interest and therefore without question; but that he had not that craving for solid certainty, for touching and seeing the bed-rock of fact, which had been my ruin.

Through my intercourse with him, and through my attendance at Grangegorman, I soon got to the stage of interest and identification with the cause which forced me to practical issues. A certain need of consistency and coherence, that same dislike of sham and unreality, made me feel that I could not at once throw myself into this system and defend it mentally, while denying it in my life and practice. And how could I go on, with any inner truthfulness, fighting for the remote consequences of principles which I did not yet admit? Thus my first interest was in the very fringe and extreme outskirts of Christianity, and from these I was gradually driven, by force and need of consistency, to the centre and core. The wish that the whole system might be true, the wish that I could pray and could believe, was soon strong in me, and made me disposed to catch at any shadow of justification for belief.

When I first tried to say prayers again, towards the end of 1875, it was with a certain violence to my sense of reality and truthfulness, it was against whatever conscience I had; I felt, at bottom, that I was a fraud and self-deceiver, but my strong desire stifled my better sense and would not listen to reason. I knew, yet I would not admit to myself, that I was *acting* religion; that I was indulging a dream. I had no new reason for believing in what I had always inwardly denied; I simply wanted to, and I refused to discuss

the matter with myself. I also determined, while in this state, that I would enter the service of the Church and give my life to the cause of religion; though I did not clearly see my way to it. Similarly my knowledge of Catholic ideals made me desire moral reform, though I had no definite reason beyond the wish to be in entire harmony with the system I was interested in. I wrote a letter to my worst companion, breaking off intercourse; and dissociated myself from the looser set at school.

It was the difficulty of my task of self-reformation that did more for me than anything else, by driving me in desperation to prayer and watchfulness, and the practise of personal religion. Not that I dreaded sin or felt the sense of it, but I wanted to recover the self-mastery I had forfeited—a purely self-regarding motive, possibly akin to pride; but, as I have said, all good has come to me through evil.

Thus things dragged on, with no consistent or all-round improvement; no real faith or love, or sorrow, until about March, 1876. Underneath all my prayers and endeavours lay the haunting, but stifled, sense of pretence and unreality. I was playing at religion, and nothing more; and for long after this admitted insincerity allowed me to indulge in certain mere externalities and ritualistic follies, which I knew inwardly were mere pandering to the dramatic instinct, and which I would even then have thoroughly despised in others.

CHAPTER VIII

1876

My aunt Mary (Mrs. John Chamney) had determined, about this time, to give up her house in Hardwick St.*—so now we were adrift again, and my mother hesitating between two eligible sets of furnished lodgings, I gave my casting vote and all my influence in favour of those offered by a Roman Catholic lady—a certain Miss Lynch, with whom I have been in regular correspondence until quite lately, when I have had to break off all but the most necessary ties of that kind. This was my last "home," and this quiet, holy, unselfish little woman had more to do with my destiny than any other.

My wish to go there was simply because she was a Roman Catholic; although I did not say so and invented the reasons. This means that already, though I hardly adverted to it myself, and would have truthfully denied it if challenged, my secret deep-down wish was that even Romanism should be defensible. Here again there was no religion or faith in the wish, no love of truth as such, but only a desire that the truth might lie in a certain direction. I felt dimly that Romanism was the goal towards which High Churchism was an impeded movement; it was the unreachable

* She joined the nursing sisters of St. John the Divine in Fulham Road, London, S.W., who have since moved to Drayton Gardens.—M. D. P.

centre towards which it gravitated; but though I wished it could be reached I was quite sure that its absurdities were too gross and glaring even for the ablest defender of paradox. But the danger fascinated me, and I loved to see how close I could skirt the precipice without falling over. Plainly my position was such that, so far from resisting, I would really welcome any argument or shadow of argument making for Rome; all the worst elements of my nature were on the right side; but I was not prepared to commit intellectual suicide, and as yet I never seriously believed Romanism meant anything else.

It was on March 17th, 1876, that we went to live with Miss Lynch in Eccles St. Willie, having gained all that could be got at Trinity, and despairing of a fellowship falling vacant, had lately gone over to Cambridge *ad eundem gradum*, to see what he could do there.

I was now pretty regular in saying my prayers from a book called the "Altar-Manual"—always on that dreadful suppressed hypothesis which I refused to face: "O God, if there be a God; save my soul, if I have a soul!" Not that I cared about my soul or had any sense of sin, but that I wanted to be different, to be respectable in my own eyes, to be in harmony with the system into which I had thrown my interests and energies. I was like a man who has made his fortune by a fraud and thereafter lives honestly, and gives alms from his ill-gotten goods, and tries to persuade himself he is all right morally and refuses to poke into things. Often, during the next couple of years, and occasionally, for long, long after, I would start up from my knees and say: "Oh, this is all humbug and sham!" But then, when I faced the consequences of the admission; when I saw my air-built castle falling to pieces

for lack of this foundation of cloud and darkness; when I thought of the break-up of all those interests by which I was so fascinated, to which I had so committed myself, which gave a point and meaning to my otherwise empty and meaningless life; I was driven back to my knees, and wrapped my self-wrought cloak of illusions round me more tightly than ever.

Yet I could never rest in a deliberate and approved schism between my theory and my life and conduct. It was all one thing and, as such, had to be taken or left. There might be coxcombs who could enjoy the uniform, the parade and the glory in time of peace, and forget the disagreeable contingency of war; but I was not of that sort. I wanted the real, whatever it was; and my continual disquiet was the consciousness of unreality and sham. All this might seem strange in one so untruthful as I had been and still was; but verbal untruthfulness of most kinds, and there are many, is compatible with a great dread and dislike of lying to oneself and of what may be called mental untruthfulness. By nature I always wanted to know and to understand, and that means getting behind the appearance of things and down to their reality. It is not so much a virtue as a tendency; though its violation is hardly blameless. The very style, however, of this analysis which I make of myself may perhaps tend to falsify things, by reflecting my present mind and intelligence back to those days when I was utterly incapable of diagnosing the processes of my life and thought; what is now clear was then confused; what now I see, then I felt; and mingled with all the dim reasoning and precocious rationalism there were the fancies, the instincts, the interests of the boy and the child.

I, too, had my share of the dramatic craving, and not

only would have liked to, but actually did, to a great extent, make a play of religion. What prompted me to get crucifixes and Romish pictures and new prayer-books, and even more distinctively popish apparatus, which I did not for a moment approve of interiorly ; what made me try sleeping on boards and using iron girdles and disciplines, and such antics, was not my truth-seeking self that I respected so far as it went, but the same instinct which, at an earlier age, made me buy a gun and a sword and dress up as a soldier. But I differed from the "ritualist proper" in that I recognised this as childishness, and was ashamed of it and hid it away carefully from the eyes of others, and heartily despised it when I saw it in others, who confounded appearance with reality. It was like the love of toys, which I kept buried in my heart long after I was old enough to be ashamed of it.

I was as anxious to be correctly contrite for my sins as I was not to commit them at all ; but only for the same reason, *sc.* because contrition, like faith and every other virtue, was part of the system I had embraced ; shall I hesitate to say—of the hobby I had taken up ? Yet this might falsely imply that I did not believe in the real worth and seriousness of the matter. Catholicism was not a *rôle*, which I had merely assumed fictitiously ; but one with which I had identified my real and inmost self—albeit, as yet, not with a clear conscience or even with mental sincerity ; for I felt there was a fundamental flaw. In my manuals I found "acts of contrition" which I wanted to mean, but did not mean. Given even a realisation of God, which I had not, the thought that sin injured Him in any way, or angered Him, was utterly inconceivable ; an infuriated Deity had no existence for me and therefore no terrors. Had I loved righteousness

as such, and hated iniquity ; had my will and affection been thus in unconscious agreement with God's ; then I should have had implicit contrition, I should have been sorry for God's sake purely, for love of the Divine Goodness, even though the Divine personality was so dimly and doubtfully apprehended. But I was far from that stage of advance. I was sorry only that I had failed in what I wanted to do because it was part of the system, part of the personality I had determined, rightly or wrongly, to make my own. I was mortified, provoked, disappointed, discouraged ; but contrite—not one bit.

I think it was in the summer of 1876 that W. M. explained to me that I ought to get confirmed ; and through him I was put *en rapport* with Mr. Hogan,* Dr. Maturin's curate, who gave me some instructions in his private room, and also advised me to attend the Sunday-school at Grangegorman—a humiliation which I bore with for the sake of Rachel. He did not suggest confession, nor was I yet prepared to go that length in my popery. I was confirmed in due course at St. George's Church, somewhere about Whitsuntide ; and if I was none the better for that invigorating ceremony, neither was I appreciably the worse. All that was said beforehand, as to the marvellous effects of the sacrament, not unnaturally led me to hope for some sensible results. But I did not know theologians then as I do now.

Presently I made my first Communion—fasting, for I had got that far—at Grangegorman. I had been indoctrinated with some belief in the Real Presence, and naturally expected at least as much sensible improvement in spiritual vigour as from a dose of

* Now Rector of Grangegorman and Canon of Christchurch Cathedral.—M. D. P.

medicine or from a square meal. I think I tried to work my feelings up to the level of the ecstatic prayers I found in the manuals for before and after receiving; and to stifle the voice of my strangled reason, calling out: "False and unreal!" Had I listened to it I should have had to give up the whole thing and go back to the dreary chaos from which I had emerged. I wanted it all to be true; and clung to every shadow of a flimsy reason that seemed to buttress up my failing illusions. So far I can see nothing supernatural in the process; not even the persistence with which I stuck to the task of self-reformation. The interest which was the mainspring of all this movement was just such as a man might take—not in a game—but in a political or philanthropic or scientific cause, bearing on the reality of life. The very interest idled me as much, and more than did my tinkering enterprises of earlier days, which now gradually fell into abeyance; though it forced me to such reading and self-education as the subject itself involved. I regretted bitterly all the time I had lost, and recognised that, if I was to take up the clerical profession, I should have to work hard at matters only remotely bearing on my interest. Indeed my conscience twitted me very explicitly with the neglect of so plain a duty as that of working at my lessons; but the habit of idling was ingrained, nor had I enough mortification to sacrifice the present for the future, to "leave God for God's sake," as the ascetics say. Had I done so the passion might have died, and thus the very motive of my reform would have perished; as happens often with those who lose their religion by giving themselves to soul-absorbing labours in the cause of religion. Just once, at the beginning, I shook myself into a spasmodic industry, but it was only a spasm; though I read a great deal,

and with avidity, of what was obviously and directly bearing on my interest; and my thoughts were absorbed and busied by it continually, as they used to be by my futile inventions and constructions. In this way my real mental education began, and has, roughly speaking, been carried on ever since; all my reading and study has been selected and determined by this central interest; has modified and been modified by it.

Artificial education, *ab extra*, wisely begins with the remote and fundamental conditions common to many pursuits and interests; leaving it to later years to determine which shall be dominant and special, so that when that dominant interest or need manifests itself, in youth or early manhood, one may not have to do more than supply such conditions as are special and peculiar; it provides the means for a variety of possible ends; it begins with the farther and ends with the nearer knowledge. Natural self-education proceeds inversely; it first determines the end and then seeks the needful means, in that measure and no more; it begins with the nearer and ends with the farther knowledge, and proceeds altogether analytically.

If children were born with some dominating natural interest, this would be undoubtedly the best and most economical method of education; but they are not, and some, if not most, live and die without anything that could be called a central interest of their rational life, and have to be shaped passively by education and external circumstances. But if one has any kind of "life" or dominant preoccupation from and in early years, such, I think, find the routine of artificial education irksome and impossible except so far as its connection with that "life" is appreciated. I do not, however, think that a very strict and permanent centralisation of interests is common or even desirable.

A man whose interest in politics leads him to study history or economics may be permanently drawn away from his first mistress to her handmaiden; or the first love may remain only as secondary; or the secondary, remaining secondary, may acquire an independent as well as a dependent interest. The love of poetry may lead one to the love of Greek, whether as a preference or as a hobby, and not merely as a means or condition. Often the life seems ruled equally, though alternately, by several different, if not incompatible, interests; often it seems reduced to anarchy by a disorderly mob of contending interests, no one of which has been developed sufficiently to dominate in any sense at all. If I can succeed in unravelling the skein of my tangled life, I think it will be seen that the seat of government gradually shifted to what was, at first, a subordinate interest; and that, conversely, what was paramount at the beginning was eventually dethroned and pushed down to a position of dependence.

It is, in some sense, as might, *a priori*, be expected, the story of Newman *à rebours*. In that pure soul the presence of God in the voice of conscience was from the first—I think rather exceptionally—as self-evident as the fact of his own existence; although the outward evidence of the world's condition seemed to him to make for atheism, and to stand as a cumulative difficulty against this luminous interior intuition. I often wonder whether it was at the suggestion of some early instructor, or by some spontaneous spiritual instinct, that he was brought thus to look for God within, as the mystics do, instead of without, as is the way with savages and children, whose theology is symbolic and materialistic. To me this conception came at the end, and not at the beginning. Not merely was my earliest reason in revolt against the external, fetichistic God

of the popular imagination, but when I came to hear of sacramental and supernatural indwelling I conceived it in the literal terms in which it was expressed, as the ingress of the external Deity into the soul—a notion, if possible, more unreal and more make-believe than the other—but of the natural union of the soul with God, as with the very ground of her being, I had no notion. I was too inquisitive, too eager for clearness, to accept the popular materialism; and of the spiritual truth I had learned nothing beyond words: *Foris Te quærebam et intus eras.*

Newman's Catholicism was the outcome of his theism, practical and speculative; that was the firm basis on which it stood. He passed from light to fuller light, each step was prepared and established by that which preceded. I, in my dark and crooked way, almost began with Catholicism, and was forced back, in spite of myself, to theism, practical and speculative, in the effort to find a basis for a system that hung mid-air save for the scaffolding of mixed motives which made me cling to it blindly, in spite of a deep-down sense of instability. And the end of the process is that my dominant interest and strongest conviction is Theism; and dependently on this Christianity; and thirdly Catholicism, just in so far as Newman may be right; just in so far as it is the necessary implication of conscience. I sometimes think that had I, in early years, heard nothing at all about religion, I should have sooner come to the truth than was possible when my mind was blocked up with symbolic notions that I could not rightly credit, nor my instructors explain.

In the measure that I was keen for Catholicism I became equally keen for every thing that favoured theism, immortality, and the fundamentals of religion in general; wishing that so fair a flower might have

an imperishable root. Not that I was sincere enough now to admit my really uncured doubts in these matters; for in the fact of praying and reforming myself I blindly and wilfully assumed the truth of what I wanted to be true. But the ghost was there and would rise at times; and so I clutched at all that would lay it—all that would make me internally honest and at peace.

Although I was driven to personal reform by a sort of sense of consistency and sincerity, it was not as being "good for *me*" that I cared about Catholicism; I seemed, and seem, to be wanting in the proper kind of self-love and self-concern; and the salvation of my own soul was only a subordinate and dependent interest, not the supreme motive of my life. I am not sure that the saints themselves do not put the Divine Cause in the first place; but I should be sorry to call the cause for which I lived divine—at least under the aspect in which it then appeared to me. Yet I wanted the whole world to be of my way of thinking; and to impose myself as a rule for other minds. The wish to be in agreement is natural and instinctive; and while it leads passive and docile minds to accept the views of others, it leads active and indocile minds to proselytism and controversy. Besides, every dissident was an argument against the absolute and incontrovertible truth of the position I had pinned myself to; and which I wanted to be true because I had chosen it, rather than had chosen because it was true.

My brother Willie had been my oracle in chief in earlier years; and, had he been at home during these months, my Catholicism would have most likely been nipped in the bud. But I had gripped too hard to let go easily; and though I thought it a desperate and distant hope, I began to think how he might be

overcome, or at least resisted. He came over from Cambridge in the June of 1876 to spend the Long Vacation with us. I had not lived with him since I was eleven, and being now fifteen, and having notions of my own, I got to know him and even to be very fond of him during those nine or ten weeks of intimate conversation. For the latter six weeks or so my mother and Louy went to Howth, whither I was to follow later; and so I was thrown very much with Willie—all the more as he was confined to the house by some indefinite pain in the hip which the doctors could make nothing of. We often rambled on to religious questions, and he bore my shamefaced admission of a tentative Christianity more quietly than I had hoped, and made the usual agnostic concession as to the sole claims of Romanism to be a coherent form of that religion. This was too far for me to go as yet; and I think our discussions, if I can call them so much, bore on first principles. I think he had got as far as wishing to believe; but his horror of all kinds of self-fooling made him lean to the bitterer view.

I now understood how much his affliction had soured him and made all his success and brilliancy contemptible in his eyes—a mere drug or narcotic to soothe the pain of being one of life's castaways. At this time he was heartily sick of success and praise and honour, and told me all he cared for now was to make money and retire to the South of France and live quietly as an epicurean. I do not know that he was ever in love with any woman, though I know one that would have died for him; but his chief lover was John Verschoyle, his brilliant companion both at Trinity and Cambridge, who followed him everywhere and broke his heart when the end came. He is now a Broad Church clergyman,

though under my brother's influence he was an avowed agnostic.

When he got a little better he went down to his friend, the Rev. James Dowd, in Tipperary, for a change, and I went to Howth for the rest of the vacation; after which I went back to school as usual; being now a sixth form boy and as ignorant as ever.

On August 29th, during morning school, Dr. Benson called me to his study and showed me a telegram from James Dowd: "Willie Tyrrell died here last night; tell his mother and friends"; and I was sent home to break the news to my mother as best I could. I engaged wise little Miss Lynch as a go-between; and may I never again see such an agony of grief as I had then to witness! My mother jumped at the idea of suicide at once; but the cause was that the doctor had injected morphia to dull the pain in his hip, and his heart had proved too weak. My cousin Robert Tyrrell went down at once, and wrote to dissuade the presence of my mother and myself at the funeral. Willie lies in Tipperary Churchyard under two pagan epitaphs, in Greek and Latin. Except for a memorial medal for classical literature, founded by his friends at Trinity College, no trace of him remains, beyond a handful of epigrams and translations in a book published by my cousin.

I had asked him, shortly before, where he thought the soul went after death, and he had said: "Where the flame goes when the candle is burnt out." During the short time I was at Howth I was all preoccupied with this answer, as to what I could retort; lying awake at night concocting theories, and writing by day what I had thought of at night. It was my first formal and reflex philosophical effort; largely plagiarised from Butler, with variations of my own which were not im-

provements; nor should I have dared to submit it to those satirical eyes for which the essay was written, even had death not sealed them for ever.

Some would say that Willie's death was for me providential, so much did I fear and yield to his keen, ruthless, iconoclastic logic, and feel my mental inferiority. For myself I am too much oppressed with the complexity of good and evil ever to dare to determine what is and what is not providential. If Providence had been disposed to upset the established order of things in favour of my valuable soul, I cannot understand why the intervention was not earlier and more effectual, as judged by common sense. If things are not to be judged by that rule—I hold that they are not—I cannot pretend to judge them by some unknown and unknowable rule. Had he not died, it would have also been providential according to the professional prophets. At all events it brought me rudely face to face with the problem of life's meaning and value, and made me *feel* what my rationalism had taught me for so many years, that what most men lived and fought for was mere vapour and illusion; that there was no logical or defensible resting-place between the ark of God and the carrion that floated on the surrounding waters—between divinity and piggery.

I do not mean that millions do not realise a moral, and even a spiritual life, apart from religion, but only that they do so in virtue of certain illusions and unclearness of mind; just as between Catholicism and Atheism, which Newman held to be logical alternatives, he would have admitted many *bona fide* medial positions possible for others, but not for himself. "Absolute morality," can perhaps afford to prescind from religion, but not to deny it.



"WILLIE."
Died Aug. 28th, 1870.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTERS VII. AND VIII.

Much in Dublin is changed since the days of which Father Tyrrell writes, but one place and person I found, in all essentials, wholly unchanged—Miss Lynch's house—4 Eccles St.—and Miss Lynch herself. As though it had all happened but a month before, she came into the little room to greet me, just such as one would have expected her to be after the passage of thirty or forty years—talking of those four, she had known so well, as though she had parted with them but yesterday. The storms of discussion and criticism, of one with whom she was once in relations so simple and close, have passed over her simple, loyal heart, leaving her with no less attachment to the Church, and no less love for him whom she still calls "George." What a sense of rest and peace in speaking to one like that! in whom faith and charity are so inextricably interwoven that the religious sense that inspires her to believe forbids her also to judge or condemn.

She told me the story of their first coming to her house. Mrs. Tyrrell was hesitating between two eligible abodes—that of Miss Lynch and another. She and George were evidently alike in their distaste for treating such questions with any oppressive seriousness; for instead of the usual searching practical considerations, they resorted, it appears, to divination, and elected to open a book and decide according to the first letter. Several times they opened—each time with a result favourable to Miss Lynch (did the son play quite fair, I ask myself?) and so they arrived in her house on St. Patrick's Day.

George and his mother, she tells me, were alike; but the mother was better-looking. She, too, was tall and thin, with hair of the same colour, and both had the like unceasing flow of spirits and fun.

Miss Lynch had the liveliest recollection of poor Willie's death. George had gone to school as usual in the morning, but was quickly back again. He said to the faithful old servant and friend, Ann, who opened the door, "Send Miss Lynch to me, but don't let my mother know I am here." Ann ran down to the kitchen, "O ma'am, go up quickly, there's something wrong, Master George is crying!" She went up thinking he had got into trouble at school—"What's the matter, George?" He handed her the telegram, and asked her to tell his mother. (It seems to have come natural to them all to turn to Miss Lynch for this kind of service.) At that minute Mrs. Tyrrell was coming downstairs, actually on her way to Willie's rooms, to see that all was in order for his return. "Are you going

out, ma'am?" said Miss Lynch; and drew her into her own little sitting-room. "I want to tell you something—Willie is not well." It was done at once. "Oh! I know he's dead!" she cried—and then, instantly, "Where's George?" She loved them all three, but George the most of all. So George went in to her, and comforted her as best he could, and in a little while the Bible was fetched and he opened it to find a sentence for her.

Willie's appearance in the intellectual world seems to have been meteor-like in its brilliance and rapidity. This young man, who could think himself an outcast because of his infirmity, was one of the idols of the university; his rooms a distinguished rendezvous; his reputation ever growing in importance. But he had, as someone told a friend, a mind, in religious matters, not merely agnostic, but as negative as could be met with. Both the glory and the suffering of his too short life are surely expressed in the face we see in the photograph.

CHAPTER IX

1876–1879

I CONFESS my brother's death so deepened my contempt of ordinary life that I became more anxious than ever to be really convinced that the fair dreams of Catholicism might prove true, nor would I listen to the stifled voice that told me they were but dreams, wilfully believed in. The wish to live was inextinguishable, and if I could not find the substance of food I would cling to the shadow. As I got to know more about Catholic Christianity, the motives of my tenacity undoubtedly became purer; and sympathies, either killed or never rightly born, were wakened and strengthened. I cared for it more as a life, and less merely as a truth.

I read Montalembert's "Monks of the West" about now; and this concrete presentment of the reality and force of religion in action made me first wish to be, not merely respectably moral, but like these men, who were enthusiasts and wholly God-possessed. The ambition did me good and made me pray harder to the God in whom I hoped. I believed, though now more than ever with strange revolts of my latent scepticism, especially when temptation pressed more than usual. But after a storm would come a sense of desolation and heartsickness, and I would creep back to my darling superstitions, and try to be sorry in the approved theological fashion.

Here at last I begin to admit the first streaks of daylight, the first drawing towards Christly ideals for their own sake, the first sympathies with the divine. The workings of former motives may have been permitted by Him who overrules our badness to our good; but they were not His workings. Not even in that hatred of unreality, which might seem to be a love of truth, can I detect more than a certain cast of mind and character possessed by good and bad indifferently. Good and conscientious people hug illusions and comfortable superstitions without any remorse of soul, and are often interiorly untruthful; whereas the iconoclast is often a devil, with no love of truth as such, but only a fixed dislike of being illuded or "done" in any way. It is, after all, only the wish to *know*, and this has nothing necessarily moral or immoral about it, any more than the wish to possess wealth.

I must also allow for a certain kind of spiritual vanity or ambition in my aspirations after the ideals of sanctity—a desire for self-adornment, analogous to that which makes many thirst after learning and knowledge who care little for truth in itself. I wanted to be, for the sake of seeming to myself, and not purely for the sake of being.

I feel rather ashamed of the part which sortilege and kindred superstitions have played in my life, and almost fear to investigate the matter, lest all should vanish as founded in dreams and illusions. It is a faithless and perverse sort that seeks after a sign and lays down arbitrary conditions of belief, where there are already abundantly sufficient grounds for believing. Yet to the crude thinker the silence of God is so inexplicable, so seemingly irrational and wilful; the difficulties He throws in the way of belief so inconsistent with the stress He lays upon belief, that one

need not always be accused of Judaic obstinacy and blindness if one cries out passionately in the dark for just one word to show there is Someone there.

There is not so much evidence of superstition if, unsought for, some coincidence seems to point to an intervention on His part in Whose hands all lots are held; if, for example, in some doubt or perplexity, the word we seek surges unbidden into our imagination, or falls under our eyes by seeming chance. There is, of course, no such thing as chance, and so far as our life is turned or influenced by such coincidences, there is no superstition in supposing that what happens with God's foresight and permission happens also with His intention and design for our particular good—not, however, excluding other greater and wider ends served by the same event. I do not accuse Augustine of superstition in that he regarded his *Tolle et lege*, as Anthony his *Si vis perfectus esse*, in the light of a *locutio divina*—a true speaking of God in answer to the question of his heart; although I do not dare to say that in either case the coincidence was miraculous. God can work such results through the machinery of the natural order, without in any way altering its structure. But when the coincidence is sought, and as it were forced, by the casting of lots or the random opening of the Scriptures or of à Kempis, with a sort of impatience of God's reticence, it is hard not to scent superstition; nor do I think that the election of Matthias the Apostle, or similar obviously exceptional and divinely ordered lotteries, can win authority for a promiscuous use of this method of guidance, however prayerfully and reverentially applied. Still, as in rummaging over one's brain, in search of a solution, one lights on it at last, not without divine providence, so these superstitious Bible-openings may, in like

manner, lead naturally and providentially to the truth; and in certain instances may be the occasion of such *locutiones* as would have occurred unsought.

Yet I must honestly allow that the force with which such words have held me is due to the superstitious half-belief that they were a divine utterance of a somewhat miraculous character, a sort of sign. At various times I have been much affected by such seeming signs, sometimes sought, more often unsought; but on reflection I do not believe there was ever any solid reason for regarding any of them as even probably miraculous and out of the way. When the mind is turned to a certain interest it vibrates to every little suggestion bearing on that interest; and sees light flashing from words previously dull and insignificant.

However, it was on March 21st, 1877, that, being full of St. Benedict as portrayed by Montalembert, and also in a peculiarly hopeless state about my own reform, straight in the teeth of my Protestant conscience, I prayed to the Saint, if perchance he might hear or help. I had really no faith in what I was doing, but clutched as a drowning man will at a straw. As well as I can remember I was reading Compline (as I did then at my night prayers) and had stopped in the middle of a psalm, by way of distraction, to make this experiment. I resumed in due course at the words: *Quoniam in me speravit, liberabo eum; protegam eum quoniam cognovit nomen meum; clamabit ad me et ego exaudiam eum; cum ipso sum in tribulatione, eripiam eum et glorificabo eum*, etc., etc. I have lived on that, and two or three similar coincidences ever since.

If there was illusion in this, yet to me it was a grace to be able to illude myself at a time when real faith was so weak, and, in the strength of these illusions,

to be preserved, perhaps, for better things. Here again I see God bringing good through permitted evil, and light through permitted darkness.

During this year (1876–1877) I was studying, professedly, for a Hebrew Sizarship at Trinity College, this being supposed to be an easier task than the ordinary Classical and mathematical Sizarship, though a certain amount of classics was involved. My Hebrew master was my present dear friend Charles E. Osborne, Vicar of Seghill,* Newcastle, a man of wonderful singleness of mind and heart, then moderately High Church, now at once more Catholic and more liberal; rather anti-Roman on socialistic and political grounds. He had been a few classes ahead of me in school, and was now at Trinity and employed by Dr. Benson as Hebrew master. His brother Walter, my classfellow, is getting known at the Academy as an artist;† when I knew him he was equally famous for performances on a slate.

But idleness was so engrained in me that even with the clear start on a brand-new subject, which presupposed nothing, I could not be induced to open a book; and after wrangling and squabbling with my teacher during the hour of Hebrew‡ I would walk home with him and talk "popery" with much eagerness and interest. He had even then the sane, level mind of a well-taught man, and was far too cautious and moderate for my wild taste. But all through and with everybody he was the same honest, intelligent companion that he now is.

I cannot remember when it was that I first met Frank Maturin, on his way home from another day-

* Now Rector of Wallsend-on-Tyne.—M. D. P.

† Died April 24th, 1903.—M. D. P.

‡ He nicknamed his teacher the "Rabbi."—M. D. P.

school, but so our acquaintance and friendship began. He was the old Doctor's youngest son, just a year ahead of me. For some time his influence over me was a sort of fascination, prejudicing the freedom of my judgment and taste; nor would I allow myself or others to criticise what he said or did. We used to meet every morning, *en route* for our several schools, at Findlater's Presbyterian Church at the North corner of Rutland Square—an arrangement that hurried me by half an hour too soon—but I thought nothing of that. Sometimes we would meet on the return journey, and I would see him home at my inconvenience. I knew and felt that he wanted to influence me; indeed he was prematurely apostolic; but, for once, I wanted to be influenced and to learn; also I felt that to yield to influence was the most effectual flattery, and being attracted I wanted to attract. I am afraid I have often been guilty of this *finesse;* for naturally there is nothing I resent more than an assault on my liberty in the way of an effort to bend or mould me; but for certain ends I have often seemed to listen passively, while all the time I have been actively critical.

It was he who worked on me, towards the end of 1877, to go to confession. When I broached the idea to old Dr. Maturin he asked very sensibly: "Is it because you feel the need of it, or because you think it is part of a system?" It was chiefly the latter reason, but I was too hurt by the insinuation of unreality to acknowledge it, and so I owned only to the former motive.

For one so reserved and secretive as I had been all my life the notion of uncovering my sores was unspeakably repugnant; and as the old gentleman did nothing to make the process easier, I fairly shied at

the highest fence, and omitted all mention of Hamlet from my history of that drama. I think Frank had impressed on me the awfulness of omitting a mortal sin in confession; but the Doctor had told me that confession was by no means obligatory; and from these two premisses I drew for myself the conclusion that, if I went to confession at all, I ought to tell everything; and yet it seemed to me a very mixed-up idea, so that I cannot now say how far it was in bad faith that I dimidiated. At all events the immediate motive was shame.

However, I did not get absolution, for the Doctor held that the penitent's expression of sorrow was not enough, until by some sort of amendment he had satisfied the confessor. He forbade me to go to Communion once a week, but said I might go, if I really wanted, once a month, prior to absolution. He gave me some good practical advice, and then knelt down and said an extempore prayer about me, which I thought was rather too personal to be pleasant. That evening I wrote and told him of my cowardice, and the next Sunday we had the whole story out up to date. This was in Advent, 1877; I saw him nearly every Sunday up till Easter, 1878.

In the summer of 1877 I had gone up and failed for the Sizarship; and went up again in 1878 with the same result. No one was much surprised, I least of all; but my mother was much disgusted and disheartened. The truth is my mind was absorbed with religious questions and problems; whereas Hebrew, Greek and Latin had as yet no perceptible bearing on my life. The last I became familiar with during this period in the form of ecclesiastical Latin, for there were books in that language I wanted to read, and so I read them. Also I had the "Horæ Diurnæ," and said

them at this time fairly regularly, and thus got to know the Latin psalter by heart to a greater extent than I do now.

About 1877–1878 I first began stealing into Roman Catholic churches for Mass and Benediction; and though my taste was revolted and my reverence shocked by the tawdriness and falsity of the decorations, and the perfunctoriness of the priests in their graceless ministrations, yet there was a certain sense of rest and reality about it, inasmuch as I felt it was the bottom towards which I was gravitating. I did not say to myself: "Well, some day it will end here; and if you do not like these things you will have to lump them; it is a connected whole and must be all taken or all left"; yet this about expresses the sort of interest that drew me to an early Mass at Gardiner Street or Marlborough Street. My whole bent was to make out a case for Rome; to find justification for practices and beliefs that did then, and do still, offend my personal taste and religious instincts. It was just because, in my heart of hearts, I felt these things as vulgar or absurd, that I was very angry if my mother or anyone else spoke of them as such; for I wanted to think otherwise if I could, and did not like to be reminded of, and strengthened in, my real sentiments.

I was not as yet dissatisfied deeply with Grangegorman, though I could have wished something more advanced—not in my own honest, independent judgment, but because I was influenced by my set. Frankly, I have never seen, inside or outside the Church, any form or style of worship so reverent, dignified and devout as that of Grangegorman. It was absolutely free of any sign of that sham-Romanism and unreality which made any sort of ritualism perfectly intolerable to me. It was all conceived in what, I am

sure, is the true spirit of the Book of Common Prayer —that *via media* between Puritanism and Romanism —selecting from both what is most agreeable to the sober English temper, with its Greek dislike of whatever is excessive. We had no lights, no incense, no insane paradings and prancings ; excusable as survivals of forgotten import, cherished for love of use and wont ; but beneath contempt when introduced *ex abrupto*, for no other reason than a hankering after the strange and bizarre. In short, there was no irrational element in that worship, and yet the sense and the imagination were not starved. As far as feeling goes, the quiet early Communions and the Church evensongs at Grangegorman appealed to me as nothing has done since.

But, let me say parenthetically, that of the many fallacies by which I have been victimised, that of mistaking thrills and quivers for faith, hope and charity was the shortest lived. It was very early in my gropings that I discovered the intimate connection between these emotions and purely physical conditions. I found experimentally that my fits of " fervour " were so often followed by lapses of one kind or another that I soon lost all confidence in their reality or solid value. Besides I did not seek religion for the sake of any pleasure it would give me, or any " good " it might do me, but in that strange impersonal way in which a man will often pursue an idea to its last consequences, practical as well as speculative, being, so to say, dominated or possessed by it—*agitur non agit*—at first, perhaps, a willing, or even wilful slave ; at last, bereft of all freedom in the matter like a madman, or a miser who hoards, he knows not why, but cannot help it.

I think it was the advent of my best and dearest friend, Robert Dolling (now the famous " Father

Dolling") that really occasioned my breach with Anglicanism ; and in this wise. He was ten years my senior ; which, at that time, meant he was a man of twenty-seven and I a boy of seventeen or so ; his distinguishing gift was, and is, a most extraordinarily comprehensive sympathy, and consequent power of personal influence. He had, even then as a layman, always devoted himself to helping and guiding others, especially boys of my own age ; though, indeed, it is difficult to say where the shores of his oceanic kindness receded most easily and largely. He had come (whether from the North of Ireland or from England I forget now) to live in Mountjoy Square with his father, brothers and sisters. They were then well off, and he had, amongst other resources, the agency of the Balfour estates. He is a nephew of Dr. Alexander, now Primate of Armagh. Well, he had been hand-in-glove with the St. Alban's (Holborn) people, with Scott-Holland and the Catholic Socialist set generally ; of whom he had, I suppose, known many at Harrow, and later at Cambridge. It was, and is, as a religion of the people, the poor, that Catholicism appealed to him ; he cared little about dogmatic subtleties, though much about the vital and helpful side of dogma, and accepted most of the Roman teaching, short of Vaticanism. So, as to ritual, he was not a man to fight over six candles or two, but leapt boldly to the end through what he considered an absolutely indifferent means. All those pettinesses, which make ritualism ridiculous, he swept through with a magnanimous disregard for laws and whims which was very appalling both to the Protestant and to the Catholic. He was equally willing to hold a prayer-meeting or a High Mass accordingly as he thought it would help the persons in question more. "The Sabbath for man, and not man

for the Sabbath," was the keynote of his broad, human-hearted religion—something of which I had, as yet, no experience at all.

All my love of the *benignitas et humanitas Dei Salvatoris nostri;* all that people care for in "Nova et Vetera"; all my evangelical sympathies; all my revolt against the Pharisee and the canon-lawyer, is the outgrowth of the seeds of his influence. Under other tuition I had been (at least for the time, and not by any inward tendency, but by a bent from without) in danger of becoming a narrow precisionist in ascetical theory—not in practice, Heaven knows—of taking sour and Jansenistic views, which would narrow salvation to a small body of elect; of applying logic and abstract reason to principles of conduct; but all this frost began to melt away under the genial, and at first sight somewhat shocking, liberalism of Dolling's sunshiny Christianity—his grand contempt for law and logic when they stood in the way of love and life. He could not, and did not, satisfy the rationalistic side of my mind; but he withdrew my attention from its exorbitant claims and made me feel there was something bigger and better.

His first notice of me was due to some sceptical remark I let drop as we walked from Church together, one early Sunday morning; to me it was the most natural remark in the world; but to him, who, I fancy, has never for a moment doubted the substantials of the Christian religion, it came like a pistol-shot. I think he divined the danger I was in through an imperfect, desultory knowledge of the Christian religion, and felt rightly that my best strength against doubt would be a more *tout-ensemble* and harmonious conception of its entirety. He made me read books, like Wilberforce on the Incarnation, Liddon's Bampton Lectures and the

like; which certainly gave me a more solid and concrete notion of things, and bound many scattered fragments into one whole, by showing their place in the scheme, and filling up the interstices; and thus I seemed to leave the narrow lanes and byways of controversy for the royal highroad of Catholic truth.

I spent a good deal of my time at Mountjoy Square, where he was fitting up a library and sanctum and oratory for his own use. His books were mostly theological, and I was entrusted with their arrangement, in the course of which I became roughly acquainted with their contents and bearing, and took home for private and deliberate consumption those that seemed to me more interesting. Of these I can only remember now the famous, or infamous, "Peter Dens," and the "Summa" of St. Thomas, which was afterwards to mean so much for me. But there were many others that I have forgotten.

If his books did much for my mind, his society and converse did more for my morals and character. I don't think he ever knew, or even guessed, how bad and miserable I was; in fact I know he didn't; and he always told me God was calling me to the priesthood and the service of souls—an idea I wished to be true, but never, either then or since, allowed myself to be illuded by for one moment. At that time I was disposed to judge him narrowly in one point, and to feel myself wiser, namely in regard to his seeming ritualism. He had fitted up an oratory in a very Roman fashion, and though a layman, he used therein to pontificate in a manner that I deemed somewhat theatrical and unreal; and which pained me as an infirmity of an otherwise noble mind. In the light of later knowledge I withdraw this charge, and see in his action only a somewhat extreme application of his

anti-ritualist tendency. To the poor lads he had about him these externalities appealed in a way that ideas could not appeal.

I remember the amazement of Mr. Peacocke, now Archbishop of Dublin, who dropped in one afternoon to find Dolling, and half a dozen boys he was preparing for confirmation, carrying on popish orgies in presence of a crucifix and candles, with such wrapt attention that he had to sit quiet and unnoticed on the sofa till they were at leisure to attend to him; when Dolling, all unabashed, explained to him that this was the only effectual way to conduct the business. He did not agree.

Younger though I was, Dolling and I became and have remained ever since most intimate friends and allies. Now indeed we criticise one another and agree to differ; but our unity is far deeper than our diversity. In the last pages of his book, "Ten years in a Portsmouth slum," he speaks of me as "one of the dearest of his children," and I shall always be proud of the appellation, for indeed he "begat me in Christ."

It was his strong influence that broke down many of the barriers and prejudices that stood between me and popery, and made me dissatisfied, as of course he was, with the Jansenistic narrowness of the Grangegorman school and its Tory High Churchism. But he did not allow for my rationalism carrying me farther than he himself was prepared to go. I understand now the reasons that made him hold back; I see now how the difficulties and contradictions on both sides are pretty equally balanced—here anarchy, there authority, gone mad—but then I was alive only to the anomaly, the instability of the Anglican position, finding no rest therein for the sole of my foot. As I have said, I should have been glad at any time to find Rome right,

and to be able to get over my repugnances; but now I began to feel that it was the only coherent form of ecclesiastical, as opposed to merely mystical and philosophical, Christianity. It might be, indeed, a *reductio ad absurdum* of the conception, but this I was most unwilling to face, having so deeply committed myself and my interests to that hope and faith.

Dolling was always a bit of a rebel; he says, truly enough, that all great ameliorations have come through disobedience, and not on orthodox lines; and against the autocratic and infallible Dr. Maturin he made a stout stand and drew me away in his trail. He was naturally indignant when I told him of my confession experiences, but the result of all this was that I had now no one to go to, having lost faith in the only lawful and willing confessor in the whole of Ireland.* Meantime I was in spiritual extremities, and did not like to go to Communion. Arguing the matter out with myself, I decided (and there was no flaw in the reasoning) that the ignorant intolerance of the Romish priests ought not to stand in the way of my availing myself of their services, since we were all Catholics alike. I went therefore to Father (now Bishop) Nicholas Donnelly at Marlborough Street and, thanks to my careful precautions, escaped detection and made my confession simply enough. Considering my *bona fides*, and my single wish to set my soul right, I cannot doubt but that this absolution was theologically valid; supposing me to have been baptized, which I have no reason to question.

I went to him regularly for some months, and later (when at Wexford) to another Roman priest; but I communicated at Grangegorman—at least until I got too uncertain to go on doing so there or elsewhere; *i.e.*, I think, till the end of 1878.

* On this point see Supplement.

I had been much more anxious about my personal sanctification during the past year; more for the sake of others and as a condition of the priesthood than for any really solid conviction of the worth of my own soul. Then, as now, I felt myself a sort of Balaam, forced, I know not clearly how or why, to slave in the cause of Christ; it was a sort of obsession with me—an *idée fixe;* nor have I ever seriously considered my own salvation as more than a slight probability. "Thou shalt behold from afar the land which I will give to the children of Israel, but thou shalt not enter therein," has expressed my most sanguine ambition, yet I felt and feel that my own belief and interest in the cause would languish and die away were I to neglect myself, and that the untruthfulness of such inconsistency would be impossible for me; just as I could not (as some do) advocate total abstinence if I did not practice it, or "preach fasting on a full belly." I have always inverted Kant's ethical rule, which bids us so to act that our conduct may be a guide for all to follow, in so far as my interest has been primarily in the conduct of others, and dependently in my own. This grave moral defect I ascribe to the practical destruction of my own character and personality in early life, and a consequent pessimism and despair in my own regard. I am like one who has lost his own fortune through imprudence, and devotes his life to warning others off the same shoals. The top circle in Dante's "Inferno," or a post as cicerone with Virgil or Cato, is what I hope for in my more sanguine moods; but I don't seem to be able to care very much. Sometimes I think it must be that, in the deepest depths of my self-consciousness, I believe nothing at all, and am self-deceived in the matter; and the recognition of the manner in which I have, all

along, allowed the "wish to believe" to play upon me, rather confirms this melancholy hypothesis.

After my second failure for the Sizarship, in 1878, I left school finally, and got a few daily tuitions to occupy me during this period of indecision. About August I took a post as under-master at Wexford High School, under Dr. King, and when there I began, partly under the interest of teaching—for which I had and have a great liking and talent—partly out of a sense of shame, to educate myself in what I ought to have learned at school. I do not pretend ever to have recovered lost ground, or to have reached any level of classical scholarship; but in the next three or four years I continued to get at least "a gentleman's knowledge" of Greek and Latin and other commonplace matters. I had, after all, by heredity, a natural faculty, and I brought now a maturer mind and stronger will to bear on the task. My Greek is lame through lack of occasion, but I can speak and write a serviceable, fustian kind of Latin with a greater ease than most; while Hebrew became later a sort of hobby with me, from which I have derived much pleasure, but no advantage whatever, save that of being continually irritated by those mistranslations and misapplications of the sacred text which abound in the fathers, the theologians and the ascetics.

But the untraining and neglect of my memory has been the most irreparable and wide-reaching result of my early delinquencies. Few remember less in proportion to what they have read than I do; for, from my eighteenth year till now, I have been of a studious habit and a close reader; yet these twenty-two years of study have left me surprisingly empty and ill-informed, compared with others who have not read one-quarter as much.

While at Wexford I recognised how near I was to Rome. My fellow-master, subsequently sailor before the mast, subsequently God knows what, a lovable scapegrace, who read his Bible every night in virtue of a contract with his mother—was, of course, absolutely alien to all my interests; and the whole college was virulently Protestant, as also the dismal church I was expected to attend on Sundays. And here was I secretly reading my breviary; and slipping off to Vespers at Roman Catholic churches; and trying on my old confession tricks on the good parish priest when my conscience got wrong. No one in Wexford dreamed of a *via media*, or of Anglo-Catholicism; I was simply a papist in disguise, save for a quibble or two. It brought the matter before me in a rude, unfeeling kind of way, and made me aware, for the first time, of a certain unreality in my attitude.

Although Dolling had disenchanted me with the inadequacies of Grangegorman, he had brought me on to a stage of advance which, as being less Protestant, seemed to me to be more strained and unstable. He advised me to graduate at Trinity with a view to ordination, and volunteered to manage the fees; so from Wexford I went up in October, 1878, and matriculated. As Dr. King then cut down his staff, I returned to town at Christmas, and got a couple more tuitions. I had been so driven back upon Rome at Wexford that I found it almost impossible to return to Grangegorman, and I began attending Mass at Gardiner St.; but I never went to Communion, as I did not like "communion in one kind." The worship still seemed to me rude and barbaric, the priests coarse and vulgar, and the whole most disenchanting; and yet there seemed no alternative, no escape from this issue; the road I had entered must end in Rome, unless I could retrace my steps.

Once I revolted. It was at the *Quarant' Ore*, when, at the critical moment, a curtain that hid the reredos was swept aside, and disclosed a forest of wax and tinsel and coloured paper, which was supposed to represent a vista of Paradise, wherein to ensconce the Blessed Sacrament. I felt, for the moment, that a crowd that could be impressed by such trash must be lost to all sense of truth and reality. It was in some ways a superficial judgment, but in resisting it I did some violence to the better part of me. I was not yet resigned to the encasement of the ideal in the corrupt and frail body of the real, nor did I allow for the fact that what, to me, was strange and abrupt was, to others, a slow growth of custom and usage, an inevitable result of centuries of under-education and barbarism.

It was about this time that Dolling said to me frankly that he thought that, for a mind like mine, Rome was the only resting-place, and that I needed a position of finality—a dogmatic religion. Later I was puzzled that he should give the advice and not take it himself; but his meaning was, in a way, very just and defensible. It was hardly possible for me to set about living my religion until my attention was diverted from the labour of controversy and inquiry; and the only way to overcome my fundamental doubt and hesitancy was the experimental method of living my beliefs and realising them as laws of life. This, I fancy, was his meaning, for his "illative" sense in matters of character was very sure and rational. I could not, in cold blood and with clear consciousness, assume as final and absolute what I knew to be merely tentative and hypothetical, and direct my life by it. The only real remedy was that I should *bona fide* fancy myself to have reached the end of controversy. Hence,

though he did not urge me, neither did he in any way dissuade me.

Dr. Maturin got wind of my goings on, and having sent for me once or twice in vain, at last called on me to warn me. He had two arguments, 1 : that he was seventy and I seventeen ; 2 : that he had been all through the Tractarian movement unscathed, while I did not and could not know anything about it—which, in a sense, was very true and unanswerable. But I submitted that there were men as old and older, like Newman, who had also been through the movement and thought differently.

I did not say, but I thought, that if, in choosing Dr. Maturin and Grangegorman instead of Dr. Peacocke and St. George's, I was right, it could not *ipso facto* be wrong to choose Gardiner St. instead of Grangegorman. Also I remembered that Dr. Maturin regarded the rest of the Irish Protestant Church as being in schism and heresy, and was in some sense relatively as much a rebel as myself. The only reason it is rebellion in a Christian child to become a pagan in spite of its elders, and obedience in a pagan child to become a Christian, is that Christianity is assumed to be right, and that to revolt against the lower and derived authority, at the bidding of the higher and original, is obedience and not rebellion. If my Bishop says Aye, and the Pope says No, I am a rebel if I obey my Bishop ; and if the Pope says Aye, and my conscience says No, I am a rebel if I obey the Pope.

His next argument was that, if I was not in the grace of God, I might be certain that I was not under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. This, I take it, alluded to the fact that I had never returned to him for confession—he not knowing of my illicit relations with Dr. Donnelly and construing things accordingly.

This reason weighed with me a good deal; but later I argued, somewhat circularly, that my best chance of getting into the grace of God might be to turn to Rome: and that, at all events, I found but little help where I was; and, above all, that there could be no great harm in trying, as one could hardly tell any other way. The "one-and-only" view of the Roman Church had not yet been put before me in any distinct way, it was a question of preference; and I thought a Catholic, to whom I once exposed this preference very freely and enthusiastically, exceedingly illiberal and ignorant for taking all I allowed as too little, and allowing nothing whatever in return.

Presently Frank Maturin came and asked me to resign my connection with the Guild of All Saints, the Debating Society, etc., as my attendance at Gardiner Street was giving scandal. In fact, I was to be quietly excommunicated, and poor Dolling was credited with the whole mischief, and had a stormy interview on the head of it.

He had arranged to open a house in London in connection with St. Martin's League—a sort of guild and semi-religious club for postmen; a good work just then started at St. Alban's, Holborn, to meet the evil of idle hours between letter-deliveries. He proposed that I should go over there and stay with him for a bit, and see Anglo-Catholicism in full work before taking the step over to Rome. This I did on March 31st, 1879, and I have never seen Ireland since; though I thought, at most, of a few months' stay in England.

Before I draw another line I may as well tidy up the remnants of my home experiences, and then bid good-bye to my boyhood for ever.

My mother had long since predicted how things would end with me; and though her disapproval was

deep and sincere, I think she was content to see me with any kind of belief rather than such as my brother had been. She attended Grangegorman regularly herself, and was in sympathy with high Eucharistic views and with one or two other unprotestant devotions. I fancy her pet heresy was a leaning towards universalism, and a belief in other post-mortem states of probation for those who had had no fair chance in this life. I think, however, she cared little for the speculative and doctrinal side of religion, and drew her life mainly from the pages of the Gospel and from fervent prayer and meditation. Having secured the end she could afford to be indifferent about methods and means. But Miss Lynch's quiet example and influence did a great deal to make her look more favourably on Romanism; and she read a great many Saints' Lives, notably those of St. Francis of Sales, St. Charles Borromeo and St. Jane Frances, by which she was strongly affected towards the older faith. Between myself and Miss Lynch there was a sort of tacit understanding; she spied me now and then at Gardiner Street, but, in her mousey way, she said nothing about it.

Not till the day I left home did I say anything explicit to her; but then I told her I should probably become a Catholic, and possibly a priest. She said: "If you ever become a priest you must be a Jesuit; they are very learned and very holy men." I said: "We shall see about that later." I had thought of the Society already in my own mind for two reasons: first, because I wanted to live wholly for the Catholic cause, and I believed the Society worked for it *per fas et nefas;* secondly, because I thought that no other religious Order would have me, whereas the Society was lax and unscrupulous. This is the plain truth of the matter as it then lay in my mind. I cared

primarily about the Cause, and regarded my own perfection as a disagreeable but necessary condition; for I felt that God would not write with a foul pen, even were He going to throw it aside for ever after using it. Thus I had dog's-eared the idea of the Society in my mind as something to be considered later. I knew little about it beyond the ordinary Protestant tradition, corrected by my profound distrust of that tradition. I thought there was, as usual, a mass of calumny, resting on a narrow basis of fact, and a large suppression of merit and unacknowledged excellence; but in detail I, as yet, knew nothing, nor did I think of it as a "religious Order" in the sense in which the Benedictines were, but simply as a society, akin to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel —a mere propaganda; and as such I was drawn to it, but in no way for my own sake.

Had I analysed this confusion later, I should never have become a Jesuit. So far as my personal sanctification was concerned, my whole drawing was towards the Benedictines, or Franciscans, or monks proper. It was not for that, principally, that I came to the Society; and all along I suffered their spiritual doctoring (rather than sought it or admired it) simply as a condition I had inadvertently let myself in for. This explains much of my after relations to the Society.

Louy must have left school finally about 1876–1877. After two or three brief experiences as a resident governess—the bitterest and most joyless of lots surely —she had come home on account of the delicacy of her eyes. Neither her mind nor her character had developed very strongly or definitely; she was a gentle, lethargic, somewhat childish sort of girl, with the usual dash of sentimentality proper to seventeen and eighteen, and a keen interest in the mysteries of dress,



"LOUEY."

Louisa Thoenes, née Tyrrell. Died July 13, 1894.

of which I was very intolerant. We were very fond of each other, and used to take long country walks together as of old; and delighted in wild-flowers of any sort. All my central interests were a closed book to her; or if a page or two opened before her by chance she would yawn and become dazed. However it was, I think, never a sin of mine to bore people with my dominant subject. She would have followed me anywhere or in anything that did not require much energy or thought. As a matter of course she went to Grangegorman with me; and would just as willingly have gone to a mosque or synagogue. This very apathy and complaisance stirred me to wrath occasionally; but one might as well be wroth with a feather-bed, she would only cry and feel puzzled.

Well I remember my last day at home, my last day with those two now "hid in death's dateless night," who were my "share of the world," the best this life has had for me; whom I forsook—for what? in the name of all that is sane and reasonable? For a craze, an idea, a fanaticism? or for a love of and zeal for the truth, the Kingdom of God, the good of mankind?

Looking back on this crooked, selfish, untruthful past, is it more antecedently likely that my motive was interested or disinterested; pure or impure; truth or illusion? Can evil be the path of good? Had I been faithful to duty all along; had I worked hard at school and after; had I left aside problems that really did not concern me; had I stayed at home and supported my mother and sister, and made their sad narrow lives a little wider and brighter, would not God have given me light had it been needful for my salvation? would not my chances of salvation have been better than they are now?

Have I done so much good to others, who had no

claim on me, as to atone for my neglect of those who had every claim? What have I given up or forsaken for the service of God, as I suppose some would call it, except my plain duty? These are the pleasant doubts that fill my mind at spare moments, and make me say, "Surely I have lived in vain!"

Of those whom I have mentioned, Dolling, Osborne, Frank Maturin* (now all in Holy Orders), still play a part in my life. W. M.'s interest in religion was worn out before I left Dublin; he went to the bad altogether, poor boy, and ended his life by suicide in 1882 or 1883. At one time it was far more likely to have been my end than his; but the lottery of fate is incalculable.

And here comes the second line.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER IX.

Miss Lynch remembered quite well that last morning, when George opened his mind to her. She had quietly observed him here and there, in Catholic churches, for some time; but had, as he says, made no remark—indeed, for a long time there had been a quiet understanding between the two, and she knew more than his mother did of the true motives of his visit to London. His mother thought it was simply to get work; Miss Lynch now knew from him definitely that he hoped to become a Catholic and a priest. "Ah! but it's a Jesuit you'll be, George!" she said to him; "and I have often been sorry I said it," she added. That same morning she ran round to St. Joseph's Orphanage and bought him "a pair of beads" to carry away with him; a gift he remembered afterwards when sending her those he had used during his novitiate.

For a time they corresponded under a kind of secrecy, he keeping her informed of his subsequent steps, when everything was still too uncertain for his mother to be told. For some time he had had a mysterious little altar behind a curtain in his bedroom which no one

* He worked devotedly in the parish of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, and died June 28th, 1906.—M. D. P.

was permitted to see; and after he left they discovered his home-made rosary of cord.

I had an account of the "stormy interview" between Dolling and Dr. Maturin, from the then curate, Mr. Hogan, now Rector of Grangegorman and a Canon of Christchurch. Dolling maintained his right to receive and respect the confidences of young men working with him; Dr. Maturin held that, in such cases, he had a right to be informed, as otherwise he could have no trust in those working under him. Dolling took off his surplice and departed—and thus ended the work of these two men in the parish of Grangegorman. I gather that George Tyrrell worked pretty diligently among the poor along with Dolling. Another "stormy interview," that took place a little later, was between Mrs. Tyrrell and the Maturins; she blamed them as they blamed Dolling. Early storms among his friends! to be succeeded by worse ones later!

Miss Dolling remembers George Tyrrell at the meetings at Mountjoy Square—indeed, she was asked to take him under her special protection, because of his extreme shyness. A French governess that used to come to their house inquired sometimes after *ce cadavre*—showing what his looks were even in boyhood. Indeed, I fancy he had more appearance of health during the last years of his life than at any period since early childhood.

Some correction is needed as to the statement that Dr. Maturin was then the only available confessor in Ireland. I have learnt that the practice existed at St. Bartholomew's, where the Vicar, Canon R. T. Smith, a man of broad and very spiritual mind, frequently heard confessions.

The W. M., of whom so much has been said, and who was the friend and companion of George Tyrrell in such widely different interests, was, according to all accounts, an extremely good-looking and unusually attractive boy—evidently a particular favourite with most. He revolted against conventions, and, finally, against all moral discipline. His sad end was brought about by a sudden passion of jealousy, of which the object was wholly unworthy.

SUPPLEMENT TO PART I

GEORGE TYRRELL'S DUBLIN PERIOD

By the REV. CHARLES E. OSBORNE, Rector of Wallsend-on-Tyne.
Author of the "Life of Father Dolling."

I knew nothing of George Tyrrell's relations, but I had a considerable acquaintance with some of his closest friends during the Dublin period of his life. This arose partly from our common connection with Rathmines School, and partly from the fact that both of us had several friends in and among T.C.D. men.

The Tyrrells are one of those families whose names are connected with the University of Dublin, and have an association of scholarship and culture in the history of the older residents of the Irish capital.

There is much in George Tyrrell's earlier period which would be unintelligible to purely English readers, unless these latter realise the existence in Ireland of an educated, and in some cases highly educated, upper middle class, less wealthy than the corresponding social class in England, and sometimes indeed with very small means, but with associations and intellectual interests entirely distinct from those of the very limited mental outlook of the lower middle class of the larger country, as described in Dickens' novels. The truth is that the lower middle, or *bourgeois*, class, on any large scale, has had but little existence in Ireland, there being no large mass of shop-keeping population between the professional and artisan classes.

Another circumstance, to be taken strongly into account, is the fact that, until recently, and even still to a considerable extent, Ireland is living in the sixteenth century, as far as theological and sectarian antagonisms are concerned. There is no neutral zone, and the Oxford Movement has made few, if any, converts from among the children of the Reformation. Everyone is either bluntly a "Protestant" or a "Catholic" (*i.e.*, Roman Catholic). Half shades are practically unknown, and notwithstanding the existence of a

broad-minded and learned type of Churchman among the clergy, not of the Puritan school but rather holding sacramental principles, the great body of the laity of the Irish Church are still, as far as they are religious, Puritan to the core in their rejection of "sacerdotalism," *i.e.*, the historic type of religion prevalent in Christendom from the second to the sixteenth century. Still, the Oxford Movement formed for itself some curious little eddies in Dublin intellectual life, especially among some of the undergraduates of Trinity College, or those preparing to enter that University, and not among candidates for the ministry alone.

The excesses of St. Bartholomew's Dublin (mild indeed compared to English ritualism), and similar features, a little more pronounced, at Grangegorman, attracted small knots of young people, some from genuine interest and earnestness, some from affectation and a desire to shock Protestant parents. The novelty has since worn off, and the threatening murmurs of the wave of impending Home Rule have left but little space for the sound of lesser and purely theological squabbles. The truth is that, just when Tyrrell was a youth in Dublin, various groups of thinking young men, whose parents were nearly always orthodox Protestants of the old-fashioned Low Church variety, were experiencing mental disengagement of their minds from Puritan moorings. The direction taken was not the same in each case, but the liberating process was experienced, whatever the ultimate goal of the soul's barque might be. It was, and partly still is, a delusion entertained by the mass of Roman Catholics outside Trinity College, Dublin, that the youth of that institution are altogether of the Orange complexion. The truth would be that, at the time certainly when George Tyrrell was about to enter the walls of Trinity, a considerable portion of its thinking students were much more influenced by the rationalism of John Stuart Mill's writings, whose "Logic" was a textbook on philosophy, than by the mental attitude usual in the well-to-do Evangelical churches of the city, where the fathers and mothers of these questioning youths sat under the then powerful preachers of the Irish Puritan creed. To the type of criticism and inquiry which went to the making of such a T.C.D. man as the late William Hartpole Lecky, the most perfected specimen of the Dublin disciples of John Stuart Mill and his school, must also be added a distinct vein of national sentiment and aspiration, never entirely quenched among Protestant young men, who remembered that Grattan and Burke, and many another patriotic Irishman, had been at once national in sympathies, and non-Roman in religion. In the Debating

Societies of Trinity, especially, this strain was continually coming in evidence, and the tone of the discussions was, and probably is now even less, by no means in keeping with the conventional view of the Elizabethan Foundation, as a mere seat of Orange Toryism.

The High Church young men were a less conspicuous group, and some of them were but ex-schoolboys or elder schoolboys, mostly of Rathmines School, where, however, dear old Dr. Benson was no teacher of Puseyism. At this school a few of the elder and more thoughtful boys, just preparing for Trinity, had caught the virus from one of their companions who, it was darkly murmured, "went to St. Bartholomew's."

He was a *rara avis*, equally with another boy, a Nonconformist, who was a sturdy Radical, and approved of Gladstone. The Puseyite, however, had no political taint—he was not chameleon-like in his heresies, after the fashion of later days of the Catholic Revival in England. From him and others infection spread, and a little group from the school found, when they entered Trinity, some other like-minded spirits from other places, who were already graduates. The atmosphere of discussion and of mutual influence which these young men formed for themselves, was not always the healthiest; still it was very different from that of the "ritualistic shop-boy" in England, for unless one went to the R.C. chapels, where bad taste reigned, there were no albs or chasubles to gush about under the severe liturgical *régime*, which was the Spartan fare to which the disestablished Church of Ireland confined her spiritual children.

Hence if, among the Irish adherents of Puseyism, there was a certain amount of precociousness and affectation, and these qualities were certainly not wanting, there was also, with some exceptions, a wholesome lack of feminine-minded sentimentalism. Love of argument, and a desire to proselytise others, are not, however, desirable qualities except when tempered by common sense and human sympathy, and the type of Newman's "viewy young man" (in Loss and Gain) might have been paralleled among these few neo-Catholic idealists. They are now scattered far and wide, but, in some cases at least, their enthusiasms were generous and unselfish, and their desire for truth sincere and disinterested.

The environment of Ireland, however, was hopelessly against them; some changed their minds or ceased to trouble about such matters, others left the country, generally to serve in the Anglican ministry in England or the Colonies; while a very few acknow-

ledged Rome as the true end of their wanderings and took refuge in her fold.

George Tyrrell was among the latter, but he found his way to Rome on a sort of line of his own, viâ Bishop Butler and Newman, and with little but contempt for English ritualists, when he came across them.

His friend, W. M., swung round from the Catholic movement, which was with him rather a fashion than a passion, a stick with which to stir up Protestant Philistines rather than a branch of the Tree of Life, and after attending Mass with the Roman Catholic crowds, in a desultory way, for months, ended by losing his hold, not only on religion, but on any settled way of ethical life as well.

Most charming of youths, his delicate wit, his genuine capacity for friendship, his hatred of the stodgy and the commonplace, made W. M. a sort of Tyrrell, without the latter's serious view, his analysing intensity, his truth-chasing capacity. W. M.'s interests in these matters were æsthetical rather than ethical, and he ended by breaking himself against things stronger than conventions, yet his wit and his affection made him a most lovable being. He brought into the early years of Tyrrell's frugal and strenuous manhood a light-hearted irresponsible influence, impossible to altogether approve, yet hard to rigidly blame. Undisciplined and uncontrolled, he lost his hold of the things that really matter, while Tyrrell, even as he stumbled, took firmer hold and more tenacious grip.

George Tyrrell, W. M., and Newport John Davis White formed what I once heard Dr. Benson describe as "the three little men" of Rathmines School. All alike had a certain vein of quaint precocity, and each was witty in a different way. While W. M. and Tyrrell forsook the beaten track in very diverging directions, N. J. D. White kept to the main line, and, advancing in solid scholarship and sound learning, is now, most justly, one of the ablest, and at the same time one of the most unassuming of the Dons and Professors of the great Elizabethan foundation of Dublin, as well as an increasing influence for theological culture and sound judgment among the clergy of the disestablished Church of Ireland. "The three little men," indeed, parted company, and went by roads most diverse, yet in the old Headmaster's heart, to the end, there was room for them all. The very faults which Rathmines School sheltered, amid its many solid excellencies, contributed to make it possible that character, rich, varied, and individual, though often headstrong and eccentric, has so often marked the "old boys" who passed from its

roof. Not long before George Tyrrell ceased to be a member of the Jesuit Order, he sent to me one of his books as a present "from G. Tyrrell, O.R.S., S.J." (!) The O.R.S. were the mystic letters that stood for "Old Rathmines Schoolboy."

Had he stuck at first to the Hebrew, which he was supposed to study at Rathmines School, but, as he often admitted, so much neglected, and had he gone into the Dublin University, how different might his career have been! But it is useless to try to follow such a speculation.

But a truth-seeker, chasing Truth by every steep, through every winding along which he caught the gleams and rays of her presence, he would have been under any circumstances.

PART II

CHAPTER X

1879

What I have written so far, concerning what was roughly the first half of my life, is by way of introduction to what follows. This second part will deal with my experiences as a Catholic and a Jesuit; and will, I hope, explain the state of mind in which I now find myself, at the age of forty; it will, in the main, deal with my opinions, rather than with the externals of my life, save so far as these are explanatory of those. As life grows more complex every year one lives, each new experience being the resultant of one's whole past and present conditions, it becomes less and less capable of sure analysis and of any sort of simplification. It were easier almost to find a unifying law for the whole of physical nature than for the chaotic world of one's own soul.

Shall I say "Ill to him who thinks ill of it," namely of the fact that I landed in England and opened this new era of my life on the Feast of All Fools, 1879? I think not. I am too certain of the infinite uncertainty of such sweeping judgments, one way or the other; too conscious that many a strand of folly is woven into my life, to venture on more than a hope that wisdom may have come out victorious after many a throw. In some sense it seems to me that life is not so much a

series of essays, as one single essay; one shot at the mark, for which no preliminary practice is allowed and no second chance. "Time lost," says À Kempis, "never returns"; and it is always too late to mend if one looks at the matter closely, from a character-building point of view. On the other hand, one does seem to see how good sometimes comes *through* evil, that could not have come any other way, and greater good than that which the evil excluded. So that an absolute and final judgment, as to what is good or ill, is possible only for the Absolute.

At 95 Borough Road—the house that Dolling had taken for his branch of St. Martin's League (long since expired) I lived for two or three months in the society of letter-carriers and sorters, on more or less socialistic lines, and found many delightful characters of a type till then quite unknown to me. But I cannot afford a chapter on postmen, who, in the gross, are very like other men, and divisible into the usual categories of good, bad and indifferent; nor had I come for their sake, but for my own.

I saw a good deal of the St. Alban's people, cleric and lay, during the first few days. My puritanical preciseness was rather shocked by the *bonhomie* and seeming levity of the former, in their slap-on-the-back familiarity with postmen and all sorts; for my mind was saturated with mystical notions of sacerdotal dignity, nor had I experience enough to know the need of this humanity and liberty. What offended me more seriously were certain unwholesome young lads, shop-boys or clerks, of strong ritualistic propensities, whose talk was of copes and candles, vestments and genuflections—a sort described in "Loss and Gain," as also in some of the "Prig's" books. This was the sort of thing I had already loathed in poor W. M. and some

of his friends, and over which we broke our friendship; for I was too deeply afraid I might be playing a game and amusing myself to wish to be associated with those who were so obviously doing so.

Of course there are silly people who make every movement ridiculous, and I have met "ritualists" as often among Catholics as among Anglicans; but I did not then discriminate; and indeed I saw too much of this "posing" among the clergy to be able to ascribe it simply to the juvenile and uneducated. There was much of the prig in me just at this age, and a certain over-seriousness, which made trifles tell on me that would not otherwise have counted for much.

One great blow was a service conducted by two of these youths, who were holding a sort of mission in a schoolroom somewhere in the south-east of London. They persuaded Dolling to come and preach for them; and I went from sheer curiosity. There were these irresponsible, untaught shop-boys, conducting solemn vespers with lights, incense, processions and all the rest —a sort of ecclesiastical debauch—fooling themselves and fooling everyone they could—and yet Dolling could go there and treat the thing seriously; not that he liked it, for, indeed, he loathed it; but that he could tolerate it, and not knock over their altars and candlesticks and say: "Take these things hence, and make not my Father's house a playground for fools!" That was what I felt like, as I sat there with a sense of degradation and bitter disgust.

Another blow was a visit to Father Nugee's* "Monastery" in the Old Kent Road, where the door was opened to us by an austere monk with a leathern girdle, whose conversation was so studiously

* He became eventually Vicar of Cosham; is now dead.—M. D. P.

belarded with monasticism as to make one think that he thoroughly enjoyed the dramatic situation. The brethren were all of somewhat the same type; and it appeared that each morning they donned their homely tweed suits and sought their offices in the City on top of the twopenny tram, and returned in the evening to the sad weeds of religious seclusion; thus ebbing and flowing between earth and heaven, fulfilling in some sort the words of the psalmist: "They return at evening; they grin like a dog and go about the city." Amongst the pictures that adorned the convent there were a great number of "aspects" of Father Nugee—in surplice and stole, in Mass vestments, in cassock and biretta etc. etc. All this shocked me with my narrow intolerance of humbug—that mortar of the Tower of Babel.

My first Sunday in London was Palm Sunday (April 6th), and I was to go to the Blessing of Palms at St. Alban's. I cannot to this day lay my finger on any solid ground for the impression; for the service was as reverently and liturgically conducted as one could wish; but the sense of levity and unreality about the whole proceeding was to me so strong that I left the church in a few minutes with a feeling of sickness and anger and disappointment. I should say now that what I missed was that appeal to our historical sense which precisely the same ceremony would have made in a Catholic church, where it would have been the utterance of the great communion of the faithful, past and present, of all ages and nations, and not merely of a few irresponsible agents acting in defiance of the community to which they belonged. This it is, I fancy, and not any intuition of the Sacramental Presence, that makes so many say that they never *feel* at a ritualist function, however reverent and

correct, as they *feel* at a Catholic function, be it never so careless and irreverent. Who could feel in a new built cathedral, of the noblest proportions, what he would feel in some plain old Norman church, unspoilt by the restorer's sacrilegious hand ?

And of this view I had some confirmation. For while I hung about Holborn, waiting to join Dolling at the end of the service, chance took my wandering steps into Ely Place, where I beheld people descending into the bowels of the earth, whom I followed, to find myself in the crypt of St. Etheldreda's; where, in darkness and 'mid the smell of a dirty Irish crowd, the same service was being conducted, in nasal tones, most unmusically, by three very typically popish priests. Of course it was mere emotion and sentiment, and I set no store by it either then or now, but oh ! the sense of reality ! here was the old business, being carried on by the old firm, in the old ways ; here was continuity, that took one back to the catacombs ; here was no need of, and therefore no suspicion of, pose or theatrical parade ; its æsthetic blemishes were its very beauties for me in that mood.

I had no prayer in me at the time ; I was hard and bitter, as I often am for months together. I only remember an old woman, whom I recognised a couple of months ago in the caretaker, thrusting a bit of spruce into my hand, for I had come too late to get a bit for myself. I think I said nothing of this incident to Dolling.

That evening, or perhaps it was Easter Day, I went to Evensong of the most elaborate description at St. Paul's, Lorrimore Square ; but with no better success. After this I have no distinct remembrance of worshipping at an Anglican service. To please Dolling—I could not bear to disappoint him—I went

ostensibly to confession at Lorrimore Square on Holy Saturday, but returned *re infecta*.

Two things stood in the way of his experiment having a fair chance ; first the semi-educated and unserious set of ritualists with whom I was brought in contact, owing to the nature of his socialistic work at Borough Road. He, caring only to help these poor lads temporarily and morally, was but too glad to foster any kind of interest that associated them with the Church and the clergy, and laughed at these antics as much then as he does now. But for him, who had no doubt about the central and fundamental part of Christianity, these outlying matters were not worth the ferocious criticism that I applied to them—I, who was for taking the system as a rigid whole—the centre and foundation for the sake of the complement and superstructure. To be disgusted with Catholicism was, for me at that time, to be disgusted with religion, and, indirectly, with morality ; for it was by the fringe, and not by the centre, that I had laid hold. It was more important for me, than for him, to be satisfied with the solidity and certainty of it all, and hence I was more critical and exacting, and had no patience with any semblance of toying and unseriousness. Had I been kept from these " scandals," and brought in contact with some more thoughtful representatives of Anglicanism, the results might have been different.

Another prejudice to Dolling's hopes (not very ardent ones as has already been implied) was the fact that in shaking my faith in Grangegorman he had shaken it more deeply than he was aware in Anglicanism in every form, so that when I came to London my mind was not free and impartial ; I felt it would be Rome or nothing. I knew dimly that I had not

any real *faith* in Rome—only a great wish that I could believe—a wish that some of the grosser obstacles were non-existent; I was tempted to do what I knew or suspected would be internally dishonest. But in regard to Anglicanism I had far less faith, less hope, and no love whatever. The wish that had perhaps been implicit all along—the wish that Rome might prove true—had now become explicit and exclusive. Not only did I snatch at everything that told for Rome, but also at everything that told against Anglicanism. I went, almost from the first, to St. George's, Southwark, for Mass and other services; and I looked up all the Catholic churches in London, with a sort of morbid curiosity, like that which draws a moth to a candle.

I do not remember much that I was reading at this time, except the "Summa" of St. Thomas and the Life of Lacordaire, and, I think, that of the Curé d'Ars; but one day I was passing some Catholic publisher (perhaps Washbourne), and I saw a book in the window, "Les Jésuites,"* by Paul Féval,† and remembering my former curiosity about that Order, and also Miss Lynch's parting admonition, I went in and bought it—and a very dear book it was! In substance it was a perfervid eulogium of the Society, from the point of view of a French convert from "liberalism" in the first glow of his conversion; and, as I see it now, bore the traces of sincerity and ardour rather than of knowledge and criticism. I do not remember it very accurately, nor have I ever had patience or curiosity to turn to it again; but it was

* I think it was an English translation, from some phrases that I seem to remember. (Note of G. T.)

† Its actual title is "Jésuites." For further particulars *vide* Supplement.—M. D. P.

what any enthusiast might have written, after perusing Fr. Genelli's "Life of St. Ignatius," and leaping naïvely to the inference that the present reality must necessarily correspond to that ideal. As well might one take the Gospel picture of Christ and His apostles as a guide to the manners and methods of the Pope and his curia! Still at that age I was susceptible to a rhetorical and imaginative presentment of things, and, besides, only too willing to swallow anything that would whitewash Romanism, especially in its blackest aspect.

There was, I think, a very fair vindication of the Society against the more vulgar and uncritical calumnies of its enemies, which are rather an abortive attempt to rationalise an aversion that is really instinctive and telepathic, and which are self-defeating in so far as their critical baselessness tends to create a reaction in favour of those so calumniated. I only needed a pretext for sweeping aside all these slanders, and here I had it, and more.

I am not sure that I was quite pleased at the high tone of sanctity vindicated for that Order; for it was not personal sanctity that attracted me to it, but only its militant energy in the cause of Catholicism and Faith. This was the sort of "profession" that all my inclination made for; personal sanctity was a condition, as physical health is for a soldier, who enters the army, not to develop his muscles, but to fight for his country. Now this "militant" conception of the Society stood out clear and vivid in these pages, and created in me what the mystical-minded would call the seed of a "vocation." It was after reading this book that I wrote to Miss Lynch and asked her to get me, through Fr. N. Walsh of Gardiner St., an introduction to some of the English Jesuits. It was

somewhere about the middle of April that I called on Fr. Christie* with my introduction, and of course was presented with a penny catechism, and told to return when I had fathomed its profundities.

It seems to me that this joke is getting a little stale now; and it might be allowed that educated converts are not likely to find just the kind of illumination they want from that somewhat barren, and very inaccurate, summary of the faith. I admit that a certain number of the ritualistic type are almost as ignorant of the essentials of Catholicism as some Catholics. But I think the wish to humble and insult the mind of the alien enters too largely into the joke for it to be altogether laudable, however silly and contemptible "converts" may be as a class. When I was a boy of nine or ten one of Susan Dillon's children showed me a crucifix saying: "*You* don't know what that is!" Even at that age I felt contempt for the ignorant bigotry; but I think it was typical of the prevalent Catholic attitude towards converts.

Father Christie was kindness itself to me at this time and for some months after; but I learned nothing from him that I did not know before, and got no light on any point that was previously obscure. What eventually finished me was really a syllogism I found in a book he lent me by Father Mumford, S.J.† I do not mean that I, or anyone else, was ever convinced by a syllogism of any unwelcome truth; but, given a strong wish to believe, it often needs only a syllogism to justify the understanding in withdrawing its veto; and nothing was holding me back now but

* Father Albany Christie, S.J., was a convert. He was born December 18th, 1817; became a Catholic in 1845; joined the Society of Jesus in 1847; died May 2nd, 1891.—M. D. P.

† "The Catholic Scripturist," if I remember rightly. (Note of G. T.)

the revolt of my common sense and my taste against certain details and particulars connected with Romanism. This revolt I was tempted to crush violently in other interests, but my dislike of insincerity was at war with my passion for a faith—for something to cling to and to live for. My syllogism seemed to justify me in this act of violence.

In substance it was this: "Given that there must be a Church on earth claiming infallibility, no body that disclaims it can be that Church; and if only one body claims it, that must be the Church." Granting the premisses, as I understood them, there was no way out of the conclusion. Of course every word of these premisses is ambiguous and disputable, but I admitted them then as sound. Nor do I see now how those who hold the extreme positions of Father Dolling, or Lord Halifax, can wriggle out of the inference, as Canon Gore, and those of his level, legitimately can. But when there is an antinomy between the conclusions of ethics and logic, it is plain that one must stand by ethics; and no doubt it is on this subjective and unassailable ground that Halifax and his party stand.

When I told Father Christie that I was satisfied and decided he made believe to be indifferent in the matter, for prudent motives no doubt. I was, however, far too sensitive to anything like a snub to urge the matter or betray the least anxiety, and so we parted, with the understanding that I was to go on visiting him; which, however, I was secretly resolved not to do.

After this I experienced a weariness and disgust of the whole business for some ten days or so, and the old doubts rose up from the depths of my soul into which they had been violently thrust down—not slain but buried alive. For a week or two paganism reigned in me unchecked. Dolling was absent at this time in

Ireland on business. I had a book (I think) to return to Father Christie, which I did by post, and said in a note that for the present I had deferred my project of joining the Roman Church. He at once changed his tune, and wrote, rather inconsistently with his snub, on the awful danger of deferring, even for a day, a matter vital to one's salvation; and asked me to go and see him on Sunday. Meantime I had been frightened back from the blank darkness of an aimless existence to my old idols, dreams and hopes; and was willing to shut my eyes and creep into the veriest fool's paradise for shelter in my spiritual destitution.

When I saw Father Christie on Sunday (May 18th) he said: "Do you really want to be received?" a question which made me very angry in my sore state of soul. I think I said: "If you don't like to take the responsibility I will go elsewhere, there are plenty of priests who will receive me." He then brought me to the confessional, and extracted what a moral theologian would call my confession, very briefly, and with some skill and delicacy, save for one or two grossnesses, that rather startled me as needlessly suggestive.

But in what sense can a list of one's definite deeds against the ten commandments be regarded as a history of one's conscience—of one's real guilt? It is the context of one's whole life and being that gives each act its value and meaning; and to say what is mortal, or venial, irrespective of that context and in the abstract, is to pass a purely exterior and theoretical verdict. Besides our innermost conscience, which we seldom acknowledge, we have all got a sort of social conscience, according as, in imagination, we live in the presence of others and think how they would judge our acts and how we should judge the same act in others. As Christians we possess a sort of ecclesiastical con-

science, and of this ecclesiastical conscience it is expedient, no doubt, that we should give an account to the Church in the sacrament of Penance. The history of the sacrament confirms this view, and shows that *mortal* or *venial* were said of sins according as they did or did not cut one off from ecclesiastical life, which, normally, was a condition of eternal life, though not identical with it. I wish this distinction between moral conscience and ecclesiastical conscience were more recognised; and that priests would not exact, nor penitents pretend to perform, the impossible and fruitless task of putting before the eyes of man what can never be visible save to the eyes of God and one's own conscience, *sc.* sin in its infinite, concrete complexity. The circumstance *Quis?* (who does it?) is allowed by moralists to qualify certain acts, but in truth it changes the whole species of every single act; and what is ecclesiastically mortal or venial is, as often as not, venial or mortal before God.

As far as it was an integral fulfilment of the ecclesiastical obligation I was satisfied with this confession, and as for the state of my soul, I was sufficiently sick of my past history, and anxious for a new life, to make me morally confident that my dispositions were good.

Personal relation of the whole matter to God was then, as now, very weakly conceived and felt, just because of the old difficulty of believing in the objective reality of any sort of *image* of God. I knew that the "angry man" was pure myth, and I had nothing to put in its place. Now I am content to put nothing in its place and not to strive to imagine the unimaginable. I am clear that no man can be in sympathy with the mind of God—can love right *as* right, truth *as* truth; can hate evil *as* evil—and not be implicitly, but most really, contrite in the full theological sense, though he

never have heard of God. Nor is this to be confounded with that mere *attritio "ob turpitudinem peccati"* (whose motive is the ugliness of sin). For the essential of all motives of attrition is that they are self-regarding (in a prudent and rational way) and not God-regarding or order-regarding; they look to subjective, and not to objective, good. Hence as virtue may be loved as a personal, spiritual adornment, and not purely as something whose claims are put before those of self, and to which self must be subjected and postponed, so sin may be hated simply (though wisely and prudently) as a spiritual self-disfigurement and no more.

I do not think that the self-disfigurement of sin appealed to me very much, if at all; nor yet was I sufficiently in sympathy with ethical idealism, pagan or Christian, to feel strongly about the objective turpitude and disorder, the violation of duty as duty. Fear of hell, resting purely on faith, nowise on habit or tradition, stirred me not at all. The governing motive of my regret was the wish to live for God's kingdom, as I then conceived it, and to be rid of my sin as impeding that. If I could interpret the interest in God's kingdom as objective and not self-regarding, I might twist this motive into a sort of indirect contrition. But how did it differ from a man's interest in politics? Yet that too may be objective and purely unselfish—an implicit love of justice for its own, that is for God's, sake. And might not a similar interest in all that is meant by religion be constructively a reaching out after God—a sympathy with the Divine Will; nay, an unsought for, unbidden working of that Will through the instrumentality of the half-blind, impure, human will? Later and deeper thought has inclined me to see grace where formerly I saw nothing but nature in the bad

sense; and to hope that a stronger light may reveal some grain of gold dust 'mid all this repulsive dross and rubbish.

After the "Reconciliation" (foolish word, where there never has been a quarrel) was over, Father Christie immediately sounded me as to what I thought of doing with myself. Somewhat shy in the consciousness of what he had just learned from me through the confessional—though I see now why he received my revelations as so very commonplace and ordinary—I said I had once thought of the priesthood. He was not shocked at my audacity, as I had anticipated he would be; for so ideal were my notions of the priesthood, derived from pious books, that I thought it most likely that my past sins would be an insuperable impediment. Not at all; and was I thinking of the secular or the regular state? Well, rather of the regular. And of any particular Order? Well, possibly of the Society of Jesus. Nothing simpler; I was to have a note of introduction to Father Porter and to go to see him at once.

Here was post-haste and no mistake; from start to goal, from post to finish, in twenty-four hours. I had come out that afternoon with no intention of being received, and I returned a papist and half a Jesuit. I was so glad and excited over the speedy furtherance of what were before vague and distant dreams, that I took little notice of the subconscious shock to my ideals, and the lowering of my standards. "Les Jésuites," of Paul Féval, soared above earth on wings of sanctity, and yet it did not seem incredible or presumptuous to one of their Order that I should be numbered with the saints; I who was conscious of no cataclysmic moral conversion; who had never shed a tear over my sins, except once or twice from disappointment and vexation; whose

footing was still so insecure, whose falls still so frequent and severe.

But if I was cheered at the superability of the moral obstacle, I quailed before the intellectual and educational test; for had not Féval awed me with his picture of the most learned body of men the world had ever seen; and the ghosts of my murdered opportunities and wasted school-days rose up round me in their legions and cried: Too late! too late! I was somewhat relieved, next day, when Father Porter made so light of my deficiencies, and seemed to hope that I would join at once, or at least not later than the next September 7th. He thought it desirable I should know enough Latin to follow the Missal; and when I said I knew the Ordinary of the Mass by heart, and a good deal of the Psalter, he seemed more than satisfied with my classical attainments. I asked about Greek, whether very much was required; he said: "Not much," with a queer twinkle in his eye. He might have said "None at all." I then spoke more freely of my deficiencies, laying bare further abysms of ignorance, but still he bore up. I feared that, his standard being so very high, when I said "ignorance" he might still understand something far less than the truth, and I said something about the Jesuit level being so much higher than I had been used to. He then explained that the learning was given by the Society and not presupposed; that her system was so efficient that she could afford to take the most unprepared minds and make what she could out of them. After this I could say no more—the second spectre was laid; my lack of learning was no more an obstacle than my lack of holiness to my being received into this learned and holy Society, which undertook to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear through the efficiency of her system.

Plausible as this view was, and welcome to my troubled soul, it was also subconsciously a shock to the expectations I had derived from Paul Féval.

This conversation was held walking through the grounds of Manresa House; and from time to time we passed twos and threes of schoolboys in short jackets, sweeping up leaves, etc., who I was told were novices. "Do they come so young as that?" "Oh yes, we have all ages here—and all sorts." At least then my youth would not be an obstacle; for I had an idea that, as at the beginning, the Order was recruited chiefly by spontaneous vocations from the world; by men who left the army, or the navy, or the learned professions, or the universities—as did the first companions.

Well it was all much easier and lowlier than I had ever dreamed; but I am not sure that a good deal of the varnish of romance was not chipped away even in this first experience. The vocation was more accessible, because it had come down lower, not because I had been raised higher—this I felt, but did not acknowledge to myself; I was determined that my first conceptions of the Society should prove true, and would not allow that I was in any degree disenchanted, and explained everything that I did not like into something likeable. Thus everywhere our dominant affection or will uses reason for the slaughter of every weaker rival; perhaps life would not be otherwise possible; though it is a pity that truth should of necessity be strangled.

My mother wrote a rather pained and slightly bitter letter on hearing of my step; and Dolling, on his return, though in no way surprised, was a little constrained at first. He said: "I think it is the best for you, and I do hope you will be happy."

Father Christie suggested I should go to Manresa

in September, and meantime get some tuitions in London and try to study a little more about the Church in my leisure time. Business called Dolling back to Ireland in June or July, and as some stranger was going to take over the Borough Road establishment, I got a room over what is now Linscott's shop* at the corner of Oxford St. and Duke St., where I led an eremitical existence till the middle of October. It was a loneliness that could be felt, broken only by an hour or two of tuition work in the morning, and by just half a dozen visits to some distant relatives in Bayswater. I went to Mass every morning and usually to the Oratory in the evenings at 8 o'clock, to escape from solitude. I got my meals at various eating-houses in the neighbourhood, when I got them at all; for my tuition engagements were short-lived, irregular and unremunerative. I had, however, only one strict fast of two days' duration. I would do anything rather than write home for money.

Fr. Christie lent me various books which he judged useful for my mental formation; what I best remember is Rodriguez, which, he told me, embodied the spirit and methods of the Society. I took it home with great curiosity and expectation, and found it most disappointing and uninspiring. It seemed to me to be pervaded by a mercantile, merit-hunting spirit of supernatural selfishness from beginning to end. Even the motive for seeking our neighbour's salvation and perfection was that it was the best way to secure one's own. It was Paley's morality throughout; virtue as a means to some happiness or bribe, distinct from virtue; be virtuous and you will go to heaven, else you will go to hell. I, alas! was not sensitive to these motives, and was far from that realistic, anthro-

* Has changed hands lately, and been rebuilt.—M. D. P.

pomorphic faith which is anxious about merits and indulgences. I hope it is not essential to salvation, for I have as little of it as ever.

I was, of course, too lacking in historical sense at that age not to be disgusted with the uncritical and seemingly dishonest perversion of Scriptural texts to ends which a gleam of common sense would show to be ridiculous; never having heard of St. Augustine's extraordinary theory of the *multiplex sensus*, which set all Western Christendom crazy for so many centuries. Also the illustrations from example gave evidence of a credulous and superstitious mind. There was, of course, a lot of practical, common-sense advice and direction, not of a very recondite or exalted strain, in which the real value of the book consists; but there was also a whole network of ascetical fallacies, which one felt but could not unravel, due for the most part to applying syllogisms to principles of conduct, regardless of the infinite complexity of the concrete act.

On the whole the religion of Rodriguez repelled me as hard, unloving and unlovable; as quite unlike the two books that had hitherto done most for me—À Kempis and "The Hidden Life of the Soul" (an Anglican epitome of Père Grou's "Interior of Jesus and Mary," but very skilfully done by Mrs. Sydney Lear). I could not find in it anything at all corresponding to my conception of the Society of Jesus, and yet I still clung to that conception as tenaciously as ever, *i.e.* to the conception of an Order whose every member was governed, from first to last, by a zeal for the propagation of truth and religion, such as inspired St. Ignatius and his first companions.

I went to Communion and confession once a week, or oftener, during this period of retreat and internal self-adjustment. My Catholic life has been, on the whole,

free from any deliberate moral outbreak or rebellion, though there has been plenty of offence and negligence and self-deceit, at periods. This, of course, it would be natural to ascribe forthwith to the effect of the sacraments; but truthfulness forbids this supernatural explanation where a natural one is to hand. I was now deeply committed to a line of life which, I then believed, would be destroyed by any moral deviation. Later, when I learned (as a priest) how false this notion was, I felt as if a support had been cut away, and had then to depend on the effect of acquired habit and a stronger sympathy with virtue.

According to modern theology (school of Suarez) the effect of the sacraments is supernatural, but not miraculous. Thus Father Humphrey labours to show that no ethical amelioration is to be looked for *per se;* and that one whose moral character is in no way improved—not even in desire or effort—may, by frequent Communion, be gaining more sacramental fruit than one who is progressing rapidly, but communicating seldom. In other words, the sacramental fruit eludes all experimental test, and is matter of pure faith. Any ethical improvement that could not be accounted for *ex opere operantis,* and by natural and explainable causes, would be *ipso facto* miraculous.

Personally I think this is one of the many points where theology defies the common and universal belief of Catholics, and the Gospel argument *ex fructibus.* If the supernatural is real at all, it must include the natural, as the greater does the less. The natural is the visible end of the spectrum. If the less is absent the greater cannot be there; the part may lack its complement, but the whole includes the part. I think, therefore, that, in the gross, the sacraments ought to stand a certain experimental test; that they ought to

produce effects beyond what natural causes (like belief, expectancy, effort, vigilance, reflection), connected with the use of the sacraments, will account for. That they do not do so is a difficulty rarely acknowledged, still less explained. I have my own answer, but I need not give it here, beyond saying that the fruit is at once supernatural (or beyond experience) and natural; that designedly each part of the effect is worked by means of its own Order. As far as the *natural* effect goes, the mere *belief* in the real presence, leading to reverence, preparation, care etc. is the cause (like every other natural cause, part of God's own causation). Hence a Zwinglian doctrine of the sacrament would not be effectual in this respect. Also this answers the proof high Anglicans give of their Orders. As an argument for their supernatural validity, that from ethical fruits is nothing worth. It is the faith in Christ's real presence that works all the perceptible fruits of the Eucharist, and so of other sacraments.

About now I had an interview with Father James Jones,* the Provincial of the English Jesuits—a man for whom I conceived a very genuine respect and affection some years later at St. Beuno's, where he was my professor of casuistry and moral theology. He took a stricter view than Father Christie, and also very prudently felt that I was too new a convert, too little practised in Catholic ways and views, to join so quickly. I was much disappointed, though I secretly commended his reason and thought better of the Society in consequence.

It happened just now that the English College had been urged from headquarters to open a college in Cyprus, which had lately been taken over from Turkey. Father Henry Schomberg Kerr (once R.N.) had been

* Died January 12th, 1893.—M. D. P.

out there some months prospecting and forming connections, and was now ready to begin a day-school at Limassol, for the teaching of English to the Cypriot youth of that town. As he could not well spare him a scholastic of the Society to assist him in this work, Father Jones proposed that I should go out there for a year, on the condition that if, at the end of that time, I had altered my mind about entering the Society, I was to receive £80. I accordingly went; and reached Limassol somewhere about the beginning of November, 1879.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER X.

"Is it a bit of palm ye'd be seeking?" said the old Irishwoman, as she thrust the sprig into his hand; he used to recount the story later. So that the first gift he received in a Catholic church was a piece of palm! for some of us the fact will have its significance.

We can best help readers to a further knowledge of the personality and works of Father Dolling by referring them to his biography, by the Rev. C. E. Osborne. The course of his life was not without similarity to that of his friend; he, in the field of action, as Tyrrell, in the field of thought, was a man who could not move in a rut; who went to the heart of the matter with which he was dealing. What a world of interesting possibilities might have been evolved from the joint labours of these two men, had they thrown in their lives together for the working out of social problems!

"They put him low, very low," said Father Tyrrell to Miss Dolling when they met at Worthing long years after; "and they put me low too"—but Dolling's temperament was more buoyant, his outlook more simple and childlike—he was better able to bear it than his friend. He scattered the seed with a liberal hand, but he reaped the spiritual harvest along with those for whom he had laboured. George Tyrrell was one of those destined to the more thankless toil that brings no guerdon to the workman. His own words, addressed to his friend when he had to abandon his dearly loved Portsmouth mission, are, perhaps, even more applicable to himself.

"God allows you to build the fibre of your brain, the blood of your heart into a temple for His glory; and then with one breath

of His nostrils o'erturns it, that He may see whether you will bear this also" ("Life," chap. xvii). Father Dolling died May 15th, 1902.

It is certainly no wonder that Paul Féval inflamed the imagination of one who was seeking just such an ideal as was here put before him. The writer had come to curse, and remained to bless; his first intention was to rival Eugène Sue; honest investigation disgusted him with his task, and he became a panegyrist instead of a satirist.

The motto of his book is the prayer of St. Ignatius that his followers may build for others and not for themselves; that they may work unceasingly for the glory of God, and be as constantly persecuted for the same end. He then goes on to represent them, standing ever unguarded and exposed to calumny, outrage, and cruelty; men of utter disinterestedness, with no caring for any cause of their own, indeed, having none to care for. The work is utterly uncritical, as may be seen, for instance, in the ludicrous discourse he places in the mouth of St. Ignatius, with its pro-French and anti-German colouring, or in his misunderstanding of the note to Pascal's Ninth Letter; but it is seductive in its presentment of many facts good and undeniable, and in its plea to be a true presentment, because at first an unwilling one. It has a good deal of surface literary attractiveness.

The standard work of Rodriguez on "Christian Perfection" is so well known to a large body of Roman Catholics that one is liable to forget how little it may be known to many others. The author was Alphonsus Rodriguez, born at Valladolid 1526, died 1616. The original is in Spanish, but has been widely translated. It contains treatises on all the leading spiritual duties of religious—some of them being adapted to non-religious also—and on the three vows. The chapters end with examples—not always very beautiful or edifying. It is regarded in religious communities as the standard *practical* book of spiritual reading, and there are houses in which it is read through unfailingly every year. I fancy most of those subjected to its teaching would say that it was as wholesome as stale bread, but as uninteresting. Most religious have probably gone through the stage in which Rodriguez was "good for them"; the question is, how long does that stage last?

Miss Lynch mentioned how Mrs. Tyrrell received the news of her son's reception into the Church. We have learned from himself that he knew it had pained her; but happily he never knew how much. The fact is, she had counted on him for the last years of her life; but we know, from what he has told us, how carefully she

would probably have concealed such hopes. She would not have felt it so much had he become a secular priest, but his choice of religious life ended all prospects for her own future.

"Well, you've got him at last, Anne," she said sorrowfully to Miss Lynch—and this was the only reproach; their friendship remained unclouded. After this she picked up her burden once more, and went bravely on amidst the band—and it is a numerous one—of those too wholly unselfish to be noticed as such. "Forget yourself and be forgotten by others," is the motto of that noble throng.

And yet had he stayed; had the self-reproach for neglect of mother and sister, which tormented him later, so beset him now as to deter him from the step he was taking, the George Tyrrell who has spoken to religious hearts throughout the universe might never have lived. Those who are called to live for the many cannot also, in most cases, live for the few; the near and the known must be sacrificed to the distant and unknown. As he was blind to his own interests so was he, for the time, blinded to those of the ones he loved best. Had his heart won the day in this instance, or in other instances that will occur later, he would have been lost to a wider cause, if saved for a narrower one. He would most certainly have repudiated any such considerations as offering an excuse for what he may afterwards have regarded as the neglect of a plain duty. Nor would they, indeed, have the least value if deliberately applied in such a sense. Their only worth lies in their suggestion of the possibility that the call of a man's life, which is termed variously his destiny, his vocation, his mission, his message, may, in virtue of a force not his own, sound in his ears at times to the silencing of lesser sounds; such sounds as will make themselves heard at other moments. We all know what it is at times to be deaf to all but one sound, blind to all but one sight; such periods of absorption are often the turning-points of our life.

CHAPTER XI

1879–1880

I HAVE always regarded Father Henry Kerr as my veritable novice-master, and indeed he more or less explicitly took that rôle upon himself. He taught me the ropes, as he would have said, and inducted me into all the practices of Jesuit daily life; and in our many pleasant walks he was as willing to be drawn as I was eager to draw. No one could have been more unlike the Jesuit of morbid fiction than he—no one more common-sense, unmysterious, simple and straightforward. Like most recruits from the army and navy, he was as little speculative as possible, superabundantly satisfied with the penny catechism, plain-as-a-pike-staff view of the Catholic position. And it was really good for me not to be stimulated to thought, and to be silently infected by the deep unreasoning faith of one so admirable and lovable. He was the first Roman Catholic associate of my life; but while he was for the most part a companion and friend he also assumed the superior, or rather the captain (for he was more sailor than Jesuit), and ordered me about right and left in a way that was to me very novel, but not in the least disagreeable.

As we were dependent on the uncertain services of his drunken orderly, we had to do most of the housework ourselves; and here he was in his glory, hectoring me about, and shouting orders, and brandishing

his sweeping-brush. Then we had our studies in modern Greek—for our pupils knew no other language and we needed some means of communication. Here he was so very bad and I so, comparatively, superior in mastering Ollendorf's exercises, that he conceived a secret awe of my ability, and eventually started the ball of my reputation for Greek scholarship a-rolling with such force through the Province that I have never been able to prove the negative, all my protestations being ascribed to self-conscious modesty. Also I think my easy familiarity with theological bugbears, which would leak out now and then in conversation, struck him as quite uncanny and prodigious, and was co-operant in the fabrication of my name. It needs little to make a name if one does not want it, or like it, or claim it.

Of an evening we would go for a walk and would read the Breviary office together, he making as many false quantities as could well be made. Then he would cry out: "Points and examen!" I often recognised most of his points in Lancicius; very jejune, far-fetched and unreal. And I would put in objections and ask questions. "Consider the humility of St. John, who would not call himself a man, but only a Voice." That's not humility, but Aramaic. And so we would forget all about the points, and wander off and arguefy till he would pull up and cry: Examen! He had drilled me in the regulation method of this exercise, after the immutable pattern of St. Ignatius; as also in the mysteries of the "particular examen,"* which seemed to me then as childish and futile as it does now; unless one looks to one or two psychological principles, of which it is the clumsy embodiment, and

* The particular examen will be treated of again later on, and is explained also in Supplement to Chapters XIV. and XV.—M. D. P.

applies them intelligently to the particular case in point.

I know no better example of the wonderful influence of authority on the devout mind than the way in which this practice has prevailed far and wide, in spite of its intrinsic ineffectualness. That it does good, I do not question; but only as an exercise of fidelity and good will, not as inherently helpful. I speak, of course, of the literal and mechanical working of the method, so generally insisted on as of quasi-sacramental efficacy; and though I think a religious genius, so untrained and untaught as that of St. Ignatius, capable of occasional lapses into puerility through lack of criticism, yet I do not think a careful study of the text of the "Exercises" will support the unintelligent view of the "particular examen" which the Society patronises.

When we had despatched our "spiritualities"—which we did in view of possible visitors dropping in in the evening—we would talk of things in general; and of course I picked up all I could about the S.J.; the reverential, unquestioning attitude of his mind being very curious and interesting to me. Then we would often invade some garden and collar vegetables for our domestic use; and he would pay the screaming and barging Greek proprietor what he thought right, being quite unable to understand his demands.

Later we got an ally from Constantinople, a Sicilian Jesuit, Father Riotta, who knew modern Greek and English; a fat, kind-hearted, unpractical, theological, oldish gentleman, very full of the Photian schism and the syllogisms by which it could be blown to atoms. A great lover of religious routine, and used to colleges and seminaries all his life, our Bohemianism did not quite suit him; so he mapped out his day into duties, and rang a little bell for himself, and went his own

way to a great extent and left us to our own. At 9 p.m. punctually, whoever our visitors might be, his head dropped forward and he went asleep. That had been his bed-time for years. I record him as the ripest fruit of discipline and regularity I had yet encountered. I felt the odd mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, learning and ignorance, good-nature and ferocity, so often found in the Southern ecclesiastic.

Father Kerr warned him to keep the Photian controversy in abeyance, as all our boys were "Orthodox" Greeks, and offence might be easily given and taken. But when the wily old *exarchos*, a parish *pappas*, called on us, Father Riotta edged into controversy, and ended with lending him books, which were received with smiles and returned with thanks. At last, calling on one of the boys at home, Father Riotta, on learning that he hoped to be a *pappas* some day, was inspired by the Holy Ghost to speak of the vanity of all priesthood and sacrifice outside the pale of the "One-and-only." This paternal exhortation was received sweetly, but forthwith retailed to the *exarchos*, who promptly went round to all the parents and promised them hell-fire if they sent their boys to us any more; so that next day our benches were empty, and our names, character and insidious designs placarded on the doors of all the churches in the place.

Father Kerr, who was not altogether sorry, went off to consult with Father Provincial then at Malta for visitation, and left me alone with the crestfallen theologian—not the lightest of company. It was during this dull time of idleness and stagnation that old temptations woke in a mind no longer occupied adequately—for of course the effect of an accepted and final position had by this time brought my mind to rest. Having settled the rule of faith my only

task was to apply it; to learn its content in detail. This application was the interest of the first few months of Catholic life; and now it had begun to pall and stagnation had set in. Jesuitism was far less mentally interesting than I had expected; it was morally irreproachable as far as I could learn, but commonplace and uninspiring. This I did not say to myself, but I certainly felt it. In the upper story of my consciousness I clung still to the Society of my first dreams, founded on Féval; but downstairs, in the kitchen and cellars, I was saying "Is this all? Prose and banality!"

Hence a wave of weariness and reaction passed over me, a sense, hardly to be smothered, that I had made much ado about nothing. As I went my aimless, time-killing rambles, along the shore or over the hills, while Father Riotta was locked in his room riveting his theological armour, I sank down under the sense of the gulf I had fixed between myself and my old friends and lovers—all for what? for what? Had I found what I wanted? Truth whispered *No!* Hope shouted *Yes!*

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER XI.

(We are adding to this chapter a quotation, also autobiographical, from Father Tyrrell's account of the Cyprus experiment, given in the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott's life of "Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit.")

It was my luck to arrive at Limassol at midnight, after a very sore ride from Larnaca on a wooden-saddled lame mule; and as there was no finding Father Kerr, I chanced to push my way into the club where a light was burning; and then, having roused the caretaker and explained that I was not a burglar, I was rather ungraciously allowed to have a bed.

Early next morning I paraded the streets with my three-legged mule and my tongueless guide, and at last lighted on an orderly standing at a door, which proved to be the very door I was seeking.

Father Kerr was saying Mass in the little domestic chapel. In a few minutes he came up, and in a few more I felt as if I had known him for years, as so often happens in respect to direct, straightforward characters like his. He at once took command, and assuming, as a matter of course, that I was to go to the noviceship, proceeded to constitute himself my novice-master, and he exercised a mild despotism over me in things temporal and spiritual. My day was mapped out for me, with fixed time for spiritual duties, in the conduct of which I was duly instructed according to received methods. I was ordered out for solitary exercise at a certain hour each day; though eventually I kicked so hard against this enactment that it fell into abeyance. Twice a week we shouldered besoms, and, having cleared the decks, proceeded to a task called "sweeping quarters," by which the dust on the floor was distributed more equitably over the furniture generally, and subsequently returned to its original position by aid of much slapping with dusters. At first I was charmed with the eccentricity of the ceremony, but the regularity of its recurrence showed that it was to be considered a duty rather than a joke. In the evening we usually went out together (as Father Riotta, our Greek-speaking ally of the Sicilian Province, was a man of weight and sedentary habits, who preferred to return to his room and study the Photian schism), and those walks are perhaps my brightest and pleasantest recollections of Cyprus. Father Kerr would don his pith helmet, and holding his stick by the two ends across the flat of his shoulders would strike forth, either along the beach towards Buffo, or up to the camp at Polymedia, or through some of the miserable little villages in the neighbourhood of Limassol. Whenever he met a native he would insist on airing his latest acquisitions from the Greek Ollendorf, and was ceaseless in his denunciations of the local obtuseness. Σχεέτε τὰ πεξωώνια μας (Have you my forks?) he would say abruptly to some slinking rustic, already mistrustful of this somewhat stern-looking *Anglikos* with the stick. Small wonder if the man—like every Greek a thief by nature—mumbled, and looked confused and hurried by.

Greek lessons were, by the way, one of our morning duties before schools, in which we were assisted by our interpreter, and almost friend, Agathocles Michaelides. Here, though not fresh from my Greek, I was not quite so stale as Father Kerr, who consequently formed an exorbitant idea of my powers, and I am afraid made the fear of retarding my advance a pretext for exempting himself from the Greek lesson. It was my only point of moral superiority. It

is hard to go to school after forty. St. Ignatius began; I wonder if he went on or if he succeeded.

* * * * * *

He always insisted I should not get up till six, while he was to rise at 5.30. Finding me up usually when he came to call me, he lectured me on obedience. I said, "If you want me to sleep, you should not choose such an unearthly hour of the morning for beating carpets in your room." He frowned, and said something about "that K——" (the orderly who acted as houseman). "I am sure it comes from your room," said I. I concluded it was some other phase of the "sweeping quarters" mania; however it went on as before.

When I first arrived we had about seven or eight Greek boys, anxious to learn as much English as possible at the smallest possible cost. Unlike English boys, they had a keen wish to get everything and give nothing. They would volunteer to come on holidays, and to stay on indefinitely on other days. We taught them through Ollendorf, aided by Agathocles Michaelides and the international gesture language. We had risen to thirty scholars, and had been in existence only a few weeks, when the crash came—the very day after the commissioners of Limassol had paid us a visit, and crowned our performances with praise—an event we celebrated at dinner in libations of sticky "Commanderia" and excruciating Turkish sweetmeats.

That very day our good confrère, Father Riotta, who, with his modern Greek had lately been making himself agreeable to the natives generally, who had already had more than one visit from the smiling *exarchos* (or archdeacon) of the district, to whom he had even lent a small theological pamphlet on the Photian schism, and who was already dreaming of corporate reunion of the autonomous Church of Cyprus to the Holy See—on that very day of our pride and intoxication, of our numbering the people—Father Riotta visited one of our boys, and learning that the ingenuous youth was minded to become a *pappas*, gave him various godly counsels as to the dignity of that state and the care with which it should be entered upon; and then proceeding analytically from morals to faith, which is the foundation of morals, naturally fell to discussing the rule of faith, the necessity of ecclesiastical unity, the damnableness of the sin of schism in general and of the Photian schism in particular, all of which the youth received demurely with downcast eyes and other marks of intelligent sympathy, so that when Father Riotta retailed

this triumph of dialectic at dinner, the "Commanderia" simply flowed in treacly torrents.

The next morning, as usual, we were punctually down to open schools at 9.30, and welcome the inrushing crowd of embryo proselytes; but not one was apparent. We compared watches and found that we had not anticipated the right hour. "It must be a holiday with the Greeks," said Father Kerr. "Or they think it is a holiday with us," said I.

As our faithful Agathocles did not turn up we sent for him, and after some delay he sneaked in by a back way, and explained how the sensitive conscience of Basileios had suddenly smitten him with remorse and bidden him haste and unbosom himself to our friendly *exarchos*, who now considering that he had sufficient evidence against us, shouldered his white umbrella and went the round of the parents and denounced the insidious Jesuits and their vile papistical plot.

Father Kerr stopped dead for about three minutes till he took in the whole situation, and then he sat down and threw back his head and laughed loud and long, till I was fain to follow suit by sheer infection. And if we celebrated our pride yesterday, to-day we celebrated our humiliation, "seeing it is no less a gift from the hand of our Creator and Lord," as St. Ignatius says. I think Father Riotta was the only one of the three who was not secretly glad. . . .

* * * * * *

My last view of Father Kerr was when I walked down with him to the edge of the town and saw him ride off. . . . I turned back and felt very lonely and queer. . . . I owe more to the impression made upon me by the first Jesuit of my acquaintance, my self-constituted novice-master and kindest of despots, than perhaps would be fair to others for me to state explicitly" (pp. 156-161 *passim*).

CHAPTER XII*

1880

It was arranged that I should finish out my year of probation in the English College of the Jesuits at Malta, then under the rectorship of Father A.† who undertook to find work for me there. Thither I went towards the end of January 1880, in a state of considerable depression and disgust. From Alexandria I had, for my fellow-passenger, an old Rathmines Schoolboy, Lawrence Steele, who had been "doing" the Pyramids for his health's sake—just one of the best specimens of Dr. Benson's education, genial, intelligent, and religious-minded—a man one could get fond of in four days at close quarters (we were the only passengers). This meeting made me suddenly realise how I had cut myself from my past. We both debarked at Malta and drove to Sliema, he to the Imperial Hotel, I to St. Ignatius' College; and from that day to this I have never heard of him.

Almost, if not actually, the first person I saw on entering was Father D. (then Father only by courtesy as are all our scholastics at Malta), he who (until quite lately, and owing to mere considerations of prudence) was the most like-minded friend and sympathetic confidant of all I have known in the Society; radically

* Throughout the remainder of the autobiography I have, in most instances, not in all, substituted single letters for the names. Each personage keeps his own letter.—M. D. P.

† Now dead.—M. D. P.

unlike though we be in temperament and antecedents. He was then substantially as he is now, a man of the most extraordinary delicacy of conscience, verging of course on scrupulosity; of refined and artistic tastes; of subtle and speculative mind; of devout and religious sympathies; but by training and tradition he was put beyond the possibility of questioning Catholic presuppositions, even had his conscience not forbidden such thoughts; while the narrowness of his reading and experience combined with the foregoing to make him somewhat intolerant and fierce in his judgment of non-Catholics. During this period I saw but little of him, for he was much overworked with teaching and prefecting, and was withal a little shy of a "convert," and especially of one so reserved and retiring as I was. I cannot remember any *tête-à-tête* with him then; but I noticed he was somewhat *sui generis* and unlike the rest—not quite comfortable with them.

Father Kerr had been preparing the way for me, blowing my trumpet as a profound Grecian, theologian and the rest—and my most genuine expressions of surprise and distress at this nonsense only added modesty and humility to the list of my excellences. One can meet the charge of ignorance, but never that of learning.

Father Caradonna* was very genial and kind, and tried to make me feel less like an intruder than I really felt; but the situation was awkward and unpleasant. I was in all respects, outwardly, to pass off as one of the community, else the parents would object to their boys being entrusted to me; I was also, in some undetermined respects, to be treated as a quasi-novice and to enjoy the restrictions proper to one of the community; on the other hand I was, in other undeter-

* Now dead.—M. D. P.

mined respects, to be cut off from the community and treated as an outsider. The fact was, as I can understand now, that Father Jones, the Provincial, had one idea; Father Kerr another; Father A. a third, and so on; and some of the community took this side and the other that; some avoided me, some fraternised with me; some looked down on me, others looked up to me. It was a foolish experiment to which to expose any probationer, still more a raw convert; and more than one of them said to me, towards the end, "If, after all this, you want to be a Jesuit, you must indeed have a vocation."

The College was barely two years old, and Father John Morris, the first rector, had already been broken down by the difficulties of the situation. One Maltese, two Romans, one Sicilian, one Dutchman, one Austrian and six of our own province made up a staff of very inharmonious elements; and Father A.'s strength as rector lay rather in his insensibility than his sensibility; he could sit down on this sackful of struggling cats and dogs with the full weight of his dull personality, and keep the mass steady somehow or other, where a more delicate mind would have been driven crazy by the discord.

I had seen nothing of Father Kerr and had heard nothing from him to belie the prosaic picture of the Society painted by the hand of Rodriguez, even if the golden visions of Féval had been tarnished. And so I came here expecting to see that picture walk bodily out of its frame and converse with me face to face. I was young and inexperienced, and intolerant of the immense percentage of humbug and sham by which the solid particles of life are pasted together; I had not learnt the inevitable discord between the real and the ideal, and the conventional lawfulness of the untruth

by which this is steadily denied, in the face of noonday facts, by those in authority. I was also largely an exteriorist, and did not realise, as I do now, how compatible outward carelessness is with inward earnestness. Hence I was unutterably shocked and disgusted by the general tone of the community; by the utter absence of all I had expected to find, and the presence of much that I should have thought incredible. It was, almost, each member against each and all; and all and each against the head. Certainly it was largely the *scandalum pharisæorum*, the scandal of the puritanical, that I experienced, for I can now see that these were all immeasurably better men than myself from a moral point of view; nor does the existence of similar disorder disturb me in the least now, for I can understand its causes, which are to be sought in things rather than in persons.

Of course they kept a fair face before me as much as possible, and if anything too overt occurred one or other would be sure to explain to me afterwards that such things were not usual, and that when I got to the noviceship I should find what the Society really was etc., etc.; that, in short, this community was quite exceptional. I never showed any sign of what I thought, and eventually they ceased to economise before me. I think I have always had a great power of adaptability to all sorts of company, a sort of chameleon gift of taking the colour of my surroundings. Those who lack it can never know others rightly, since men will not betray themselves freely where they expect unfavourable criticism.

At first, as I said, I was left out in the cold, except for two of the lay-brothers, who were glad enough to have someone to patronise and instruct. From one of them particularly—a great gossip—I got a good deal

of information about this and other houses of the Society and about the general way of carrying on; but all I heard was petty and trivial. Later, as my shyness wore off, I got intimate with nearly all the others individually, and learned each one's view of the rest, singly and collectively. Owing to my neutral position, and my power of listening intelligently and with seeming interest, I became the confidant of many a trouble with which I had nothing to do; and had to give my advice on letters to the Provincial, or even to the General, protesting against this or that iniquity of the local government.

The rector impressed me very much at first by his striking appearance; though I was surprised that he dropped his "h's" and his final "ng's." He thought it would be good for me to attend the "points" which he gave the lay-brothers over-night for their morning meditation. It was an irresistibly funny performance. In we four trooped every evening, and no sooner had the brothers reached their chairs than they closed their eyes, then nodded, and finally snored aloud—certainly my dear old friend Brother Masseurs, a Dutchman, who laboured all day in the scorching sun with a mattock; and no less certainly the old Austrian Fratello Besten, who was never awake at any time, and could not have understood a word had he wanted. The English brother thought he had a special mission to edify me, and so he bore up better. And who could blame them? The Rector would read through the pointless points of Father Lancicius, and then, in a few stumbling words of his own, rob them of whatever little gleam of interest or intelligence they possessed. How I used to stare and listen and wonder! "Consider that the bread that Christ multiplied was made of barley and not of wheat, and learn from this." . . .

Heaven only knows what! I would look up at Father A.'s solemn face and black eyes, to see if I could detect even the suspicion of a ghost of saving humour. But no—not a sign! I remember especially a series of meditations after Easter on the magical properties of Christ's risen body—agility, translucency and the rest—the veriest nonsense that type was ever wasted on; and yet he ploughed through them all, without the slightest consciousness of being funny. And in this, I learned later, he was only the representative of a tradition. Everywhere our brothers have this nonsense doled out to them nightly; and spend an hour next morning considering and snoring over the problem of why Christ chose barley rather than wheat, and similar matters. I am sure, indeed I know, that some of them pray earnestly, and many are noble and saintly, but I ask "Is it in virtue of this system or in spite of it?"

Another marvel for me was, and still is, that disreputable book read in all our colleges and houses of study during supper, and called "The Menology of the Society of Jesus"—a series of the most vapid and fulsome eulogiums of deceased members, judged worthy to be held up as models for imitation. I am quite aware that the menologies of other and older Orders are still more reprehensible; but two blacks do not make a white. Of course the older and more critical laugh at these fables, if they listen to them at all; and the ear gets deadened to the oft-repeated phrases and forms. I hardly notice it now as strange, except when some outsider happens to be in our refectory and I see it reflected in his mind. But I remember the shock it was to my sense of sobriety and truthfulness when I first had to listen to such outrages on sense and reverence and veracity, read out gravely and listened

to seriously by grown men, presumably sane and educated.* When one reads the "Records of the English Province," or other historically credible memories of the noble and self-sacrificing lives of some of our fathers, one is at a loss to know why it should be needful to fall back on fable and mythology in the endeavour to edify. Sanctity, according to this precious volume, is to be measured by the height and frequency of one's physical elevations from the ground during prayer; by the brilliancy of the rays of light surrounding one's head; by the effulgence of one's countenance; by the weakness of one's lachrymal glands; by oddities, eccentricities, exaggerations of all sorts. What is narrated could frequently have become known only in two ways: by the impertinent curiosity of some pious eavesdropper, or else by an outburst of spiritual vanity on the part of the recipient of these celestial phenomena; neither way making for the credibility of the legend.

But by far the most offensive strain is the outrageous "puffing" of the Jesuit vocation as compared with any other. Our Lady is continually appearing to waverers, who are tempted to the secular state or to some other religious Order, and bidding them "Enter the Society of my Son"; and everywhere that calling is treated as a sure and certain pledge of salvation—a belief which is inculcated on novices on the sole support of some insignificant vision, in order to lead them to infer that to leave the Society is in some way a mark of reprobation. It may not have been so in simpler and less critical generations; but now the authorised reading aloud of such a book is a sort of public act of contempt for truth and reasonableness,

* With regard to the menology, see further and later information in supplement.—M. D. P.

which cannot but demoralise, where it does not offend and insult the hearers.

Except the reader (Brother Prescott, now dead) all listened with sobriety and reverence. He showed signs of disgust, and once or twice I saw he was skipping—probably for my sake. I felt so outraged at having to sit under such nonsense, that seeing the book one day on the top of a cupboard of some kind, I pushed it so that it fell down behind, where it remained buried mysteriously till the end of my stay at least. Of course no one ever suspected the quiet and pious postulant of such a deed of darkness. I say "pious" because I was outwardly "observant" and religious at this time; not in any offensive or dramatic way, but simply because I had not yet learnt the wisdom of keeping one's seriousness to oneself, and wearing that light overcoat of indifference which good breeding and charity require.

My interest and attention were absorbed, then as now, by the gravest concerns of life, and I did not see the need of seeming other than I was. Also I think the novelty of an interest makes it tyrannical and exclusive, and it takes time before it can be so entrusted to subconscious thought as to allow free play to the other elements of life. I can fancy, when the poetical faculty is first aroused, a man going about dazed and *exalté, en grand poète*, and only gradually, as he becomes master of his gift, returning to the ways of ordinary humanity. I was never so much in danger of being solemn as when my grasp on the solemnities of life was most recent and feeble; as it has tightened I have relaxed more and more, and am younger at forty than I was at nineteen.

I made a general confession of my whole life to Father A. shortly after my arrival, with the idea of

beginning all over again; and I certainly prayed harder and better than I had yet done, and began to feel an *attrait* for religious duties for the first time in my life. The shock of my last collapse had done me good. Be the motive what it might, sound or rotten, there was no turning back now. During these few months of a better life I had grown attracted to it, quite independently of religion, and simply for the sake of freedom and self-mastery. This was and has been since a great cause of stability, and the fear of falling into servitude to my own weakness has kept me to my prayers, by a sort of superstition, when faith has been too feeble for the task.

I used to meditate informally on Padre Martino's commentary on the N.T., and had some routine of my own for daily prayers which I now forget; except that I stuck to my Breviary secretly. Having a good deal of time on my hands—I had only five or six boys to teach—I brushed up my neglected classics, wading through Aristophanes and some dialogues of Plato, as well as some Cicero and Virgil—all as pure mortification and with no interest. Most of my reading was of the matters I really cared about—the Church and the Society of Jesus; and the oddest thing of all was that, in a house full of Jesuits, I seemed to be alone in these interests, and found none who responded if ever perchance I spoke of such matters. Naturally enough; for to me the Church came as a possible answer to a problem which I had been made to feel, and whose solution was the governing motive of my life; whereas to the Catholic born and bred the problem is to conceive a living interest in any other possible view of the matter. I was as one suddenly cured of congenital blindness, marvelling how indifferent others seemed to the world of light and colour.

Féval had confirmed, as well as purified, my ordinary Protestant's notion of a Jesuit as a man who lived for the extension of the faith to outsiders; whose interest was with the alien and the stranger; who strove to know the minds to which he ministered and to meet them on their own grounds, using all lawful means and accommodations to that end. And the Jesuit of the Society's first days was after this type, as far as his work lay in stemming the tide of unbelief and error; but the scope of the Order was much wider than that, including, as it did, missions to those who never had the faith to lose; retreats and missions to those who still held it; and, above all, the education of the young. Hence what I deemed principal and essential was only contingent and co-ordinate. Yet to those other works I had really no *attrait* whatever. My sympathies were with those only who were in that sort of darkness and need from which I believed, or hoped, the Catholic religion had delivered me. Hence the apathy and ignorance with which, now and later, I found this class regarded, was most disappointing and puzzling. The "convert," especially of my sort, was viewed, not as one who had courageously embraced a more difficult and somewhat paradoxical position, in lieu of an easier and more obvious one; but rather as a drunkard who had come to his senses—a repentant fool, if not a repentant rake.

When Father Hepburn* came out in May, he created a reaction in my favour, and, I gather, made the community somewhat ashamed of the inhuman ostracism to which their sense of duty had subjected me. After that I got to know them better individually and like them better; but I never got so far as friendship with any of them at that time, save with Brother

* Died in 1910.—M. D. P.

Masseurs the gardener, whose violent temper and genuine affectionateness attracted me. He had been a Papal Zouave, and was a thoroughly male character in every way. When I went out again in 1885 I used to sit and read in the same spot, under some orange trees, where we used to seek shelter from the scorching sun, and "yarn" by the hour. His temper blew him out to Brazil eventually, where he is now—if he is alive.

I was given the refuse of the first class to teach; some five or six boys hard to manage. I said, diffidently, I did not know much about Greek, but was told it did not matter so long as I kept a lesson ahead of my pupils; similarly, when I objected to teach writing because I could not hold my pen right, I was told to see that the boys did so. I had much to learn, evidently, of the inner mysteries of education.

The methods were strange to me in many ways, above all the ubiquitous prefecting. The dormitories were patrolled in soft slippers by night; the playground, the galleries, the outdoor offices watched with detective eyes. Well, I suppose if boys have seen nothing else they will not remark it or ask the reason of it; but to me it was quite new and every sign of it was suggestive. The air seemed laden with sin and the suspicion of sin. I do not think now that moderate supervision is bad for children if they are accustomed to it from the very first, for of such things they never ask the reason; but for those who have to exercise it, whose minds have to be saturated with suspicions, it seems to me a deplorable calamity, and creates a tendency to see evil in the most harmless and natural manifestations of friendship. Of this I once had an unpleasant instance, not deserving special description, which gave me a great shock, and tilted over the

trembling balance of my affection for the Society; or served as a nucleus for all my other discontents to gather round and take definite shape.

I had again been reading about the Benedictines, and felt the old desire for real monasticism in a somewhat more intelligent and explicit way. Here, it seemed, I had nothing; neither the atmosphere of prayer and contemplation, and the liturgical life; nor yet that zeal and enthusiasm for the defence of truth, and the gaining of the modern mind to Christ, which had been my original attraction to the Society. It was only for the sake of this latter attraction that I was content to accept the Society's spiritual standards and methods; but these now attracted me less than ever. I thought, then as now, that the methods of prayer and examination were wooden and mechanical and unreal; and though some of those whom I had met were good and lovable I could not see that this was in any way a product of the system, since the most observant seemed the most disagreeable and the least charitable. I also had vague thoughts of the secular priesthood, but I only remember the fact.

I think this wave of aversion passed off towards the end of my stay; at all events the time to depart for the noviceship found me with no definite plans, and it seemed best to give the thing a chance, and to believe that my experience had been quite exceptional and unfortunate, and that Father Kerr was really the normal Jesuit.

Father Purbrick had meanwhile come on as Provincial, and as the rule demands, he appointed four fathers there to examine me as a candidate for the S.J., which they did in the most perfunctory way, all having a high idea of my virtue, except perhaps Father G. This latter amused me by his formalism:

"What is your motive for wishing to enter the Society?" Naturally I was rather vague; and besides I did not like speaking of my deepest aspirations to one so little sympathetic. So I said something about a wish to make reparation for the past. "No," he said, "that's not it"—just as if it were a riddle. "Well, what is it?" said I. "The glory of God and the salvation of souls." "Oh, very well; the glory of God and the salvation of souls." "That's right," said he, and scored it down accordingly.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER XII.

Father D. will figure again in the autobiography. At the time it was written their separation was, as he says, merely prudential; and I think it was one of the friendships he had counted on as a permanent possession, whatever differences of opinion or action might arise. Unfortunately this was not to be, and he heard things afterwards which brought home to him the fact that his friend was scarcely such any longer. Perhaps things were unfairly repeated, but the impression was made, and he said once that nothing had given him greater pain than the defection of this one on whom he relied.

It is important to add some facts as to the "Menology." Of what is done on the Continent I know nothing, but in 1902 (after he had written the words above) a new Menology of the English-speaking provinces was brought out, under the editorship of Father McLeod, S.J., thus somewhat fulfilling the desire expressed in the autobiography.

He speaks above of the belief inculcated in the Menology (and inculcated also by other means) as to the certainty of salvation for those dying in the Society. I can testify to the impression left on his mind and on that of another by this doctrine. Both felt that it had taken hold of them, as it were against their reason and will, and that it was positively difficult to get rid of it entirely, though they condemned it as superstitious. There was something intensely pathetic in the way each of them avowed the impression; recognising the subjective force of an argument whose objective validity they denied. Surely it is only minds that have been im-

pressed by such influences that can afterwards gauge and judge them.

I heard of another who questioned Father Morris on the same subject, and he, when hard pressed, explained the doctrine as meaning that any Jesuit *leading a good life* in the Society would surely be saved!

CHAPTER XIII

1880–1882

On reaching London about September 1st I stayed with Dolling, who had returned to Borough Road, and found him the same as ever. It was like returning to live with one's own species after a sojourn among the denizens of another planet, and the prospect of Manresa was exceedingly depressing in consequence. Pride kept me from saying how much I had been disenchanted and shaken in my Jesuitism; but when Dolling predicted that I should not survive six weeks at Manresa I thought he was nearer the truth than I admitted.

I had to see Father Purbrick during these days and introduce myself; but the interview was hurried and formal and gave me no chance of speaking out. I felt a little grim when he congratulated me on the unspeakable grace of a call to the Society; yet I still was anxious to believe myself mistaken in the unfavourable judgment I had formed. During the evenings Dolling was frequenting the "Sing-songs" at the various public-houses near Borough Road, in order to ascertain which were respectable enough for his postmen to patronise; and I went with him. It was a curious "Vigil of arms" for me, on the eve of knighthood. At last, on the evening of September 7th, I bade my best friend good-bye, and I saw no more of him for sixteen years; though we corresponded at long

and irregular intervals, as those do whose paths part with little likelihood of ever converging again.

When I was shown into the dismal little guest parlour at Manresa that evening—why are conventual parlours always dismal and unhealthy?—there was already another victim waiting there with whom I exchanged some uneasy remarks of an interjectional character, leading to nothing, except that I found he was quite familiar with the place and its occupants. He asked me which college I came from—the Mount? or Stonyhurst? or Beaumont? and when I explained that I came from none of them he seemed to conclude that I had come from nowhere, and lapsed into silence. Best and kindest and simplest of souls, he is now as good and self-sacrificing a priest as I ever met.*

Presently quite a number collected, all on familiar terms with one another, full of schoolboy talk and interests; and besides these, three or four novices—"angel guardians" as they were called, or manuductors—who were also, in spite of their demureness, quite as fresh and juvenile as to their demeanour. Nobody knew who I was, or whence, or seemed to care, until the "angel guardian," on whose list I was, in mustering his little flock, discovered that I was the missing member of whom nobody knew anything; for, of the eighteen recruits who arrived that evening, sixteen boys were from Jesuit schools, and of these all, but one, straight from school. Of the twenty-six already in the noviceship twenty-two were Jesuit schoolboys, twenty straight from school. Of vocations "from the world," like my own and such as I once fancied to be the rule, there were, in the noviceship of 1879–1880, seven out of forty-eight; and in the noviceship of my second year 1880–1881, four out of thirty-

* Father Hulley. (Note by G. T.).

nine. The rest were boys in years, boys in mind, boys in character, to whom the novice-master was but an arch-prefect. Except a smaller number they were "Church-boys," taken young and educated on burses for the Society; not of course coerced to enter, but brought up steadily to face the prospect.

As a rule a Church-boy will be dismissed from a college if he develops a character likely to give trouble or to be useless; but the Society's undertakings are so numerous, and her need of recruits so imperative, that she cannot afford to be too nice in the matter, and must trust to her system to shape a sort of vocation out of very indifferent material. This is the misery of all great Orders after they have declined from their first enthusiasm. Under the creative impetus they extend beyond any strength that can be counted on as permanent. Then they have to recruit with an eye to numbers rather than to quality; hence it is easy to see how the whole tone and spirit is necessarily lowered. I have often thought it would be an excellent law that no Order should receive recruits after the death of its founder, or, at least, of the last of his immediate disciples.

The Church-boy "vocations" are, of course, analogous to the *mariage de convenance*, and defensible on the same principles. In this age of individualism and liberty such marriages seem intolerable to the modern-minded, but they have prevailed over the greater part of the human race, and for the greater part of human history, and they yield more presumption in favour of a rational choice than where the matter is left to the blind impulse commonly mistaken for love. Few are free to choose their walk in life, and the vocation "to which it has pleased God to call them" means, for most, that state into which inevitable circumstances



MANRESA HOUSE, ROEHAMPTON.

have forced them, and which often entails celibacy, or other restrictions no less difficult to endure. In the middle ages, when the child was less of a *persona*, and more simply a *res parentis*, this consecration of infants to the priesthood or the convent seemed as natural as to us it seems intolerable ; and even still it is much less obviously shocking to the Catholic mind than to the Protestant, the former being saturated with the organic and solidary, the latter with the atomistic conception of society. To me the only mischief seems to be in not clearly recognising and distinguishing the two kinds of vocation. As in matters of thought, so in the realm of action, the independent and self-governing are the few ; the receptive and dependent are the many. Society lives by a sprinkling of those *qui agunt* among the unleavened mass of those *qui aguntur*. Founders of Orders and religions are first joined by idealists and enthusiasts of their own type ; then they frame an institute which supposes a perpetual supply of the like material, or undertakes to produce it by the machinery of method.

The Church-boy system is almost inevitable and therefore defensible. Few of those boys would ever have had any distinctive vocation of any kind, or have been shaped otherwise than passively. It were a slander, for the most part, to say they are " pressed " into the Society, as though they came in screaming and kicking and were retained by physical, or even moral, violence ; but they come heavily and mechanically, without much *esprit* or enthusiasm, somewhat as if it were (as it is) a continuation of the school course —a passing from the " Lower Studies " to the " Higher Studies." They are like the recruits of our modern army, whose motive in joining is seldom a zeal for the profession of arms, or a desire *mori pro patria ;* and

yet who join freely and not of compulsion, and make good soldiers in the event.

I do not suppose for a moment that St. Ignatius wrote his somewhat high-pitched rules and constitutions for a body formed for the most part of such elements; or that he imagined that so large and miscellaneous a crowd could be governed by a method of interior and individualistic guidance, and swayed by a spirit and principle, rather than driven by rules and external legislation and coercion. Like most of us he was "automorphic," and supposed that others would be as he was, and that things would be always and everywhere as they were in his own day. A saint is not necessarily a prophet or a clairvoyant.

Well, I was surprised, and not altogether pleased to find myself in the midst of a gang of schoolboys, two of whom were in Scotch-caps with ribbons streaming behind. Their talk was all of Stonyhurst or "The Mount," of cricket-matches and masters and prefects; of which I knew absolutely nothing, but sat apart and listened. That evening, after supper, Father Purbrick and Father Morris came in our midst and shook hands all round; also some of the novices, who were known to the new recruits as ex-schoolfellows. These poor boys (the new recruits) were mostly in the doleful dumps over the prospect of the mere external restraints of the noviceship; the silence, the regularity, the paltry little farcical humiliations, such as kitchen, scullery and house work, which, like all such, are humbling only when they are forced on one by real poverty; and the one bright spot in their prospects was the assurance that once a week they might have a game of football. Such was the substance of this first "recreation," as far as I could gather. No one spoke to me, though I heard myself described *sotto voce* as

"from the world"—a term which, in the mind of a Jesuit novice, embraces that somewhat mysterious and profane fraction of the universe which lies outside the colleges of the Society. Father Morris saw me for a minute or two next day in my turn, and finding me perhaps somewhat shy and silent, at once concluded that I was in mortal terror of the austerities before me, and was on the point of bolting; so he gave me a lecture on pusillanimity and an exhortation to courage, and held up to me the example of these others, so much younger and so much more courageous than myself. He then thought of asking me how old I was. I said, nineteen; at which he was rather startled. "Where did I come from?" "From Malta." "Did I know our fathers there?" "I had lived with them." "Oh! he himself had been rector there." "Yes, I had heard a good deal about him." He gave me one of his grey looks—and after a few spiritual commonplaces the interview ended.

We were kept this year for nearly ten days in probation (*i.e.* segregated from the novices and in our secular garb) before entering on the probationers' retreat (of six or eight days). During that time we were drilled, and trotted about, and taken out for walks, and exhorted and instructed by our "angel guardians"; and never did I in my life feel so isolated, so absolutely out of sympathy with my company, as with these raw schoolboys; many of whom are now my dear friends and brother-priests, though in some ways as out of sympathy as ever. Father Morris's public exhortations were all to the tune that we should remember we were no longer schoolboys, and that we were expected to keep silence and other rules and regulations spontaneously and not on compulsion; which of course I found a very surprising and un-

necessary admonition, as I had come freely and not as a joke.

All this I record, not as history or merely *ad narrandum*, but because it throws light on the situation and has to do with my own mind. I find it most difficult to explain the effect of the noviceship upon my thoughts and judgments; but I am satisfied that, upon the whole, it was mischievous, and that it has taken me years to recover the violent warp that I received during those two years.

Although my reason is rather independent and indocile, and is bound to assert itself sooner or later when feeling has subsided and affection worn itself out, yet I think I am normally, perhaps more than normally, susceptible to these non-rational, and sometimes legitimate, influences. I have already mentioned my first impulse to agree wholly with those whom I take up with for one reason or another; and, similarly, I am affected by the instinct of imitation, by the force of fashion, "consensus," repetition and other social influences. If "authority" has not always appealed to me, it is because it is too general and abstract; too far removed from the tangible, personal and concrete. The Pope as "this man" would *naturally* be stronger to move me than the Pope as Vicar of Christ. Nor is it only my affection and reverence for individuals that has so often swayed my judgment for good and ill; but a certain simplicity and trustfulness, for which nobody who knows me will give me the least credit. I mean, I fall a victim to a very positive and dogmatic manner in others. The self-confident can gull me over and over again. Nor is it merely that I credit them with veracity, but also with verity; for I myself should not ordinarily speak dogmatically unless I had very clear evidence for my words.

Now during those two years (and to some degree afterwards) my reason was in abeyance, and these non-rational influences were playing continually upon my mind, and rooting in it that body of opinions and prejudices which may be summed up in the word "Jesuitism," and which include, of course, a certain view or fashion of Catholicism which I have since come to see is only a view, and not the only view. Of course my reason was ceaselessly active, and, subordinately to these other influences, was seeking to understand this system and to justify it; yet it was not really criticising its assumptions, but taking them on faith. If such criticism showed its head, it was promptly put down, not exactly (at first, any way) on conscientious motives, but through a certain wish to believe. I did not, after my Maltese experience, either love or reverence the Society—I never did at any time; but gradually I got interested in it as a system, as a life; I wanted to comprehend it and put it together, rather than to question it. To live for two years, at my then age, exclusively in the company of those who never questioned the all-sufficiency of Jesuitism in their own minds, much less in conversation; to lead with them an existence which, from morning till night, from month to month and year to year, was governed by that assumption; to read no books but those which were permeated with it; to hear the principles of Jesuitism repeated as axiomatic day after day, till by mere dint of repetition they seized hold of the imagination like the advertisement of some patent medicine, that one scorns at the beginning and buys at the end; all this was more than any ordinary character could hold out against, unless one singularly stubborn to social influences and almost inhumanly rationalistic.

Furthermore, I came soon to accept, at least theoretically, the view that submission of judgment was a duty, and criticism of assumptions a fault. I do not say that I was ever satisfied with this doctrine, or with St. Ignatius' analogy between the duty of a Catholic to the teaching Church and that of a Jesuit to the Society, which had been pressed so literally by his successors in the interests of absolutism; but I at least thought it a point of greater perfection, and the best thing for me, with my dangerous analytical habit of mind. Finally, in accordance with the same theory, I charged my reason with the task of justifying the system—and in the measure that it seemed coherent and harmonious it won a certain proof that quieted my questionings.

And though all that elaborate structure, so hardly built up, so long fought for, so reluctantly abandoned, has crumbled to bits at last, I dare not say that I regret an aberration which has been the seemingly necessary condition of truth. Some system, at that time, were it never so false, was a gain *as system*; and it at least fixed and determined the direction of the subsequent growth of my thought, as one pole determines the position of another, its opposite. It was because Saul was a Hebrew of the Hebrews that he became the Doctor of the Gentiles; having suffered the disease, he was keen to discover a remedy.

Of those many non-rational influences that tended to make me believe in the system, which for the present I will call Jesuitism, one of the chief was its close association (presumably casual) with my own moral and spiritual confirmation and progress. Of the causality of the sacraments in this matter I have already spoken; but a similar line of reflection and analysis forbids me to ascribe further fruits of a like nature to

anything peculiar to the system and teaching to which I was subjected at Manresa. Given the good-will, it is obvious that the exclusive devotion of one's time and thought to the task of one's spiritual reform, for the space of two years, is quite sufficient to account naturally for the results usually obtained; and I have no doubt that Buddhist or Islamite monasteries often produce similar results. Indeed, if I am clear about anything, it is as to the fact that many things in the system are a hindrance to spiritual growth, and that its artificiality cramps the fertility of nature and grace. But at the time I did not dare open the door to this doubt when it knocked, as it often did, for admission. My Jesuit life and my moral and spiritual life were associated together in time, and certainly, at first sight, in some kind of causal relationship. *De facto* to have let go the one would have been, for me, rightly or wrongly, to let go the other; for my love of the latter, though growing in strength and independence, was not yet strong enough to stand alone. Thus a sort of conscience, or religious sanction, was gradually added to those other influences which tied me to the system; and, moreover, every day that I stuck on I felt more deeply committed, more incapable of turning back; and so I outstayed Dolling's predicted six weeks; and then six months; and from that went on to six years, and sixteen and more—somewhat in the spirit of one who makes a "record," and gets ambitious to go further, the further he goes.

Another strong influence was my novice master, Father Morris—a man of very pronounced personality, *i.e.*, a narrow intense man, with an unwavering belief in the opinions and the cause he had embraced, and an absolute incapacity of seeing the other side. It was exactly the dogmatism and legalism of the Roman

Church that drew him, first to her communion and priesthood, and then to the Society, whose *raison d'être* was the defence and emphasis of those principles in a day when their legitimate scope was denied. His favourite part of the "Spiritual Exercises" was the "Rules for feeling with the Orthodox Church," where St. Ignatius says we should particularly love and praise what is most assailed by heretics—stations, relics, indulgences, the Bulla Cruciata, saint-worship, scholasticism, etc., and he himself made little or no distinction between belief in the Scapular and belief in the Incarnation, as far as either was a test of orthodoxy; all came to us equally from "Holy Mother Church." He confused the "Daily Magisterium of the Church" with the popular devotions of the faithful; and was, on the whole, the most extravagant maximiser I ever met. This belief in, and love for, the Society amounted almost to fanaticism. He looked on it as a divine creation; a new and vital organ, which the Catholic Church had developed in recent times, in which its best, purest and highest life was concentrated—a sort of *Ecclesia in Ecclesiâ*, the quintessence and cream of Catholicism; not as *one* of several co-ordinate "Orders," but as something quite apart and *sui generis*—the hierarchy, the Society, and the religious Orders; these three. Was it not *par excellence* the Society of Jesus, "of my Son," as Our Lady calls it in the Menology?

He was not peculiar in this apotheosis of the Order, it is the more or less avowed view of every "loyal" Jesuit, for indeed to question it is to fall from loyalty; but he embraced it with all the intensity of an ardent and fanatical nature, and lent it all the colour of his pictorial imagination, and the glow of his deep religious fervour. For he was by nature a profoundly religious-minded man, and possessed of an extraordinary and

enthusiastic devotion towards the person of Jesus Christ. It was this, combined with his very genuine eloquence and his power of cultivated expression, that gained him his ascendancy over my mind during the years of my pupillage.

He was an absolutely sincere and devoted man; an idealist and an enthusiast; and, though an egotist in one sense, profoundly self-sacrificing. Also, under a harsh manner and almost repellent expression, he veiled a very sensitive and affectionate nature, which I felt rather than acknowledged. Much as I respect the memory of his predecessor, Father George Porter, I feel sure that he lacked just those elements of idealism and enthusiasm which won my faith in Father Morris, and enabled him to make me accept what my cold unmoved reason would never have accepted—the dull, "common-sense," uncritical system of the Society, and all its traditions.

He joined late in life, as Canon Morris, and had not been through the usual routine; hence he never knew or understood the actual concrete Society, as is acknowledged on all hands. He came with *a priori* ideals, and hung them on such pegs as he could find; whatever did not quite agree with them was a "difficulty" for him, but did not raise a "doubt." It was Father E. Purbrick, himself a convert, an extremist, and an idealist, full of the spirit of reformation, who appointed him master of novices, for the furtherance of his own dreams. It was Father Morris who, in his retreats, first infected me with any sort of personal devotion to Our Blessed Lord, or at least made me sensible of my defect in the matter; for, like all converts from agnosticism, my religion sought its object in the pure Godhead, and was simply confused and worried by the complexities of the Incarnate. I see now that there

was a great deal of unreality and falsetto in some of these contemplations; that they were pitched far too high for the gang of schoolboys to which they were addressed; that they demanded heroic sanctity as their logical consequence, and made anything less seem treason and meanness; that they addressed the imagination and emotions too much, and the reason and will too little; that they were clear as to the end, but obscure as to the means; that they were the utterances of a man who felt and acted strongly, but reasoned dimly or not at all. Yet, on the lips of any subsequent exponent, the "Exercises" have always seemed to me flat, stale and unprofitable. For take away the tradition that has canonised them, and the genius and fervour of the individual who expounds them, and one often questions whether their beauty be not that of the Emperor's invisible clothes, which no one saw, yet no one dared deny; whether what is true in them be not commonplace, and what is original unintelligent. Who could honestly compare them to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," though this had no Order devoted to sounding its praises? And could not Keble's "Christian Year" be exalted to the same magnitude, were it as assiduously squeezed and pressed and commented and preached and flattered? Forget the tradition, and listen to these exercises from an average Jesuit, and what can be more banal and uninspiring?

Well, naturally I was impressed and carried away by a man so thorough, so intelligent in a sense, so cultivated and so dogmatic and so positive as Father John Morris. I dare say few of his novices appreciated him more than I did; and the more boyish majority were simply afraid of him. He had a rasping and caustic manner, and a smile that ill became the natural severity of his features; and, like so many keenly

sensitive people, he knew exactly how and where to wound, and was rather fond of displaying his skill. I have seen novices looking pale and ill with fright while awaiting their turn to go in to him for confession, or manifestation, or direction, or some other spiritual torture. He had no power whatever of condescension, of beginning low down at the level of his interlocutor, and froze confidence with the first glance of his eye. Still, I do not say that the very elevation of the man, and his own thoroughness and idealism, did not supply, in some measure, for the lack of more practical and immediate helpfulness.

Two proud and sensitive people seldom get on pleasantly, even though both be conscious of much interior sympathy and agreement. For myself, the more I desire a man's esteem and affection, the more sensitive I am to any seeming denial of it, and the more difficult pleasant intercourse becomes. I think Father Morris at first watched me with great interest and no little suspicion, but that he did not like me till long after, if ever at all. I did not utter, but I can hardly have failed to show my interior resistance to his domineering mind and will, which evoked all the obstinacy of my not too docile and pliable nature. I was always vulnerable from the side of my affections, and therefore I kept them concealed as much as possible, so that my manner towards him was, I well believe, brusque and ungracious, as he often told me. He, on the other hand, was too apt to forget that he had not a deferential schoolboy to deal with, who would take his opinion as an oracle, and wither up, speechless, under the breath of his censure. I believe he failed similarly in his intercourse with that small handful of us who came, not from the colleges, but from the world.

To do myself justice, I think I went through all the

routine as conscientiously and well as was in my power; and I do not remember, either then or later, ever being admonished, at Visitation or other times, on the score of those outward irregularities, which are the usual theme of reprehension. Also, internally, I gave myself wholly to the business as far as I could understand it; and still more to the endeavour to understand and agree with the system. When the first shyness had worn off, I entered into close relations of friendliness with my fellow-novices, and became lastingly fond of them even to this day; and they of me. In this way I have struck root widely and deeply in the body to which I should never have belonged; for, with me, companionship and affection depend as little as possible on merely intellectual affinities; and my mind would be as Greek or Chinese to some of my most intimate friends.

I never had much reverence for merely mental gifts, though I recognised in them a power to be captured or resisted as the case might be—just as money is a power, but not a motive for love. It is no affectation to say I can look up to very simple and uneducated people with a feeling of great reverence; and that, as far as I know, I have never felt the least whiff of vanity, but often considerable irritation and contempt, on account of the commendation bestowed on my brains. Yet this seems to me quite consistent with what Father Morris and other spiritual men would call "pride of intellect," *i.e.* an unwillingness to give in to their opinions; just as a man might have a great contempt for wealth, and yet be a shrewd man of business; nor would those whom he outwitted have a right to accuse him of greed or avarice.

I think it was good for me to associate with those so much younger in experience than myself, and to

starve that side of my mind that had become so exigent through over-indulgence. Religious training, for the most part, makes men childish rather than childlike; but it was a danger that I could face pretty safely and with advantage, for at nineteen I was certainly over-serious. To me the mere discipline of the novitiate was no grievance, scarcely a mortification in any sense. I was not used to very much pleasure or ease, or at all averse to silence and reflection. I do not pretend that, then or ever afterwards, I succeeded in conducting a "meditation" in the orthodox sense; but informally my mind ran on such matters at other times. I was continually trying to adapt the received methods of prayer to my own need, and to get them into some workable form; but this always provoked Father Morris, who considered it an implicit slur on the absolute perfection and finality of the common usage.

My real difficulties were of an abstract and impersonal nature; *i.e.* difficulties of judgment. So conservative is the Society that, in substance, the routine of the novitiate is the same now as three centuries ago; the same in England and America as in France or Italy, quite irrespective of the totally different circumstances and exigencies of the after-life, for which it is essentially a preparation, and upon which it accordingly has, in the main, no bearing whatever, except in the sense in which the life of a grub is a preparation for the totally different life of the fly. Knowing what I did of our Malta College, I could not help feeling the utter uselessness of the noviceship, as in any sense a sampling and practising of the life that was to follow. Of course it should be more than this, but it should also be this inclusively, in some way or other; else in what sense is it a trial,

or test, or even a training? Much labour is expended in giving novices a shape quite different from that which they must assume later, as though a puppy were trained to turn a spit, with a view to making him a good courser.

Father Morris, who had not been a Jesuit "scholastic" himself, nor even one of the ordinary rank and file, knew nothing of that class, save *a priori*. He implied, now and then in his exhortations, that afterwards we might meet some scapegraces, who were not too strict in adhering to the methods and minutiæ of their novice-ship days, who would forget and fall away from the mature and practical resolutions of their long retreat; but these would be rare exceptions, whose end would be destruction—loss of vocation and salvation—if they did not amend; they were to be shunned by all fervent religious, as it were wolves in sheep's clothing, world-lings in the garb of religious. Nor would they be hard to detect, with their free-and-easy manner, their unguarded eyes, their neglect of silence, their mundane conversation, their unconstrained gait and posture, and general carelessness as to small externalities. And then there was the counterpart presentment of "The Industrious Apprentice," the fervent and normal scholastic, who was simply a novice, confirmed in grace, and raised to higher spheres.

If, in his retreats, Father Morris rose above the traditional system of which he was but the administrator, and stirred us up to a personal love of Christ and a sympathy with the principles of evangelical life, he was of little use as a practical guide to men of less exalted strain than himself; let alone to boys devoid of the slightest touch of fervour or idealism. He had no sense of Pascal's "*Qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête*"; and thus I think he added a certain personal unfit-

ness of his own to the inherent ineptness of the noviceship system. As a fact those who leave Manresa for the seminary—where the Jesuit life really begins—find themselves as unprepared as if they were for the first time cast into the surf to swim, with no other preparation than a rhapsody on the use and pleasures of swimming. The more doggedly fervent and inhuman stick to their noviceship practices, and thereby cut themselves off from common life; the majority, after a very short effort, find this quite unworkable, and accommodate themselves to what they believe (falsely) to be a lower standard; while a very few, more independent, minds, set to work to fashion a new *modus vivendi* for themselves. The two latter classes implicitly confess that the novitiate is unreal and misleading; the first regard their fellow-religious as on the highroad to perdition.

Now hearing Father Morris day by day talking of the "Society"—for he always named it with a gasp of admiration, as if the word were infinitely unworthy of the idea, which for him was identified with the reality—and hearing minute breaches of rule characterised as black crimes, unworthy of a son of Ignatius; and having vividly in mind my Maltese experiences; I began to writhe under the sense of being duped or stuffed, and at last I determined to speak. I cannot remember when it was that I went to him, and told him quietly that I thought all this very unreal; that it seemed to me so much temporary varnish, to be scraped off promptly as soon as these boys got into the colleges as masters. He at once was ablaze; but I persisted and told him what I had seen and observed, and how slightly I thought of the system if those were its only results. He was then deeply pained, and his

eyes filled with tears, and he told me not to judge from so exceptional a case; that the right attitude was *quid ad te, tu me sequere.*

This was wise enough, but it did not remove my objection. The fact is he did not know the lower grades of the Society at all, was not a Jesuit in the practical sense of the word; yet it was just the non-Jesuit elements in his spirit that appealed to me, and confirmed my wavering faith in the Society—his idealism, his intensity, his *élan.*

My second, and more serious and lasting difficulty, arose from the ideas I had gathered from his own contemplations on the poverty and simplicity of Christ; and came to a head after reading Henri-Marie Boudon's "Hidden Life of Jesus," in which those evangelical principles are applied rather plainly to the criticism of ecclesiastical pomp and parade, and to the worldliness of episcopal and papal courts—comments evoked, no doubt, by the extravagances of the bishops of the old *régime* in France, prior to the blessed Revolution. This awakened all the so-called socialistic, or perhaps democratic, sympathies which my intercourse with Dolling had—I will not say, created—for my nature and my early training gave me the bent, but—fostered and confirmed. To this day I do not see, and hardly believe in, the necessity for "mitres of gold on bishops of wood." I still feel instinctively that the Church has failed, chiefly and primarily, through the neglect of evangelical poverty, and the love of acquisition and display on the part of prelates. I cannot stomach the notion of a "papal court," any more than of a "court of Christ." It does not in any way dignify, but in every way vulgarises, the office of priest, bishop or pope in my eyes, to seek

expression in tinsel.* Nothing likes me better than the lesson of Venerable Bede, where he says: "Fear not, says Christ, lest in fighting for God you may lack the necessities of life; but rather sell what you have and give alms. And this is truly done when, after having left everything for Our Lord, one goes on labouring with one's hands to earn one's bread and to give alms. Wherefore the Apostle boasts 'I have coveted no man's silver or gold or vesture; you yourselves know that these hands of mine have ministered to my own needs and theirs who are with me. I have shown you in all things an example, that thus labouring you should succour the needy.'"†

I am quite aware now of the utter unworkableness of Christ's principles, in this as in many other matters; but that it *is* His principle, I do not doubt, and I feel sure that it need not have become unworkable, and that a self-supporting clergy, seeking nothing from the laity for themselves but all for the poor of the Church, and giving everything, would have made Christianity a success, instead of the dismal failure it has been so far.

At all events the contrast between the vivid pictures in my imagination of Christ's simplicity and poverty, and the wealth and parade of popes and prelates, came upon me at this time with something of a shock—the

* It was on this point he was so greatly drawn to the person of Pius X. on his first accession, as representing the type of a simple, unworldly, evangelical prelate.—M. D. P.

† I fancy that in the matter of religious poverty, both that of readiness to bear privations, and that of obedience, Father Tyrrell would obtain a favourable verdict, even from those who cared for him least. No man could have been more modest in his requirements, and, at the same time, he did not, like so many religious, interpret the "dependence of poverty" as a right to live without working. It was because, as he once told me, "I must earn my bread," that he tried to go on with his writings for the *Month*, even after the strain in his position had become sensible.—M. D. P.

first shock to my Romanism in favour of Puritanism. I was seriously disturbed in my mind about the whole matter, and spoke to Father Morris accordingly.

At once his Ultramontanism was up in arms—"Our holy Mother the Church knew best! No! it was not a question of defined doctrine, but her daily practice and custom were no less guided by the Holy Ghost; time and again when men, like Savonarola or the Fraticelli, brought forward this evangelical literalism, Rome had condemned them; the example of Christ and His Apostles was a guide, not for their successors in the hierarchy, but for religious, for those who were called to the way of the counsels; I was in great spiritual danger, and must learn to submit my judgment and not think about matters in which I was incompetent; when I had done my philosophy and theology I would think differently," etc., etc.

This silenced, if it did not satisfy, me. The Church was right, but for reasons which would be revealed, not now, but some day. I took his word that it was so, and that I had only to wait and lay the problem aside. From that time forward he hammered away at me about submission of judgment; he warned me about speaking to other novices about these matters; he urged me strongly to personal devotion to the Sacred Humanity, as a remedy against too heady a kind of religion, and as inducing a motive of affection to counteract any scepticism about faith. There was wisdom, and even philosophy, in this last counsel; yet the very root of my present difficulty was a growing intimacy with the spirit of Christ, of which Father Morris, in his non-ecclesiastical moods, was so wonderful an exponent; and the deeper that intimacy grows, the less one seems to fear that freedom and fearlessness of mind, which was Christ's strongest characteristic.

Still, in the general principle of waiting for wider views and deeper reflections, he was undoubtedly right; though how I should ever have become a Catholic or Jesuit on that principle, I do not see. Perhaps it may be said that as he who is in possession, rightful or wrongful, is to be presumed the heir until this presumption is rebutted; so having wrongfully (as to the manner) adopted the Catholic position, I was bound to presume its security and to defend it *à outrance*. But this is a problem I have never settled. If one waited for all possible, or even probable, evidence, one would never do or believe anything; eventually non-rational motives must come in and settle the matter, which is "reasonably" settled so long as no flagrant absurdity is apparent.

What I distrusted in him, and in others later, to whom I brought difficulties, was the entire postponement of the solution to some undefined future period; the notorious *videbimus postea* of the schools, with its correlative *jam vidimus*, by which a difficulty is tossed like a shuttlecock from one department of the curriculum to another, and thus never answered at all. Had he given me his own answer to the difficulty, and then let me see where and why I could not then understand it; had he let me see that I lacked historical, or philosophical, or exegetical knowledge, which I should acquire later; had he convinced me that he could descend from his own higher and wider outlook and put himself in my narrower intellectual place, and made me feel confidently that he entered into my objection and saw quite clearly its answer, though unable to translate it into my imperfect language; then I should not have had the suspicion that dust was being thrown into my eyes, and that I was simply being "put down."

I have often met with this straightforward treatment from men better informed than myself, and it has always completely satisfied me; nor am I at all disposed to claim greater knowledge and insight than I have, or unwilling to learn from abler or older men than myself. On the contrary, I—it may be in profound self-ignorance—blame myself for being always inclined to take a book, or an author, or a teacher, too uncritically, and to agree lazily with any assertion that is made dogmatically and with any show of familiarity with regions I have not explored. And hence I am now less disposed, than I was then, to accept Father Morris's diagnosis of my spiritual state.

The charge of mental indocility (that of practical indocility or intractableness was never made against me in my days of pupillage—which is significant) is naturally made by the dogmatic against those who will not bow to their opinions at once; by those who are themselves precisely indocile and positive. Those who lived, as I never did, on a footing of equality with Father Morris, were unanimous as to his absolute intolerance of any opinions different from his own, and his irritability at the slightest display of opposition.

However, at that time, I accepted his verdict, and set to work to do on principle, and from a sense of duty, what I had before been disposed to do out of affection and self-will, namely, simply to find and see all possible reasons favourable to the orthodox position; and to treat all contrary reasons as unwarranted insurrections of private judgment, or as difficulties to be solved and explained away. In fact, I became narrowed-minded on system; a position not unlike standing on one's head.

Here again, the motive that ultimately prevailed with me was the growing conviction that, by this path,

God had brought me to a better life, and that to depart from it was to depart from Him. Secondly, there was my faith in this man of such evident sincerity, and such dogmatic certainty, whom, at that age, I was incapable of analysing into his elements of good and ill, truth and illusion.

Even after this we never got on pleasantly. I felt his wish to dominate, and it roused all my emotional opposition,* so that my manner with him was always brusque and ungracious; and this produced an equally unpleasant reaction on his side. Had he for a moment taken a kind or affectionate line, I should have collapsed at once and lost all my independence; but, fortunately, he did not. I am sure he interpreted this manner of mine as meaning an internal resistance of mind, which really had been overcome as far as goodwill could overcome it.

It was early in 1882, *i.e.* in my second year, that he asked me one day whether I thought I were really happier than I had been in my mind. I said "Yes," though perhaps with some hesitation. To pronounce a favourable judgment on myself, to say I was really advancing in any way and making great progress, always seemed to me an offence against modesty; and the words of self-commendation would stick in my throat. He expected a more unfavourable answer, but had to be content to seize on my hesitation to justify the judgment he had formed before he had sent for me. This was, that seeing I was not happy, it would be better for me to go; that I had naturally an indocile mind, and even if I were, as I said, content now to accept the opinions of my elders, it would not always be so; difficulties would only occur later; that in fact

* The reader will remember that, in Father Kerr, the commanding attitude roused no spirit of opposition.—M. D. P.

he had talked the matter over with Father Purbrick, the Provincial, and that the matter was settled and there was no more to be said about it.

What hurt me most deeply, on the first hearing of this, was the objective injustice of the decision, in the light of the sacrifice I had made during the last few months in bringing my mind into agreement with the Jesuit theory of submission. Secondly, and of course principally, there was the total and abrupt collapse of the whole life that I had built up with such difficulty, and with which I had so completely identified all my interests.

I said : " If you had made up your mind before you spoke to me, why did you fool me by asking me questions on which your decision seemingly depended ?" for that also I felt. Feeling quite speechless with anger, I left the room, but with all my opposition aroused ; I might *go* away, but I should not be *sent* away, come what might.

In the year before his vows each novice has to preach a " vow-sermon " in the refectory, on some available day of his own choosing. I had written mine—freely and previously—on the subject of submission of judgment—an analysis and illustration of the principles of St. Ignatius' " Letter on Obedience " ; but I had not yet preached it or fixed the day. I determined to preach it that day at dinner, in order at least to show Father Morris how wrongly he had judged me. So I arranged with the Socius, who managed those matters ; and forthwith set to work to learn it by heart in the hour or so that was left me. But the Socius mentioned my intention, by chance, to Father Morris, so I was stopped at the last moment. I went later to Father Morris and told him the motive of my attempt. He said it was just that sort of violent self-

will that made me unfit for the Society. But I said I was quite within my rights, being free to preach any day I chose. He said "not after his decision." I said I would write to Father Purbrick myself; to which he agreed.

At first Father Purbrick replied justifying Father Morris's decision; but as he gave his reasons, which were not very coherent, I wrote again pulling them to pieces. In him I had a much more human man to deal with, and he was not always in close agreement with Father Morris's judgment. Eventually it was settled that my vows were to be deferred *sine die*—about which I cared little or nothing. In due course the sermon came off, and Father Morris was simply delighted with the tissue of sophistries I had, in good faith, strung together, and considered it one of the best defences of the Ignatian doctrine he had heard; he told me to keep it by me carefully, which I did until a few years ago.

After that our relations were easier, and, in fine, I took my vows at the ordinary time with the rest. I remember, when the fact was accomplished, sitting down quietly in the first free moment, and feeling the satisfaction of having carried through a design so long cherished and so often imperilled. In my then frame of mind, and surrounded by a religious atmosphere, it is not wonderful if I made the Almighty responsible for a good deal that was done by myself, without reference to Him, or even in spite of Him. I had twenty times more seeming evidence of the special guidance of Providence than many who regard themselves as particular *protégés* of the Heavenly Powers, and conceive the course of the universe to be upset simply for their own benefit. Seeing the *digitus Dei* in all that had brought me to my present pass, and

made me a religious of the Society of Jesus, I naturally inferred that, for me, the Divine Will lay in a cordial acceptance of the whole system ; and my purpose was to lay the ghost of criticism, and live only for the defence and furtherance of the system to which I was now irretrievably committed.

There are a few fragments connected with this novice period, that I must put together before going on to explain the subsequent growth, decline and fall of the Jesuitism with which Father Morris succeeded in impressing me.

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In the main I think I was liked—at least not disliked, by my companions. I fancy they looked on me as much older than I was ; and certainly as more learned and mature. Perhaps, in the occasional sermons and catechisms which one had to give in public, I betrayed an easy familiarity in regions strange to most of them. Also, there was an hour of Latin schools every morning for the second year novices, over which I was set to preside, and my treatment of Cicero's " De Senectute," if not on Stonyhurst lines, was perhaps sufficiently mature to silence unfavourable criticism.

I never fell a victim to scruples during this time, or even later, though the whole system made for scrupulosity ; for the usual occasion (not cause) of scrupulosity is a paralysing terror of mortal sin, and the belief that one can slip into hell by a mere inadvertence of thought. It is the parasite of a much more vivid faith than I ever possessed in the conclusions of moral theology ; and as such it has no place in Protestant piety, though the same mental disease may break out in other matters connected with religion. With me it took the form of a certain fidgetiness of

mind, endeavouring to reduce to a single formula the life of sanctity or perfection—the search for some brief golden rule, applicable to every action of life, internal or external. Plainly such a quest is chimerical; for the "self" to be governed is never twice the same, and needs now one, now another aspect of right to be emphasised. Still the search for this panacea got hold of me, like that for the philosopher's stone—no inept symbol of it—and wore out my brain and broke my rest.* The craze wakes up at times even still, in full vigour, and can only be banished by some healthy distraction. The more universally applicable such a principle is, the less is its helpfulness and the more barren will it be of content. "Do the right" is the most universal of all; but what one seeks is just the determination, and therefore the limitation, of the right. Hence a perpetual see-saw of the mind, quite analogous to that occasioned by a scruple. Only God can combine the universal and particular in one thought; with us they vary inversely.

Father Morris put me through a course of what he called "solid" spiritual reading: Jerome Platus; Scaramelli; Lancicius; Druzbicki; Le Gaudier, and other Jesuit ascetics; in order to create in me the "spirit of the Society." I found them dreary and uninspiring to the last degree, with their scholastic analysis of virtues into *genus* and *species;* their lists of motives, causes, effects and the rest—as if method could coerce the Holy Ghost. The last named went so far as to follow the scheme of theological treatises with *Thesis-Probatur-Objicitur-Respondetur* and the rest.

* The "tired head" trouble, a form of neurasthenia, too well known in the religious life, especially to men, comes far more frequently, as Father Gallwey used to tell me, from the strain of the novitiate, than from the strain of the after studies.—M. D. P.

Father Gaspar Druzbicki has two chapters, applying the theory that "to will to love is the same as to love"—as grotesque a fallacy as ever was fabricated. Hence, says this ingenious fabricator of merit, if I say "I want to love God with an act equal to that of the Blessed Virgin and all the angels put together and multiplied by 1,000," I do, *ipso facto*, elicit such an act. Therefore I will take my beads, and on each bead I will renew this act. But, happy thought! I may proceed by geometrical as well as by arithmetical progression, and on the second bead square the act on the first, cube it on the third, and so forth, till the very angels reel at the contemplation of acts so exceeding their own.

This drivel seems incredible in one who writes otherwise sanely, and even shrewdly, for the most part. But practical minds are often intoxicated, in the rarefied atmosphere of speculation, more easily than others, just as speculative minds are easily bewildered in concrete affairs. It was, however, an unusually startling application of arithmetic to grace; and though this was after my surrender of arms, I ventured to show the chapters to Father Morris, and ask him demurely if he would advise me to adopt that particular form of devotion. He read them without a smile and said: "No, brother; perhaps you've read enough of Druzbicki and had better try Le Gaudier for a change"; and so I went to Le Gaudier and his sanctity in syllogisms.

Most of the novices read endless Saints' Lives, of the usual unhealthy type. It was the nearest thing to a story-book they could find. I tried one or two, but could not get on. I am thankful that I was made to read À Kempis for a quarter of an hour daily; and not at all thankful for the daily half hour wasted over

the banalities and fallacies of Rodriguez's mischievous and much overrated book. Our rule orders a few verses of Scripture to be read at table daily; but as this is usually in Latin, and read in fixed lengths, irrespective of connection, and during the noise and clatter of the soup plates, no one pays the least attention to it. In the theologate there are some fugitive lectures on some portions of Scripture during the last two years; but as they do not form matter for the final, or for any, examination, they are not much heeded. A priest, with his Breviary office, would roughly cover the Scriptures each year, were not the ferial lessons cancelled three or four times a week by feasts, and the connection thus hopelessly broken; and even then the lessons are mostly to be "got through," and not read or pondered. So that, taking it all together, it is not wonderful if most priests are grossly ignorant of the very text of most of the Bible —a feature that distinguishes the modern Church from the medieval very unfavourably, and explains the poverty of religious imagination characteristic of minds fed solely on abstract theology, and not on the strong meat of the word of God. Surely things were different when the homilies of the Fathers represented the ordinary preaching, and men's minds were filled with the words, and therefore in some measure with the very inspiration, of the words of Scripture.

One book I read, which left a deep mark on me— Lacordaire's "Conferences on God." It was like meeting a cool spring in the arid waste of scholastic asceticism in which I had been wandering. Had he known its speculative trend, and the secret of its fascination for me, Father Morris would not have allowed me to read it; but he was not personally familiar with it, and he gave me permission, with a shrug of the

shoulders, which meant that a Dominican could not foster the spirit of the Society—for each Order glories that its spirit is as unlike as possible to that of other Orders, and loves to accentuate differences and ignore similarities; to preserve and deepen its own type, and impose it as widely as possible.

Here I found the theism of Aquinas set forth with all the elegance and fire of Lacordaire's imagination. Here I realised that devotion and personal religion could find food and an object in the pure deity, released from the figures and idols of the imagination. Truly, it was an external God still, not the God Who is the centre and light of the heart and mind; still it set my confused conceptions in some sort of order, and quieted my mind, which had been dulled, but never satisfied, as to the difficulties of my earliest childhood. I had learned, in my own vague way, that though the God of the imagination was absurd, yet there was an unimaginable but conceivable God; and now this conception was first given a definite shape, and shown, moreover, to be harmonious with reason. It was an immense relief to me, and broke open the door into a new world of thought. For, after all, my theistic doubts had never been quite slain. If I now believed in God without admitting my doubts to audience, it was not but I knew they were waiting outside the door. I had, by wilful and repeated practical assumption of the truth of theism, made it a habit of my mind —a necessity of my life. From a mere wish to believe I had passed to a will to believe in defiance of felt doubts, which I did not think imprudent. It was not bare theism and morality that thus biassed my mind through my affection, but Catholicism—*the religion as a whole*—depending, indeed, on theism as its root, but attracting rather in virtue of its fruit and flower. I

had, then, allowed Catholicism (including theism) to absorb my interest in the way I have already tried to describe, and at every step my practical grasp on theism was tightened; but in my mind there had been really no advance, only a smothering of ghosts that would arise again if ever my will should alter and my interest in Catholicism grow cold. If the will is, in this matter, a protection against the feebleness of the mind, the mind is also a protection against that of the will; the two are co-operant and complementary principles of solid faith. This book, then, took me back to the root-problem, and reawakened an interest that had been locked away from my direct consideration, partly through wilfulness, partly in despair; it took my mind out of the narrow grooves of ecclesiastical and ascetical thought, into which I had been so long constraining it, and allowed it to stretch its cramped limbs and inhale fresh air. I read it once or twice afterwards, but doubt if it would appeal to me now; and I will not spoil my memory of it by trying. Nor was it merely speculative, but an appeal through the intellect to the heart; and it did more to give me a personal love of the Pure Divinity than any other book I have ever read, except St. Augustine's "Confessions." To it, and to the personal elevation of Father Morris's character, I owe any lasting good I received during my noviceship. All that was wrought laboriously, and against the grain, and in conformity with a system that was essentially uncongenial, had to be undone bit by bit, till not a thread remained. A man can absolutely stand on his head, but not easily or for long.

In short, if I had a vocation to follow St. Ignatius, and to that Society which exists in the pages of Paul Féval, I had none whatever to the Society that exists here and now; and Father Morris was right instinc-

tively, though wrong in his reasons. He himself was one who, by his intensity and narrowness, could—more effectually and stably than I—read his own ideal into the most flagrant contradictions of them. The "Society" that he believed in, and even "Holy Mother Church," were figments of his brain, and determined his faculty of vision to see just what accorded with his ideals, and to miss all else. Except for that, he was as little a typical Jesuit as myself—as the common consent among us allows. Had he seen the facts as I saw them, he would have felt as I felt—but perhaps this is a barren truism; yet I think the typical Jesuit sees the facts and is content with them; he is not sufficiently interested in the ideals to care to distort the facts; and thus extremes meet.

After I left home, in 1879, my mother and Louy stayed on with Miss Lynch for some time; then I think they went to live in Wexford for some reason or other. While there my mother developed a cancer in the breast, and went up to Dublin, ostensibly on some mysterious business, which she concealed from Louy and myself. She took a private ward, in I forget what hospital, and was operated on, with temporary success. During her convalescence she went, as was her way, among the patients in the public wards, and chatted with them, most of them being Roman Catholics, and was profoundly impressed by the simple faith and happy resignation of the suffering poor to the "holy will of God," as they call it. I had kept up regular and frequent correspondence with her since my departure, always carefully avoiding any controversy, and making it clear that my change had in no way weakened, but rather strengthened, the bonds of affection—as indeed is true of more kinds of distance than that which is local. I

never, of course, had the least uneasiness about her salvation—that would have supposed a much more vivid faith than I ever had; but naturally I wished her to be where I was, and the sense of any separation was painful. She, too, was drawn after me with the cords of a mother's love—the most imperious of all influences. And then there was that quiet pressure of little Miss Lynch's personality. Hence when they migrated to London, professedly to live with my uncle Arthur Chamney, but really to be near me, I was not surprised when my mother told me one day, at Manresa, that she had determined to follow me.

She was received by Father Arthur Devine, C.P., at Highgate, some time in 1881. I do not think it made much difference in her spiritual life, for better or for worse, apart from mystical and sacramental benefits, though perhaps it added a sense of rest and finality, which had been lacking in regard to dogmatic questions. She was too old to change her habits of thought, and carried her Bible-reading and extempore prayer on to the end. In the wanderings of her last illness, in 1884, she prayed much and spoke much of religion, but it was always the simple old evangelical faith of former years, untouched by Romanism—Christ crucified and nothing more. At the time this worried me; but of course it only meant that, in her state, her mind was governed by former strata of consciousness, and all her thoughts belonged to some eight years previously—Willie had recently died and I was still at school. She often came to see me at Manresa, and those visits are among the tenderest of my memories.

They at last settled to go to Bonn, that Louy might perfect her German; and came to pay a farewell visit. On parting, near the gate of Manresa—I often stop on the spot to recall it—my mother suddenly saddened

and said: "I have a presentiment I shall never see you again." I said: "Your presentiments were always wrong, and I am perfectly certain I shall see you again." We were both right!

Perhaps had I lived at home, instead of going on this wild-goose chase after abstractions and ideals, I might have made common what has remained sacred; I might have worn down an affection which separation fomented; I might have broken those hearts whose love was everything to me, and to which my love was everything. That is my faint hope, and the salve of my conscience, when I think, with bitterness, how I abandoned the life of affection for the service of so barren a mistress as truth, and let the substance of life escape me in the pursuit of shadows. And here, once more, I draw a line.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER XIII.

I imagine, from rumours that have reached me, that the foregoing remarks on the Church-boy vocation system will be not all unwelcome reading to many in the Society, who are beginning to realise its disadvantages.

The following words, written by Father Morris in his last retreat, and quoted in his Life by Father J. H. Pollen, S.J., will cast further light on his character, and confirm the impression left by the description in the Autobiography:

"In all my life as a Catholic, now fully forty-seven years, I cannot remember a single temptation against faith that seemed to me to have any force. The Church's teaching is before me, as a glorious series of splendid certainties. My mind is absolutely satisfied. Faith is an unmixed pleasure to me, without any pain, any difficulty, any drawback. . . . I have no private judgment to overcome, and no desire to exercise my private judgment. It is a greater pleasure to receive and possess truth with certainty, than to go in search of it and to be in uncertainty whether it has been found. The teaching of the Church is perfectly worthy of God, and it makes me happy. A declaration or definition of the Holy See is a real joy to me. So much more of certain and safe possession of truth."

The man who wrote these words was scarcely fitted to be the guide of young, restless, religious and sceptical minds; minds that had as ardent a desire to believe as they had a keen sense of the difficulties that stood in the way of that belief.

Another, who was in the novitiate at the same time, was strongly attracted by the underlying tenderness of this apparently hard nature; he tells me that, in his opinion, had the barriers between Morris and Tyrrell ever been broken down, had heart met heart, George Tyrrell's future might have been profoundly modified. But, as things were, Father Morris, while entertaining the highest opinion of his novice's mental abilities, had for him feelings more akin to respect than love. Father Morris was struck down while preaching at Wimbledon, in August, 1893.

This same novice-friend and companion of Tyrrell, curiously enough, had a similar experience with regard to Boudon's little book—he, in his turn, carried the difficulty to Father Morris, was at once told that "he did not understand," and forbidden to read further. Soon afterwards the offending volume was removed from the shelves. Tyrrell never said a word to him on the subject.

The author of this work was Henri Marie Boudon, Archdeacon of Evreux, born 1634, died 1702. It is extremely interesting to learn that this advocate of gospel poverty, who was to come so near causing a revolution in the life of a more celebrated man later on, bore his own share of persecution. For eight years he lived under a grave and unfounded suspicion, and was deprived of his ecclesiastical office. (Giotto knew how to depict Poverty!) His ideal was the one that is ever springing up anew, and ever withering under the wind of hatred and denial—the ideal of bringing the Gospel actually and literally into daily life, whether public or private.

He, too, like Father Tyrrell, contrasts voluntary and compulsory poverty, and gives his vote to the latter; for the former, he thinks, has too many compensating advantages. (Rodriguez, in one place, shamelessly enumerates them.) He is direct and uncompromising in his speech; an inconvenient person, who will not see the force of seeking honour and riches, even for the sake of the good that man may thereby accomplish. Such people must, of course, bear the consequences of their ill-advised boldness!

Father Gaspar Druzbicki was a Pole—born in 1589, died at Posen 1662—entered the Society 1609, where he held various offices. He wrote a great deal, but only two of his works were published.

St. Ignatius' "Letter on Obedience" is a very celebrated docu-

ment, in much use among modern religious communities, especially those of women. It deals with three degrees of obedience—action, will and judgment; of which the last is the highest and noblest; without which, indeed, the others, especially the first, are comparatively valueless. It also gives the philosophy and derivation of religious obedience, tracing its course, in an uninterrupted chain, from Christ, through intermediate authorities to the direct religious superior.

Only, perhaps, those who have gone through the training and repression entailed by the acceptance of these principles, and by the study of many spiritual writers of the Rodriguez stamp, will realise to the full all that Father Tyrrell means, when he speaks of the relief he experienced in the perusal of Lacordaire. The mind has been forced under, ordered to labour for the justification and acceptance of certain moral and ascetical axioms, which, perhaps, only half commend themselves to it. Then comes, all at once, such an opening in the grey vault above, as was vouchsafed him in the discovery of this book; it is like a spring morning after weeks spent in a dungeon; the soul bounds into space, as it were from the cramping environment of a narrow cage. No one knows the sweets of liberty so well as those who have worn self-imposed and self-endured fetters.

In an account he gave to a friend of his attempted dismissal by Father Morris, he quoted the latter as saying: "If you do not leave now you will only give the Society trouble later on"; and he would add: "Morris was right after all."

The reason, which I have learned from Miss Lynch, and which he never himself knew, why his mother and sister went to live at Wexford, was their poverty. While there Mrs. Tyrrell observed an ominous symptom, and came up to Dublin to consult a doctor. Miss Lynch, of course, was in the secret, and she never doubted from the first as to what the symptom signified; but she kept her own counsel. The doctors gave two months to wait and see, at the end of which time she was to come up again if not better; this she had to do, and an operation was decided on. Before going under it she said to Miss Lynch: "Should I be in danger of death, will you promise to bring me a Catholic Priest? Not," she added, "that I'd be a Catholic, but I would like to see him." Of course Miss Lynch promised, though as she said to me, "I'm a bad Catholic myself (*sic*), for I never said a word to bring her over, and I don't like a bigot, Catholic or Protestant." The "bad Catholic" brought them over by something more precious than words! Mrs. Tyrrell

had a private room in Sir Patrick Dunn's Hospital, and there the operation was successfully performed—successfully, that is, for the time. She afterwards went with her daughter, as has been seen, to London and Germany.

Her conversion to Catholicism she kept very secret; so secret indeed, that there was some trouble in consequence at her death-bed. But the relation who probably knew her best told me that, though she herself was not a Catholic, she was glad when her sister-in-law became one; because until then she had been restless and uncertain in her adhesion to any Church, and had been inclined to seek novelty wherever she could find it. As a Catholic she found anchorage.

Miss Lynch showed me a letter she had received from Mrs. Tyrrell when she was at Bonn, bearing the date of March 20th, 1883. "I am happy in my mind," she wrote, "since I became a Catholic, and am helped in the most wonderful way even in very small things."

Louy was with her, but not as yet a Catholic—she did not enter the Church until after her mother's death.

CHAPTER XIV

1882–1883

After the noviceship the Society of Jesus provides two years (or one year) Juniorate (or Second Rhetoric) for the scholastics, during which they still live in the same house as the novices, and are under fairly strict supervision, before easing off to the more independent conditions of seminary life. At first it was arranged that I was to stay in the Juniorate and go through the London University course—an arrangement very little indeed to my taste and which, had it been followed out, would have resulted perhaps in my being a master in the colleges all my life, and certainly in a much longer "regency"* than I had. I never exactly knew the reasons why I was judged unworthy of this honour,† and was packed off to the seminary at Stonyhurst to begin my philosophy the very day after I took my vows. Father Morris said something vague about my needing philosophy to steady my mind. Certainly it was not on account of my age, for, of my set, several were older and only a few (five or six) younger than myself; nor can it have been that I was considered too ignorant or too stupid, for, with-

* The "regency" is the period in a Jesuit's life during which he is employed in teaching boys—before his theology and ordination.—M. D. P.

† I am told it was probably because he was not thought to need it.—M. D. P.

out arrogance, I was no worse in either respect than several to whom the Juniorate was allowed. I should have been glad of two years to repair the idleness of my school-days, but not at the price of cramming for the L.U. examinations. I fancy I was in a middle category—not good enough for the L.U.; not bad enough to need, as others, to be taught the rudiments of Latin and even of English; and hence no place was found for me at Manresa.

Two others shared my fate for other reasons, but they did not follow me for some weeks, so that I landed in the seminary as a perfect stranger (?)* save for Father D., who left Malta in 1881 and was now in his second year of philosophy. It was still vacation time when I arrived, and I found that, instead of having my day minced up, by bells, into hours, and halves and quarters of hours, I had it practically all on my own hands except for meals and spiritual duties (*i.e.*, morning meditation and Mass; evening prayers and litanies; particular examen at midday and a visit to the Blessed Sacrament); instead of a small curtained cubicle, in a common dormitory, I had a gaunt and roomy apartment all to myself; instead of being assigned my company I might go with whom I would—and, as I knew no one, this meant going with no one for a time.

This sudden return to more normal conditions of existence was bewildering and ungrateful, as when a sick man steps once again on to the floor after some weeks of supine helplessness; all my props and supports were gone, and I longed for the fetters of Manresa as Israel, in the freedom of the desert, did for the bondage of Egypt. It was doubtless because I came in vacation time, when games and fishing and other inno-

* His own note of interrogation.—M. D. P.

cent methods of diversion were in the ascendant, and occupied much of the general conversation, that I suffered something of the same surprise as at my first introduction to Manresa. It seemed to me I was still among boys rather than among men.

When lectures began another side of the picture was revealed ; but still, twenty years ago, with a few exceptions (chiefly among the French and Canadians of whom there were some fourteen or fifteen out of the fifty scholastics of that year) the Seminarians were boys in the way in which they took the whole thing—good boys almost entirely ; some wild and devil-may-care enough, scheming their studies and other duties, thinking, after the Stonyhurst tradition, that all is lawful which the Prefect (now the Superior) overlooks or fails to enforce. This was eminently true of those who came straight from the colleges to Manresa ; who had never been their own masters at any time or developed a sense of responsibility. Now, for the first time, they were, to a large extent, unwatched and unprefected ; and it is not wonderful if it took them some time to recover their balance, and if some of the more light-minded never recovered it at all.

As a boy passing from the lower to higher line is somewhat studious to put on senior manners, and to express disdain for " little kids," so there was, in these, a tendency to affect a free-and-easy man-of-the-world style, as far removed as possible from the demure and constrained manner of the " good novice." But if the average result of this reaction was, in the course of three years, to displace the mere exteriority of novice-perfection with at least the beginnings of something worth the name of character and personality, it was undoubtedly a change for the better. There were, of course, a few of the more narrow, unsympathetic

and self-centred, who stuck with puritanical rigorism to the practices and resolutions of their noviceship—characters whose narrowness gives the effect of strength—but the more social and intelligent felt, sooner or later, that this was to cut themselves off from the current of common life, and to take a pharisaic attitude in regard to the majority.

Father Morris would have commended such a line, as taking the side of Christ against the lax world; but surely men enter religion in order to live in a *milieu* where the majority is on Christ's side, and hence it is a safe rule that what the majority in a community does is sure to be right. Even if it be opposed to some written rule or enactment, yet the existence of the practice proves its necessity and excusableness, and shows that the rule is morally impracticable. For example, in a small matter, the rule obliges Seminarians, when they have to speak in "time of silence," to speak in Latin; and this rule was almost universally broken, though insisted on by superiors, time after time, as of grave consequence. The fact is that Latin races speak Latin easily and fluently, and even any race except English. Abroad, in some countries, even schoolboys gabble Latin. But to us it is difficult to a degree never contemplated by the framers of the rule. We are, mostly, bad linguists naturally; nor are we taught conversational Latin at school. Hence suddenly to insist on it is to ask us to make bricks without straw; *Non Possumus*, and no man's conscience ever says Amen to a command that is impossible; or, if it does, he is forced into bad faith by so unwise a law, and generally demoralised in consequence.

In many matters of this kind the observance was lax inculpably, just because the rule was unwisely

applied; and though (partly in consequence) there was a certain amount of blameworthy laxity, yet on the whole there was a good spirit and good-will in the lower community. It may be a democratic bias, but it seems to me if subjects should study the will of their rulers, rulers also would do well to study the will of their subjects in reference to the law. It is no use to thrash a horse if he has got a stone in his hoof; if a regulation is persistently transgressed, by a sane majority, it is the fault of the regulation; and hence I hold it a safe maxim that what three-quarters of the community do is sure to be right; and it is better to err with the majority than to be saved with the few.

Of those who either could not or would not take an attitude of scandalised aloofness, the former were often glad enough to find public opinion in favour of a greater apparent laxity, and failed altogether to discern how it might comport with a greater inward reality than was usually covered by a novice's outward decorum. Such were very apt to come to grief, by suddenly assuming a freedom which, as a result of gradual conversion, would have been natural and harmless; but which, so assumed, meant, perhaps, a violent disintegration of their superficial habits of piety, exterior and interior, which were held *per modum unius*, without much discrimination; if silence went, prayer followed, for it was all one business with them. Thus it was that many "vocations" were lost through the discontinuity of the novitiate with the after-life. I have no doubt that the average or typical (as opposed to the sub- or super-normal) Seminarian is morally and spiritually a superior being to the average novice; but such is the stress laid on exteriorities in the noviceship that the neo-Seminarian's first impression is all the other way. If the more light-minded

yield themselves, with little or no struggle, to the easier ways, the more worthful have to repair the defective training of the noviceship by elaborating a *modus vivendi* for themselves, whereby they will be able to retain as much as possible of their religious and spiritual life, without being outwardly cut off from the majority by an assumption of greater austerity and more exact observance.

By this process the more common and typical English Jesuit scholastic is developed—a man who affects a certain outward carelessness and yet is secretly, not "pious" but solidly earnest as regards the substantials of his profession. This is exactly what puzzles and misleads the new arrival from Manresa, who sometimes thinks that, in neglecting substantials, he is borne out by those who are so careless about accidentals; and is often rather baulked to find that these see a definite line to be drawn, whereas he himself sees none. Thus, cutting off grotesque extremes, there was a certain uniform Seminary line of behaviour—free-and-easy, human, a trifle careless, not the least "novicey"—which veiled very different grades of inward reality; it was quite impossible to form any correct judgment from a merely surface aspect.

I was not "an unwilling schoolboy," anxious for relaxations; but I certainly failed at first to take in the complex situation I have just tried to describe. I had had my independence of judgment too much frightened out of me to cast aside at once the standards of criticism that Father Morris had armed me with, and it took me some years to discover that the best religious were not the most outwardly serious or observant, and that these latter were mostly narrow-minded and spiritually selfish.

I cannot speak more strongly than I feel as to the evil of confusing small things and great, and laying the same stress (or more) on silence or modesty, as on charity and chastity. The result is often to put a really good man into bad faith, to make him rank himself with the really careless and indifferent, simply because he fails in *minutiæ*, whose exaggerated importance can never really appeal to his reason. On the other hand an observantist, who neglects the weightier things of the law, may easily deceive himself by such maxims as "he who keeps silence faithfully is surely a good religious"; or "he who marks his particular examen"; or "he who gives the full time to his meditation," etc.

Perhaps the most soul-destroying of all customs is that introduced by Father General Aquaviva, of an hour's meditation in the morning, instead of the recitation of the "Officium Parvum," enjoined by St. Ignatius *—more especially since the impossible "method of meditation" of Father Roothaan (an ingenious description of the manner in which the human mind never works or could possibly work) has come into vogue—a method of which Father Morris constituted himself the apostle, to the great distress of souls, not only in the Society but out of it, among nuns and other "Jesuited" persons. I have made the working of this meditation-rule a matter of continual observation and inquiry all through my Jesuit career, as also the "particular examen" rule, and in both cases I have ever and again confirmed the same conclusion. Each believes they are invaluable and important spiritual aids for everyone else, but worthless for himself, owing to some idiosyncrasy or peculiar defect; in fact, it is the story of the Emperor of China's invisible clothes,

* On this point see further particulars in supplement.—M. D. P.

whose beauty no one dared deny lest he should thereby be proved unfit for his office.

I do not deny that spiritual good is derived from these routines by those who regard them as duties and perform them faithfully as such. But it is the benefit that comes from watering a dry stick under obedience; the obedience is good, but the command is foolish and the labour fruitless. Undoubtedly it is also good to assert the principle of blind obedience, *i.e.*, being ready to obey on occasions, or even continually, when the reason of what is enjoined is non-apparent; but at least there should be a presumption of the possible existence of some unknown reason, and not an evident unreasonableness, *e.g.*, in the watering of a dry stick. Obedience to absurd precepts only brings authority into contempt, and sets up a false conception of the nature of authority, whose justification is only the *public good*, and not the extermination of the individual.

I have always, in my own mind, regarded the stereotyped method of the "particular examen" as a classical instance of how the very follies of the wisest and holiest men are apt to be canonised with their authors. The general idea of taking our faults one at a time, the chief faults first, and of trying to recover the lost power of self-observation forfeited through bad habit, is too absurdly obvious to be claimed for an original discovery of St. Ignatius or any other man. The particular *industriæ*—the registration by strokes, the comparison of day with day and week with week (surely a most unwholesome and self-delusive principle)—all that is technically known as the "particular examen," is so utterly unintelligible and unworkable, so necessarily fruitless and misleading, that it is possible to account for the success with which the practice has

been imposed by Jesuits on half the devout world only by the principle of authority, pushed in a way to stifle the least stirring of common-sense criticism.

I used to ask Father Morris the most obvious questions raised by the subject, and never got even an attempt at a solution ; but always a snub for imagining I could improve on the practices of the "Society!" In matters of faith and mystery one accepts the unintelligible gladly ; but surely here, if the method is not intelligible to him who uses it, it is worthless, unless it produces its effect sacramentally, as the pious practically believe. Even Father Morris, and Father Gallwey, and the most rigid defenders of the practice all quietly introduce little modifications, not hinted at by St. Ignatius, in order to make it intelligible ; they apply it to virtues, or to "pious acts," or to something else than the eradication of faults. In justice to St. Ignatius it must be said that he nowhere speaks of it as a daily and continual practice ; but only as a remedy for certain spiritual diseases, as long as they last. His followers insist that one should be always treating oneself as definitely diseased. Well, those who can plod on blindly with this and similar routines are just those who never ask questions and have an unlimited faith in authority—minds naturally passive, docile and obedient ; who never go wrong or need repentance ; and hence the cause is thought to be an effect, and we get such maxims as those which tell us that, to mark one's "examen book" regularly, or never to miss one's beads, or to say the office of the Immaculate Conception daily, is the pledge of perseverance ; whereas it is really a fruit of perseverance.

And so too of the daily meditation ; those who can persevere in so difficult and futile an effort, day after day, from a sense of duty, are just the people who will

never "lose their vocation"; but the illusion lies in ascribing this to the inherent beneficence of the practice itself.

When I got to the seminary Father M., the professor of logic, was acting superior in the absence of Father Walter Sidgreaves. The former possessed and possesses a very singular charm of manner, retaining a certain boyish freshness and brightness, not common in Jesuits of his standing. He was a man of an acutely metaphysical and mathematical mind, and with an intelligent interest and suggestiveness in almost every department—always ready to catch any ball that was thrown to him, and play with it. His fraternal relations with the Scholastics, with whom he was on chaffing terms of give and take, were a surprise after Father Morris's exemplification of the relation of superior and subject. I could see he was simply bothered and embarrassed with the stiff, deferential, leave-asking style of the noviceship, so out of harmony with the Seminary spirit. I am afraid I must own, on looking back, that the regard I felt for him personally made me for years a bigoted upholder of his philosophical teaching; and if, in consequence of this bias, I came eventually under the influence of St. Thomas Aquinas, instead of the unhealthy influence of Suarez and the pseudo-scholastics, it was my good-fortune and not my merit. It is humiliating to see how everywhere affection has enslaved or, at least for a time, fettered one's free reason; and how little one is capable of pure intellectual honesty.

The encyclical "Æterni Patris" (on the study of St. Thomas) was just out, and Father M., with the tendency of most geniuses to embrace unpopular causes, had taken it up loyally, and was preaching "Aquinas his own interpreter," as opposed to Aquinas filtered

through the brain of Suarez. For many years previously the study of the long-forgotten text of Aquinas had led Father Liberatore and other Italian Jesuits to see that Suarez had missed wholly some of the subtler and all-pervading principles of the great doctor, that he had conceived in a gross and imaginary form distinctions of a purely intellectual character, and had thereby materialised the entire system. Now though the ancient Jesuit constitutions insisted on Aquinas as our theologian and philosopher *par excellence*, in the course of time, for obvious reasons, Suarez had become a household god, and the anti-Dominican animus had thrust St. Thomas into the background, except as diluted and tempered in the pages of the Society's own doctors. Hence the Liberatore school was whispered against as disloyal to our traditions. But the present Pope* had come under its influence, and when the "Æterni Patris" came out, it was a blow in the teeth to the main body of the S.J.—a triumph for our enemies the Dominicans and for the traitors in our own camp.†

At the 23rd Congregation of the Society, for the election of Father General Anderledy, many decrees were passed expressive of obedience to the "Æterni Patris," and just one (proposed I believe by Father Gallwey), which created a loophole and practically undid the work of the other decrees. Ever since it has been the work of the Society's "loyal" professors to prove that, though the Pope *said* Aquinas, he *meant* Suarez; to force the interpretation of Suarez into the text of St. Thomas; to show that we, and not the Dominicans, are the true Thomists. Yet, through the pressure of Rome, instigated and informed by the Italian

* Leo XIII.

† On this question there will be further particulars in the second volume.—M. D. P.

Jesuit-Thomists, and using Cardinal Mazzella as an instrument and inquisitor, the "Æterni Patris" has been steadily forced on the S.J.; professors of contrary sentiments have been driven from the Roman College and neo-Thomists called in to fill their places.

So strong, however, had the recalcitrancy become that, in 1895 (1894 ?),* the Pope addressed an encyclical of sharp rebuke to the whole S.J. to be incorporated in its constitutions, in which he used no other stick to beat them with than their own constitutions on the subject of studies. Yet this produced no effect either, for, said the "loyal": "It is evident that the Society cannot depart from her own constitutions. In bidding us keep our rule the Pope can only mean 'go on as you are going.'" Others said: "It is all directed against Father Palmieri, S.J., who taught atomism; in no sense against the general practice of the Society."

It was well known that Cardinal Mazzella drew up the letter of rebuke. Unless the next Pope is an equally ardent "Thomaphil" the new Thomist movement will have small chance of survival, since it will lack the support of the main body of the S.J. Thus the most illiberal of all influences will be found, in this matter, on the side of liberalism. As intended by Pope Leo XIII., the revival of Thomism, on the lines of the "Æterni Patris," might really have been a step towards enlightenment and theological progress; but worked in a sectarian and intolerant spirit it has played into the hands of obscurantism, though not of that particular form of obscurantism which is patronised by the theologians of the Society.

This digression is needful to the understanding of much that follows, and will need supplementing later on.

In strong opposition to Father M. and his neo-

* December 30th, 1892.—M. D. P.

Thomism was Father H., the professor of the second year course (special metaphysics—natural theology, cosmology, psychology), a very holy and deferential-minded man, whose probably superior intellect was absolutely fettered by considerations of obedience and loyalty to the Society's traditions. The Society cannot go wrong; God cannot contradict Himself; therefore the Pope can only mean what the Society means, and the apparent divergencies must be reconciled, like those of the Gospel, by hook or by crook. Hence his double endeavour to squeeze the Pope and St. Thomas into agreement with Suarez. I never met a man more self-restrained and Aloysius-like on all other occasions, and more like a wild beast unchained when his views were attacked in the lesser or greater disputations. In fact his own view, and that of the Jesuit tradition, being identified in his mind with the cause of God and His Church, he felt that restraint would be treason to the truth. Of course the scholastics took a mischievous delight in evoking these startling displays, and would lay such a train of objections, at the greater disputations, as would bring the professors into wild conflict, and relieve the appointed disputants of their irksome burden.

Naturally Father H. was severely tried by those who passed into his hands, in their second year, having received their first bias from Father M., and whose attitude towards their new professor was aggressive rather than docile. No one is more cock-sure or universally competent than the Seminarian who has just learned the nature of a syllogism, and who is apt to regard it as a short-cut to all knowledge. Had Father H. been less saintly and more liberal-minded he might have suffered less at the hands of his not very mannerly tormentors, but to preserve the tender Jesuit

mind from the leaven of Thomism was, with him, a matter of religion—of prayer and fasting; and his readily inflamed zeal made controversies interesting which otherwise would have fallen very flat. Hence the house was in philosophical factions, *bianchi e neri*, and those who had least idea what it was all about were, as usual, the most ardent fire-brands, consuming themselves and their friends and foes in a common destruction. Father T., the prefect and controller of studies, not only tolerated but rather enjoyed all this ferment, which, as contrasted with the sleepy lethargy of former years, seemed a symptom of waking mental activity.

But if the pursuit of a hare is chiefly profitable for the sake of the exercise involved, it is on the supposition that the same energy could not be turned to more profitable account; and the effect of virulent controversy on young minds, wholly unequipped to deal successfully with the fundamental problems at issue, is simply fatal to habits of intellectual candour and patient judgment. No doubt the art of special pleading and making out a case is of some value, and involves the collection and manipulation of evidence, but it belongs to the sophist and not to the philosopher; and, indeed, clerical philosophy, which consists in the dialectical defence of foregone conclusions, is scarcely distinguishable from sophistry. If there were real independence of thought, is it conceivable that all Dominicans should arrive at one set of conclusions and all Jesuits at another? Plainly this uniformity can only derive from authority and dogmatism, which prescribe the presuppositions on which reason is to work, and even forecast the conclusions at which it is to arrive. Hence the doctorate is, as a rule, for the obedient, unoriginal minds which carefully commit to

memory *id quod traditum est;* which lack all real and vital interest in the problems of philosophy and theology. The "good student" is he who asks no other literature than his professor's codex; who raises no other objections and accepts and requires no other solutions than what he finds therein. Others may get through by their adroitness and subtlety, but they are never safe to bet on.

It was, then, hardly to be expected, even had I been capable of such impartiality of judgment, that coming from Manresa with a solid purpose of being guided by my betters, I should have stood out against the opinions of my first professor, and held an open mind. Besides which there was my old Malta friend Brother D., then entering on his second year, and a convinced Thomist, ready to die rather than yield to the Suarezianism of his new professor; and to him I was even then apt to listen deferentially. Although rather of an artistic temperament, he possessed a curious metaphysical subtlety of mind, and had been perhaps the most intelligently convinced of Father M.'s disciples. Both then, and later at St. Beuno's, his judgment in philosophical and theological matters was always respected and sought, as singularly clear and well-balanced; and to this day there is no one whose criticism I value more highly on matters within his competence. His slowness of expression and poor Latinity alone prevented his being a very brilliant man in the scholastic line. At this time I knew him but slightly, and it was not till we met at St. Beuno's, in 1888, that we entered upon that close friendship which only recent troubles have cooled.

I do not at all regret this strong bias, which lent a sort of extrinsic and non-rational interest to a study whose internal interest might have been too weak to

evoke much energy. Moreover, to be committed in some way to a thesis has the same advantages as many an hypothesis, in the attempted verification of which one is often led by devious paths to truths unsuspected and unsought for. It is as the rumour of a hidden treasure, which makes fruitful land of a barren field. And my after intelligence has always recognised that, by being sent direct to the pages of a great classic like Aquinas, instead of wasting those years on his third-rate commentators and imitators, I secured such an education as one gets from contact with one or other of the few master minds of our race. Whatever order or method there is in my thought, whatever real faculty of reasoning and distinguishing I have acquired, I owe it to St. Thomas. He first started me on the inevitable, impossible, and yet not all-fruitless quest of a complete and harmonious system of thought.

I no longer accept as adequate, or as more than ingeniously illustrative, the simple categories of form and matter, purpose, pattern, by which scholasticism seeks a mechanical explanation of things spiritual and celestial, in the terms of the works of men's hands; I see that scholasticism is saturated hopelessly with principles whose development is materialism and rationalism; that the realism it defends plays straight into the hands of idealism; that it has really no room for such conceptions as *spirit* and *life*, since it explains these higher things—thought, will, love, action—mechanically and artificially, in the terms of those that are lower. Hence it is too opaque a medium to admit the full light and beauty of Christianity to shine upon the eyes of those who think and speak in terms of experience higher than those of the workshop or the sculptor's studio. Yet it is perhaps not a more gross

thought-system than that which Christ had to use as the vehicle of his revelation; and by dint of many manipulations it has become a sufficiently flexible medium of expression to suggest the main outlines and chief prominences of the world of spiritual and intelligible realities—a sort of musical notation, meaning much for musicians, though little or nothing for the unmusical. Aquinas and Dante and many another creative mind knew no other language, and it is through its accents that their spirit reaches and fertilises ours.

Though I had already dipped into the "Summa," amateurishly, in my pre-Catholic days, I think I was quite innocent of the nature and the rules of the syllogism, and that Father M. had virgin soil to work upon, in respect to both logic and ontology. Far from indocility, my attitude towards these scholastic studies was one of faith and great hope. To these Father Morris had always referred me, as the remedy for all my ignorant questionings and dissatisfactions; and, to an immature mind, the parade of order, coherence, completeness is naturally seductive and awe-inspiring; I seemed to imbibe the conviction with which the atmosphere of the ecclesiastical schools is saturated, that as the Catholic religion, in its unity, is to the jarring Protestant sects, so is scholasticism to all other philosophies or pseudo-philosophies; that these latter were at best plausible, but really not worth the three or four lines by which they are despatched in our textbooks; that scholasticism was, in fact, Catholic philosophy, by which our religion must stand or fall; that every other system is therefore un-Catholic and heretical. And, as making one vital whole with scholastic theology, it is hard to see that this philosophy has not been practically incorporated

into our creed. Hence, just as when, formerly, my bias was set towards Romanism, my mind turned special pleader, and I sought the conclusion I wanted at the expense of internal truthfulness, so now, almost by an extension of that same impulse, I threw myself wholly into the task of mastering and defending the scholastic—or rather Thomistic—system of philosophy and theology ; my bias serving the place that an hypothesis should serve in a more dispassionate mind. I sometimes wonder whether an hypothesis must not almost become a belief or a faith, or at least a hope, before it can stimulate the mind to the labour of investigation.

Father M., like most geniuses, had no power whatever of making himself understood to the average auditor ; even D. and the best and most intelligent of his disciples did not pretend to follow his mind. But he had a most infectious enthusiasm, and was most willing to argue points out in his room or at lecture, and never lost his temper. He elaborated—as all professors are supposed to do—what is called a codex, *i.e.*, a lithographed text of his own, on which he lectured. Of late years this practice was stopped by authority, and professors were required to adopt and follow a textbook. But so impossible was it for any of that species to find a book with which they could agree, that nearly all the professors of that date got leave to publish their own codexes, which were thenceforward regarded as textbooks. Hence the tremendous flooding of the market, about that time, with textbooks, whose differences were microscopical and trivial, and whose uniformity and unoriginality were portentous and wearisome. Father M.'s codex, however, was original enough to be utterly unintelligible to everyone but himself, and having carried it about with me

for many years, in hopes the light would dawn, I consigned it to the flames some time ago. Yet so strange is the power of personality, that the ferment created by this man has not yet died out. Three or four of his pupils afterwards became professors, and spread more widely and deeply the doctrines of which he was so earnest an apostle.

Of course the uninterested and uninteresting majority, which exists in every school, and cares only to "get through" the examination, if even that—growled and complained; and what with the numbers that were "plucked" under his reign, and what with the complaints of Suarezian professors, and the indignation of those who knew nothing whatever about the controversy and were of course vehement in proportion to their ignorance; and finally, what with the trouble Father M. gave at a certain conference on studies by insinuating that there was room for improvement, he was shipped off to Demerara at the end of 1884, whence he returned only a few months ago.*

Besides a few of the ordinary textbooks I read little else this year outside the text of St. Thomas himself. I do not remember distinguishing myself in any notable way at the disputations,† except perhaps at the last great disputation of the year, when I had an essay to read and some theses to defend on Father M.'s lines. At the ordinary disputations I was too disposed to invent new defences and new objections to be agreeable to professors, who like to know the ground well, so as to be sure they can steer the defendant safely to port and leave the objicient prostrate. Hence the unexpected was never very welcome. In a system so

* Written in 1901.

† His reputation, I am told, stood much higher than he was aware—too high, indeed, for him even to excite any jealousy.—M. D. P.

authoritative, so ancient, and so widespread as scholasticism, every lane and byway and hiding-place has long since been searched out and labelled; for where the criticism of principles and assumptions is excluded, and these are dogmatically asserted to be self-evident, it is only a question of combining these principles and working out their results, almost mechanically, by the use of syllogism. When so many brains have been at work, for so many centuries, at this task, there is not much novelty or progress to be hoped for. Indeed, when one has got over the novelty of the method, its further results and applications are as uninteresting as the process of producing a line to infinity, or a game of "Beggar-my-neighbour." I think, however, at the end of the year I had the repute of being one of the better men in the logic and ontology class. Certainly I gave the matter my best brains, and though the medievalism of the scholastics perplexed me, yet I thought this might be excised without any organic injury to the system. But I was only groping as yet.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER XIV.

We have seen the remark in the Autobiography as to the action of Father Aquaviva in introducing the practice of the hour's meditation. To put the matter with greater completeness we have gathered the following particulars.

The original prescription of St. Ignatius for scholastics (Father Tyrrell is writing of the time when he was one) was that, besides the early Mass, they should spend an hour each day in reciting the office of the Blessed Virgin, in examination of conscience, and in other prayers according to choice. He also added a note, or "declaratio," enabling a superior to permit of mental prayer in place of the office of Our Lady—otherwise the supposition is that the time is to be spent in vocal, and not mental, prayer.

Later on St. Francis Borgia, then general, lengthened the time, and introduced the custom of an hour's prayer, *independently* of the

examinations of conscience. Father Aquaviva confirmed this custom, and also strongly advocated the advantages of mental prayer, without positively prescribing the custom of the hour's meditation. Even now, I am told, it is not a written law, but a custom; custom, however, is, in many cases, quite as despotic as law, and the Jesuit custom has become actual written law in many other religious congregations.

For those not as familiar as many Catholics with the practice, it will be well to add a few words in description of the "particular examen." It is, I suppose, of obligation with almost all—or perhaps all—religious institutions founded on the Ignatian rule; to which class belong the greater number of modern institutes for women. The custom has also been largely adopted amongst the more devout of the Catholic laity, many of whom are under Jesuit direction. St. Ignatius gives the detailed plan of it in his "Spiritual Exercises"; its object being the correction of some besetting fault. The day is to begin with a special resolution, directed against the failing in point; in the middle of the day we are to examine how that resolution has been kept, make an act of sorrow for any lapses, and renew our resolution for the remainder of the day; the same process is repeated at night. The full time, that is allotted in the "Exercises" to this practice, is a quarter of an hour at midday and in the evening; some, however, take the remedy in smaller doses.

There is, I think, no doubt whatsoever that many and many most orthodox and devout religious would confirm a great deal of what Father Tyrrell has said in regard to the meditation and particular examen, if they would but put into words what they scarcely dare admit as thoughts. Some would say that some congenial form of vocal prayer would be to them far more helpful than meditation; while a still larger number would admit that, though they sincerely believed in the advantages of daily meditation, *the half would be incalculably better than the whole*—that the very thought of the long hour before them takes heart out of their efforts—that they do not shrink from the mental exertion, but that they *do* shrink from the endeavour to spread that exertion over as long a time as possible, instead of concentrating themselves on their work and stopping when the result is achieved.

Many religious superiors amongst women would have to admit that they are continually cudgelling their brains to suggest some new device to their tired subjects for passing that long hour usefully, and a little more agreeably—and this even with the truly pious, who go gladly to the chapel during any spare minute in the day.

As to the particular examen, the verdict would, I think, be still more unanimous, and the only reason it matters less is because the time expended on it is so much shorter. Here, again, there is the same oppressive obligation to expend a certain amount of time over a work that could often be compressed with advantage into a shorter period. And most certainly there are many who would say that it had, indeed, helped them for a time, but that it did not help them for ever. Why then cannot such a practice be taken and left, used and disused, just according to its helpfulness? Why should the discipline of spiritual school-days be inflicted on spiritual adults? Why should the man be fitted to the system, and not the system to the man?

CHAPTER XV

1882–1883

To Father T., who was then prefect of spiritual things as well as prefect of studies, I revealed my soul, or rather Father Morris's diagnosis of my soul, as this latter had advised. I told him my great spiritual danger was independence of judgment, and also that I had certain heretical propensities on the subject of ecclesiastical riches and worldly display, and a general mistrust of the temporalities. I also showed him a letter, or lecture, Father Provincial had written me on disobedience of judgment, and which I had kept (as I did for years afterwards) as a sort of spiritual mirror, wherein I might read my true countenance. Also I explained my rationalistic bias, my dulness as to the supernatural, my over-confidence in natural means and natural virtues.

In spite of constitutional timidity, and an ever-present fear of hell-fire, Father T. is, in virtue of his love of the pagan classics and his Hellenism, rather fond of roomier and more intelligent views. With a strictly literary, and wholly unphilosophical, mind, through a certain brilliancy of fancy and fecundity in "happy thoughts," he will often make daring assertions and strike out boldly for a few steps in a path that would lead to destruction if followed up. Safe within the narrow enclosure of Jesuit orthodoxy he will ramp about like a caged lion, in a way that would

lead the unwary liberal to think that the very bars were in danger. A philosopher is perhaps little better than an intellectual castle-builder; but Father T. planned a new castle every day, and never got sufficiently far beyond the foundations to discover the impracticability of his designs. Still his was an unusually suggestive and entertaining mind, and in his sparkling little domestic exhortations each fortnight he had always some new pet phrase, some bright fancy, with which he would toy pleasantly as a cat with a mouse, turning it over, and patting it, and letting it run away, and pouncing on it again triumphantly—all in marked contrast to the dreary prosings one is usually subjected to on those occasions.

Far from accepting Father Morris's pessimistic view of my spiritual health, Father T. interpreted some of my worst symptoms most favourably; he thought mental initiative and independence rather a *desideratum* in a Seminarian, whatever it might be in a novice; his dallyings with socialist problems, as a professor of ethics, made him disposed to a less unqualified admiration of ecclesiastical pomp and worldliness; while his preoccupation with Aristotle's "Ethics" led him to go straight against that depreciation and contempt of "natural" virtues, which was one of the clearest and deepest impressions I had derived from my ascetical training at Manresa.

Helpful as all this breathing room was to some extent, yet it was the beginning of a painful process of disintegration, which however, being inevitable, would have been more painful if longer deferred. I had been artificially screwed up at Manresa, and had no suspicion but that Father Morris was, as he represented himself to be, the very embodiment of the opinions and views of the whole Society. I thought

that I had only to paralyse my judgment and run straight on in those lines, and that I should never be thrown back on my own judgment again to find a *modus vivendi*. But now I found in Father T. quite another set of opinions; and all round me I heard those who had been novices under Father Porter or Father Gallwey speaking of Father Morris as a rigourist; as lacking the spirit of the Society; as having been once a benighted secular priest; nay, he was even a convert, and therefore in no way representative of "our traditions."

Nor was Father Eyre, then rector of Stonyhurst, at all sympathetic with Father Morris's notions. When I went to him for a "manifestation," armed with a document drawn up in the approved Manresa fashion: "Is that your autobiography, Brother, you've got there?" said he; "for Heaven's sake put it in the fire!" And I hardly think there was a single maxim we had been taught to hold sacred that he did not flatly deny, or flout as heretical or insane or morbid. Under these influences it soon became apparent I had to choose between Father Morris and the rest of the Society as then around me; nor had I much natural difficulty in taking the freer path. Only I felt that the bottom had been knocked out of my ascetic system, and that I was once more flung back on my own judgment and forced to construct a system for myself. In this labour I was helped much then, and for many years after, by Father T.'s sympathetic and liberal direction. He never attempted to strain or force my judgment in any way, but simply cleared away those obstacles which hindered its proper movement. It is hard now to remember how much I owed him in past years in the way of mental stimulant and moral encouragement; how often he held my head above water

when my faith had all but gone. The lighter quality of his mind enabled him to see any element of plausibility in the opinions of those he directed, without seeing the further consequences and implications which would have hindered stronger minds from so cordial and ready a sympathy; and I think beginners were encouraged to think by the belief that they *could* think, whereas a more searching criticism might have had a blighting effect.

In consequence of my Manresa training, I was at this time striving after what I might call the *Via Imaginativa* in the spiritual life. Personal devotion to Christ was to me an intense difficulty in those days, and yet I recognised, with Father Morris, that it was what I needed to "Catholicise" the merely theistic nature of my personal and inner relations with God. Much as I admired, and in a sort envied, his imaginative realism in speaking of Christ, it was to me too imaginative to be real. The sacramental presence and union appealed to me more readily, just because it did not pretend to be explicable, and, all throughout my scholastic career, Communion and the few moments after it were what I lived on mainly in the way of spiritual experience. I think now that the Christ that others impose on us can help us little, and may even hinder us in finding Christ for ourselves. The Christ that Father Morris offered for my worship was too much of a Jesuit, too much of a Father Morris, to appeal to my real self. I had needed first to conform myself to those somewhat narrow and inhuman types before I could feel for Him that ardour, which after all is evoked only by the image of one's own highest and most ideal self—of the Christ that is within one. Even Father T.'s Christ, though a more liberal and lovable personality, was not mine and could not satisfy

me. It is only so far as we see in His multiple personality some likeness to ourselves, with our circumstances and temptations, that He begins to live for us. Life is the only pedagogue that leads us to His feet.

Father T. had a theory that, in spiritual temperament, I was more of a Greek than a Christian, and should have found myself more at home in Athens 700 B.C. than at Stonyhurst A.D. 1883. Also that I was naturally anything but devout and devotional, and somewhat hard. There he rather failed, I think, to allow for self-repression, for it is rather that I distrust devotion as a source of delusion and self-deception, and dread "feeling" nearer to God than I am or ever can be. As a fact I am as easily moved to tears as to laughter, and if my affections are paralysed it is only because circumstances have forbidden their expansion —at least so I read myself. Living, as I had done now, for three or four years in a *milieu* where the fundamental truths of religion were assumed by all round me, and asserted implicitly in every movement of the common life, the sense of the unreality of God gradually wore away, and, without any intellectual assurance, habit, imitation and consensus supplied what mere reason, however cogent, could never supply —a certain sense of stability and inward rest in one's religious beliefs.

Like everyone else I found the formal meditation and examination of conscience quite unworkable and fruitless, but I was too interested in spiritual things ever to settle down to inertia or sleep, or to curtail the times appointed; still less to devote it to other things. Hence, in rather bad faith I must own, and feeling that I was creeping on to the broad way of private judgment, I strove continually to strike out methods

for myself, thinking anything better than waste of time. I knew well enough that, whatever he might inwardly think, Father T. would never dare to sanction any deviation from the sacrosanct routine by which so many young souls were drowsed into lethargy and disgusted for ever with spirituality. So I kept my counsel and went my way.

I had, I believe, never anything approaching a personal scruple, but the morbid anxiety and worry that I expended on these problems of the spiritual way seem to me to belong to the same class of annoyances. And yet it was absolutely apart from any care for my own soul as such; and entirely in the spirit of Kant's rule, which bids us act always in such a way as we should wish all others to act. I wanted to find a way that would be helpful for all, and I experimented on myself as the *corpus vile*. It was a sort of passion for discovery and invention which, as a child, set me tinkering when I should have been at my lessons. I do not think that at the time I ever deceived myself for a moment in the matter. It was only in temptations and pressing personal emergencies that I really looked to the one thing needful, and even then it was because I saw all the interests I lived for would be imperilled if I let myself go to corruption.

At this time, and until the last three years or so, I always kept a book of jottings—of what pietists would call "lights"—which sometimes I elaborated. I record this as an evidence of the mental interest I took in these matters, and of how much I lacked that solid unquestioning faith in the system that had been delivered to me, which is almost the first condition of real moral formation. Who can begin to build until he is satisfied about the plans? Here it is that the docile and dull-minded—those who cannot, and do not want, to see

more than one side to any question—are so much better equipped for the acquisition of virtue.

E. L. became in that year the dear and affectionate friend he has remained ever since and will ever remain. A Dublin convert like myself, with much the same bringing up; a man of considerable ability and high artistic taste, yet he was, like his name, too unordered in mind, too hopelessly the victim of his most varied moods of elation and depression, too diffident, too impetuous ever to make anything of his fine gifts. For him the Society of Jesus was as a cage and withered sod to a skylark; he has chirped and fluttered, when he should have sung and soared. He was too gentle, too sensitive to fight against the coarse opposition which anything like originality encounters in a corporate body; and so he has comparatively gone to the wall. His large, human-hearted affection has made him loved in Glasgow, and other big missionary districts, by the poor and all with whom he comes in contact. His first ideals of the spiritual and intellectual standards of the Society were as foolish and romantic as my own, and the gradual process of disillusionment has left him somewhat soured, and with rather weakened faith and hope. Left to himself, his character would have found its own proper mould and shape; but subjected to a system in no wise adapted to his nature, he has ended in chaos. Affection could have done anything with him; but the Jesuit mill is not moved by that motive power.

Our walks and wanderings by the Hodder and in the woods and over the fells are some of the brightest pictures in my memory. One clear frosty Christmas morning we stopped to hear the bells of old Mitten church, and said it was just one of those moments that would never die for either of us; nor has it died.

Nor were quarrels wanting—those seals of the truest intimacy. His wild unbalanced judgments, his violent likes and hates, his convert-intolerance of "heretics," his impatience of the slightest disagreement, often brought us home on opposite sides of the road and dropped a curtain of silence between us for days. I was then, as now, the cold-blooded critic; the wet-blanket; ever pruning his exuberant statements into tolerable dimensions; and no doubt I tried him as much as or even more than he did me; but nothing has ever abated our mutual affection, even though time has broadened rather than narrowed the difference between us.

I do not think I was thrown very much with D. this year, though I believe even then he began to form that exaggerated estimate of my ability, which afterwards grew to such preposterous dimensions, and was the cause of my being disliked in certain quarters.

Outside philosophy I read very little; some of Tennyson; Propertius, Catullus, and some other Latin poetry. My chief hobby was Hebrew. I went over the Psalter several times, and have ever since fancied that I got more music and help out of the original. I also read a few of the historical books and simpler parts of the Pentateuch. Altogether this year (1882–1883) stands out pleasantly in memory as contrasted with the tedium and oppression and puzzlement of Manresa. It was the pleasure of Lazarus releasing his cramped limbs from the grave-clothes, prior to returning to the monotonous burden of mortal life. I often wonder if he was pleased; and how many of the dead would really care to return—even of those who in life kicked most vigorously against the law of death.

Could I, by an impossibility, have been perfectly passive and plastic in the Society's hands, perfectly

dead in the moral sense of the word; could I have become a saint after the pattern of Father H. whom I shall presently describe, or of the one or two others who have thoroughly and dutifully yielded themselves to the system, should I really have been happier in that state of unconscious, want-begotten rest? Truth compels me to say I would rather risk hell on my own lines than secure heaven on those; that I would rather share in the palpitating life of the sinful majority than enjoy the peace of the saintly few; that I look back with horror on the ideal that had been set before me at Manresa, and which I had forced myself to believe in and aspire to; that St. Aloysius makes me ill and St. John Berchmans makes me angry. This is tantamount to a confession of worldliness, which I will not defend by a perverse application of the text: "God *so* loved the world." Yet I have always been disposed to blame the Good Shepherd for having lost His sheep, and to suspect the prodigal's father of making home intolerable to his son; and similarly I cannot help laying half the sins and errors of the world on ecclesiastical shoulders, and siding with the accused against their judges.

CHAPTER XVI

1883–1884

At the end of the scholastic year (in July or August), I had my first experience of the annual "villa" of a fortnight, which is the due of those who are engaged in teaching or in studies. Some fifty of us went to a hired house in Barmouth, where we packed two or three in a room, and where each day, after meditation and Mass, we practically bade farewell to religious life and relapsed into a state of pure nature, scarcely distinguishable from that of "'Arry out for a 'oliday," sin only excepted.

Barring certain excesses of bad taste and clownishness, in itself the institution of the annual villa, and the monthly gaudy-day (Blandykes, we call them) is not only prudent and necessary, but also offers an only too rare occasion for the display of some sort of self-government. Doubtless a more equable distribution of liberty over the surface of the year would lead to happier results and less violent reactions, and the "brattishness" of the Jesuit of twenty-five would be less markedly in contrast with the maturity of a world-bred man of the same age. Indeed, if we give up our liberty to another, it is hard to expect us to function independently when we are dropped for a moment, like a tool, from the hand that guides it. To seize every opportunity overlooked by the prefectorial eye is almost a point of honour with the Stonyhurst schoolboy,

who views all laws as merely penal; and the outward structure of Jesuit community life is too similar to that of the college to make it easy to apprehend the transition to a new spirit of obedience—to the "perfect law of liberty" and responsibility.

I have no doubt that my first secret disgust at these periodical outbreaks was puritanical and short-sighted, and that the French Jesuits, who go so far as to *forbid* any sort of study on these occasions, and to force the reluctant to join with the crowd of revellers, are even more consistently wise than we. The monotonous routine of colleges and houses of study wears ruts and grooves in the texture of the brain, and leaves other parts of that organ to perish from sheer disuse. To play the fool at times would save many a wise man from lunacy; and a little dose of the world is a good tonic for a soul too concentrated on that aspect of life which, though the most important, is not the sole aspect, nor one that can be caught truly without reference to, and therefore a knowledge of, other aspects. Yet I do think it deplorable that, by cutting off the ecclesiastic from so many rational and harmless sources of recreation, he is driven so much to signalise feasts by some extra cultus of his stomach—in a word, that gorging and drinking enter so largely into the ideas of pleasure and diversion. Of course men, as a body, are naturally body-worshippers, and when the sphere of this worship is restricted in one direction, compensation is sought in another; just as it has been observed that priests who are careful to abstain from the obscene and the immoral in their jestings are more luxuriantly scurrilous and broad in that region where no law restrains them but that of good taste. Although this association of "high living" with seasons of spiritual rejoicing is rather a

concession of the Christian Church to the pre-existing customs established by the sensuous religions of paganism than an institution of her own, yet it must be confessed that, in connecting the bodily fast with penance, and in making it the correlative and opposite of the feast, the Church has done something to deepen the hold of the paradox on the general mind. Plainly the spirit of the Gospel in this matter is a golden mean between the rigourism of Manicheanism and the profusion of gluttony, and makes for that Greek moderation and good taste for which, as a matter of history, the Church has done little or nothing. The standard of Christians on this point is no whit better than that of pagans, who were as ready to admire, and as loath to imitate, fasting prodigies as Catholics are, and who could devise no better way of worshipping their gods than by surfeit and drunkenness. Perhaps, in some future age, the Church may conclude that an equably distributed temperance in eating and drinking is a greater end than occasional periods of deficiency, overbalanced by longer intervals of excess; and perhaps there will be enough and to spare for all as soon as public opinion votes it a disgrace—an offence against religion and good form—to care for more than enough.

It makes one look with a wistful eye to the much despised natural virtues, and wish that some of the time bestowed on practices of piety were devoted to the building up of character. I have no particular sympathy with total abstinence, save as a *pis aller*, where the golden mean is simply impossible owing to previous excesses; what offends my taste is the exaggerated emphasis laid on such indulgences, analogous to that which a schoolboy lays on a "jolly tuck in," or a "good blow out." All this is, in fact, a continuation of the schoolboy training in our colleges, where big feeds,

good days, good suppers are the rewards assigned for various merits literary and moral. One would have thought a Christian education should tend to repress rather than to excite and develop the animalism in young boys, and that it needed no very profound philosophy to see that sensuality, encouraged in one direction, is likely to spread in others. The fact that so great a majority of "ours" pass almost insensibly, and without any realisation of entering upon a new level of life, from the college to the noviceship, explains much that is coarse and unideal; as contrasted with the picture of the Society in those days when it was recruited by the spontaneous vocations of men weary of the world. Surely no Order should be allowed to survive the last personal intimate of the first founder!

It was certainly not in a spirit of open-mindedness and candour that I took my seat under Father H. to listen to his course of scholastic psychology. I believe that, as an exponent of the Suarezian system, he was a very excellent and complete professor, and, as a teacher, far more practical and effectual than Father M. Yet in spite of being intensely interested himself, he was, to most of us, intolerably dull and uninteresting; save so far as his odd ways furnished matter for merriment. As contrasted with Father M. he was too supernatural, too inhuman, too gothically quaint and medieval to be in any kind of personal sympathy with his very human and unsupernatural auditors. But his doctrine was clear and methodical, if not particularly inspiring, and could be assimilated easily enough to give the mediocre majority every chance of "getting through" the examination. To fail in any of these examinations, which end each of the seven years of scholastic study (three of philosophy, four of theology), disqualifies for solemn

profession ; and hence those who care no jot for philosophy have an extrinsic reason for wishing to "get through."

Father H. was, as far as earnestness goes, one of the holiest men conceivable. I take it that "good-will" is the *matter* of holiness, and is what characterises all the saints, Christian, Jewish or Pagan. But besides this vehement and heroic love of righteousness, there must be a conception of righteousness, and this conception of righteousness constitutes the *form* of holiness. It is the same love of righteousness, the same heroic good-will, that makes a savage murder his aged parents, and a Christian do all he can to prolong their miserable and useless existence. Father H.'s intensity of good-will set off the form of Jesuit piety to the very best advantage, and served as a warning to every scholastic of what he would come to eventually if he kept his rules and put his unresisting soul into the hands of the Society, to be made and fashioned. Indeed, the most edifying man in the house was also the most disedifying, in this subtle and unsuspected way. A more enslaved and conscience-ridden intelligence one could not conceive ; whether in regard to philosophy, or politics, or science ; to matters of trifling or greater moment—of practical or speculative interest, the first question was not, "Is it the *true* opinion ?" but "Is it the right opinion ; is it pious, is it orthodox, is it what the Society thinks ?" Not for a moment that he was indifferent to truth, but that he firmly believed this was the short-cut to truth—the way of authority and tradition. Whatever real exercise he allowed his unfortunate mind was simply in searching out defences of these safe and pious beliefs. As has been said in commendation of Berchmans and Gonzaga, were the "rules of modesty" and all our other rules to perish in

the flames, they could be reconstructed from the observation of Father H.

Horrible as such exteriority would be in one who might be suspected of even a twinge of self-consciousness or spiritual affectation, in Father H. it excited nothing but amazement at the simplicity and literalism which could take the traditions of conventual piety so naïvely *au pied de la lettre*. While, however, his sincerity and genuine holiness were respected by all and suspected by none, they failed to edify just because their mode or form betrayed a difference of judgment and of sentiment which amounted almost to a difference of nature. It is by men and not by angels that we are roused to emulation. Thus while Father H. was as close as possible to the ideal Jesuit, he was as far as possible from the real and average Jesuit, whom, with all his limitations, one prefers as the more rational creature of the two. "Such honour have all the saints," and having made their bed of thorns for themselves no doubt they rejoice in it—*lætabuntur in cubilibus suis*.

From all this it will be abundantly clear that the extraordinary text-twistings, word-jugglings, suppressions and amplifications, by which Father H. assiduously strove to make St. Thomas Aquinas mean the same as Suarez, were not the result of any wilful untruthfulness, but of a sincere conviction that, the Society being as infallible as the Pope, and the former swearing by Suarez as the latter by Aquinas, these two doctors must be in perfect concord. Indeed he used to interpret a papal brief, addressed to our General on the subject, as meaning that Leo commended the Society in contrast to the Dominicans, as having the true Thomistic tradition. Anything more objectively dishonest, uncandid, and even disloyal to

papal wishes than his action in the matter cannot be conceived; and it is a noteworthy instance of the mischief that comes from the undue intrusion of authority into intellectual matters.

To deal with this whole question in the light of knowledge gathered in later years, it seems to me that more mischief came to the scholastics from this internal schism than any controversial excitement would compensate. First of all, the professors were apt to waste much of the time that was needed for fundamentals, in the defence of their particular side in this controversy; whence a very exaggerated emphasis, prejudicial to the unity and proportion of the whole system. Then the scholastics were taught to be controversialists, special pleaders and text-twisters, instead of having their faculty of calm judgment developed, which should be the aim of philosophy. Also they were made pronounced partisans in a matter which was altogether above their competence, and were thus trained to close instead of to open their minds. Also the professors' authority was weakened by the spectacle of their dissensions; and those of the opposite school to the juvenile philosopher were somewhat brought into contempt. Also, at the end of the course, the more intelligent and less bigoted found themselves in a state of chaos, having mastered neither one system nor the other, and therefore having no basis from which to proceed to the conquest of new territories; *i.e.*, to the criticism of other systems.

When I came to be a professor myself, in 1894–1896, I came to the conclusion that it mattered little what system beginners were given, so long as it was a coherent system. I think, for such a purpose, the philosophy of Aristotle and of the Scholastics serves admirably, since it is the natural first essay at a

philosophy, as soon as the human mind emerges from myths. Its very materialism and grossness bring it within the capacity of minds untrained in such matters, and suggest those solutions to eternal problems, which have to be weighed and found wanting before we can pass to better. Granted that scholasticism is to be the instrument of mental training, the reasons favouring the adoption of the greatest of all the scholastics, as the basis and text, are obvious enough, while the preference for Suarez had no better excuse than the sectarianism of the Society. If Aquinas were taught *critically* as *a* system, or even as the Church's official system for practical purposes of theological expression; if the beginner were cautioned against premature assents, based on non-rational motives of loyalty and orthodoxy, I am sure there could be no better basis of philosophical education, no better training of the mind, than such an acquaintance with this great medieval genius. But, as things are, scholasticism is taught dogmatically, in the spirit of the catechist; it is treated as the only and final philosophy—not merely as what Aquinas and his followers thought and said in their day, but as what is true now and for ever, as it was then.

In the disputations there is, no doubt, a great display of intellectual freedom and fearless dialectic, but it is all subject to foregone conclusions, which must come out triumphant over every sham assault. Only within the very narrowest limits is there room for any real, as opposed to merely methodic, difference of opinion. In the gross, all ecclesiastics agree in their philosophical conclusions; and as to minor differences, all Jesuits in the gross agree with Suarez, all Dominicans with St. Thomas, all Franciscans with Scotus. Obviously the existence of such extrinsically

produced uniformity is incompatible with that independence of thought which it is the very aim of a philosophical education to foster. The dogmatic system simply seals up the mind instead of opening it; renders it unsympathetic and unintelligent, instead of flexible and comprehensive. Treated critically, the philosophy of St. Thomas, or of any other great exponent of scholasticism, might be just the reverse of all this; it might set ecclesiastics at a great advantage in the work of philosophic criticism, instead of at a very great disadvantage, as at present.

The difference between the Suarezian and the Thomistic system is one that, to the superficial, seems as trivial as that between *homoousios* and *homoiousios* —a question of a jot or a tittle; but in truth it is very radical and all-pervading, since it affects the understanding of the categories of *matter* and *form*, by which scholasticism is governed. These two principles are apprehended more grossly by Suarez, in a sort of imaginable and corporeal fashion—as it were two bodies hooked together, and not as two principles, neither apart being body or bodily. This same grossness affects his treatment of the analogous principles of *act* and *potentiality*, and is the reason why he fails before that test shibboleth of pure Thomism—the real distinction between *essence* and *existence;* for here such an almost bodily distinction, as would satisfy his notion of "real," is patently absurd.

As to the *de auxiliis* controversy, each system has its irreducible antinomy, because each is infected with an incurable materialism, that tries to explain free choice in the terms of mechanics. On one side, it is said, a self-turning scales is absurd; if God the all-mover did not turn it, His power and his prescience would be restricted. Therefore He determines us to choose this

or that according to His will, *and also to choose it freely.* On the other hand, to be determined and yet free is a contradiction, therefore the scale turns itself, and God helps it to turn but does not force it. He foreknows our choice *because He foreknows everything and this free choice is something.* On the one side our choice is free, because it is free; on the other God foreknows it because He foreknows it. The Dominican paradox has the weakness of lying on the surface, but it has St. Paul, St. Augustine and St. Thomas on its side; the Jesuit paradox is deeper down, but lacks any honestly proved support of the same strength. On this matter I never took sides, beyond a strenuous protest against the dishonest twisting of Aquinas into agreement with a doctrine he never dreamed of. This seemed to me very bad training—a continual exercise in the methods of dishonest controversy. But once allow that St. Thomas is infallible, and he is bound to suffer as badly as the Bible at the hands of commentators.

All this digression is really needful for the understanding of much that comes after; though for its own sake it is of little interest to me, now that I have so completely broken with that narrow world of ecclesiastical thought, to which I was so nearly devoting my life and energies, had not those of my own household proved my foes in intention, though, in fact, my friends and deliverers. I cannot fail to recognise that being enlisted on the side of Thomism and the Pope, and against the dominant and domestic tradition of the Society, gave birth to those first feelings of disaffection and distrust towards the Order which have since ripened into a profound dislike of its sectarian egotism.

Quite apart from the uncongeniality of Father H.'s

lectures, scholastic psychology, as pretending to a closer relation to the concrete, and to a closer correspondence with verifiable fact, proved to me far more unsatisfactory than the more abstract and less verifiable ontology, in regard to which my interest had been rather aroused than appeased in the preceding year. Being a real interest, it was not so easy for me to lay it aside in order to take up a new and rather disparate study. Hence beyond reading through the codex, and listening languidly to his lectures, I gave little direct attention to Father H., and devoted my free study time to the *opuscula*, or to the larger works of St. Thomas. I was really most desirous to be able to believe in this philosophy ; and though I felt its lacunæ, and had as yet too little faith in its assumptions to say "*credo*," yet I hoped, and as I went on believed, that difficulties would yield to patience, and that when one got round it all its coherence would amount to self-evidence.

From the very fact that so many first-class minds have worked at it for so many centuries—not to criticise it but to prove and defend it—it is necessarily the most coherent of all systems ; every possible objection has been raised and an answer found for it in accordance with the general underlying assumptions. To question or criticise these last is to put oneself out of the pale of intelligence and even of civility ; as Kant and the critical school have done. To the young mind, which does not estimate the purely external cause of this consensus, uniformity and coherence, the phenomenon is taken as evidence of the internal truth of the system. Also, realism and materialism commend themselves for clearness to the beginner, and clearness, too, is often confounded with evidence. Above all, in the measure that the stupendous synthesis of St. Thomas dawns

upon the mind, with its wonderful unity and completeness, it is more and more difficult to resist the spell which inclines one to an act of blind, unquestioning faith in the assumptions on which a fabric at once so glorious and so comfortable rests. It is somewhat the same spell that draws minds, with a passion for completeness and clearness, to embrace the Roman Catholic religion by an act of blind faith, trusting that the same logicality, which carries the system forward to its developments, can carry it backward to its origin. The coherence-fallacy influenced me powerfully in those days, and was perhaps an useful one. Since I have had to turn away from scholasticism unsatisfied, I have gained in other ways perhaps, but not in completeness or coherence. Yet I doubt not, in being more confused and less complete, I am nearer the truth.

The Natural Theology of the next year (1884–1885), as being more akin to ontology, pleased me much better; but I could never bring myself to swallow the grotesquely coarse psychology and cosmology of the schools. The whole doctrine of *species sensibiles et intelligibiles;* the magic-lantern or photographic-camera categories by which intellect was explained; the question-begging *vis æstimativa* or *cogitativa;* the scale and weights view of the will and its motives; the theories of real expansion and contraction of bodies, of extensibility, quality and the rest—all, even then, sounded to me as gratuitous, as uncritical, as childish as "Jack and the Bean-Stalk." I was pained and sorry that St. Thomas had committed himself so deeply in many of these matters, and others, where science and philosophy had intermingled. It is said too hastily that we can separate the physics and the metaphysics of St. Thomas; but one might as well try to separate a man's body from his soul. Still my zeal for St.

Thomas made me industriously disingenuous in trying to read into him some meaning that I could understand and honestly accept. *Now*, had I time or motive, I could read even his "physics" with interest and profit, as throwing light on his whole mental system, and determining his ontological and theological conceptions. Detached from his system, as an essay at the truth, I could comprehend it better *as* a system, nor should I be tempted to falsify it by dividing it. Lesser men could keep their "physics" in one brain-lobe and their philosophy in another, but not he.

During the second year there are lectures on elementary physics (light, heat, acoustics, mechanics, astronomy), theses on which enter into the examination at the year's end, and even into the final philosophical examination at the Seminary, and into the Doctorate examination at St. Beuno's. Anciently this course would have been considered sufficient to put one on a level with the science of the age; but here and everywhere else the times have changed and we have not changed with them; just as we still exclude ecclesiastical history and scriptural science* from our examinations, and consider familiarity with the Hebrew alphabet enough for purposes of modern criticism. The chief present use of this smattering of science is to teach the more prudent to hold their tongues on subjects they know so little about, and to save us from such venturesome statements in public as that of a certain Father, who informed his audience that, according to science, some of the stars were nearly as big as the world and were *hundreds* of miles away. Also those lectures suffice sometimes to awake a scientific interest that else had lain dormant, and thus to start

* On both these points see Supplement for account of advance and improvement in these matters.—M. D. P.

the naturally capable on the road that leads to proficiency. One could hardly have desired better teachers than Father Perry and Father Walter Sidgreaves, and if the results were small, it was not their fault, but that of their narrow conditions and ill-sorted auditory.

I have now said enough about the educational aspect of this second year. Socially it was varied from the preceding by a more intimate acquaintance with D., with whom I used to read Dante and hold those speculative conversations on subjects of common interest which, then and long after, were the source of so much mental activity. I have never met any man in the Society whose converse was so intellectually stimulating; who, much as we differed, understood me better or could go so far with me into the perplexities of things; or one whose judgment or criticism I valued enough to be so much annoyed if it were not favourable.

Morally and spiritually, I think the process of reaction against the supernaturalism and artificiality of Father Morris's teaching was going on in my mind; and, building on thoughts suggested here and there by Father T., I was trying to bridge over the gulf between natural and supernatural virtue; though my teacher and I were far too confused in the matter to make my efforts successful. Subconsciously I felt somewhat as a sheep without a shepherd, as soon as I saw that the doctors differed in matters of practical spirituality, and that Father Morris was not final or representative. To be thus thrown on myself might have been good for me, had I not been impressed so deeply with the belief that self-guidance was the broad road to destruction; whence I was forced into a sort of "bad faith" in my relations to God.

I vaguely recollect a general sense of dulness and disenchantment creeping over me during this year;

but all these lesser troubles are submerged by the memories of one that had nothing to do with these self-induced, artificial interests, but with those which spring from our God-given natural affections, and which even Jesuit asceticism can never wholly uproot.

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTERS XV. AND XVI.

I understand that, even since the date when the Autobiography was written, certain changes and improvements have been made in the Society of Jesus in regard to the scientific teaching, as well as in the matter of Church history and Scripture. There is now a regular course of Church history at St. Beuno's, with a special professor, and great efforts have been made to secure good professors for the Scripture course. How far these latter efforts have been successful in meeting the objections raised by Father Tyrrell in the pages before us is for the more learned and competent Jesuits themselves to decide; for those who stand themselves actually on a level with the latest results of history and science.

The event to which he alludes at the end of this, the closing chapter of his "History of a Mean or Medium Life," is the death of his mother in 1884; indeed it was partly his dread of facing this topic that led him to discontinue the work—"it became too harrowing," he said to his correspondent.

It seems better to neglect chronological order, and to complete at once what we have been able to gather of the last history of those who figure in the Autobiography, and can figure but little in the next volume of his Life. Their place is here, and we shall feel that we have treated them with the reverence he would demand in not handling their memory separately from what he himself has told us.

His mother went to Germany with Louy as we have seen, and it was from Bonn she wrote to Miss Lynch the letter that has been quoted, of March 20th, 1883. The disease was still in her system, and in less than two years she had to undergo another operation, and yet two more. When everything proved hopeless, her one longing was to get home and die, and it was with Miss Lynch in Dublin that she intended to end her life. But she only reached London, where she became so ill that she could get no further. I have not been able to make out clearly how long she lingered on;



George Tyrrell's Mother.

according to one it was a matter of days, according to another of weeks. I think, however, the latter is the correct view; for Mr. William Chamney tells me he went abroad while she was ill, and she was still living on his return. Also it seems that Father Tyrrell was not with her the whole time, for he came, and stayed, and went away again, and was not actually there when she died.

One thing certain, however, is that she, to all appearance, lost consciousness, and that thus the twofold prediction was fulfilled, which he relates at the end of Chapter XIII.—he saw her but she did not see him. Yet there were also moments in which she recognised those around her. Rather a painful scene took place owing to her not having made known to her relations her change of religion. When her son brought in a priest her brother protested, thinking it was an attempt to capture her at the last hour. Father Tyrrell was most deeply pained, as he had no idea that they were ignorant of her being a Catholic. The matter, however, was satisfactorily arranged; and she received the last sacraments.

Father Purbrick, then Provincial, acted throughout with the utmost kindness, and told Father Tyrrell to spare no expense in obtaining everything needful for her help and comfort. She died May 14th, 1884, and I have only been able to see one letter written by her son on the occasion, which was to his cousin Mr. William Chamney:

"15 Upper Park Road,
"Haverstock Hill,
"*May* 18*th*, 1884.

"My dear Willie,

"I saw poor mother laid quietly in her grave on Friday—God rest her dear soul! . . . Let me thank you once more for your many acts of true kindness to darling mother during these last years of her troubled life, and which I feel more than anything you could have done for me personally," etc.

—words that little express the bitterness of his loss, the greatness of his love—for it was a wound that never healed.

Louy became a Catholic in the year that her mother died; I am not sure whether it was before or after that event. She returned to Germany, where she married a certain Herr Thoenes, a widower with a little son; she was left a widow in 1893, when she found herself in very poor circumstances. Her brother had already, on the death of his mother, with the full approbation of his superiors,

renounced in her favour his share of the little fortune—a small one indeed—that came to them; but this was now all spent, and it became a question whether he ought to leave the Society and live as a secular priest, in order to support her. But they wished to keep him, and he wished to stay, so they undertook to pay his sister an allowance of £50 a year for life. It was not for long; she died at the Convent of St. Augustine, July 13th, 1897.

One more farewell and we have done—a farewell to one with whom we shall not meet again in the second part of this Life, but whose influence was strangely potent in shaping its first events. We speak of "little Miss Lynch,"* as he called her, the true friend of him and his, faithful to one and all, in bad fortune and in good. She never thought, when she opened her door to the little party that arrived on St. Patrick's Day, in 1876, that her name would be one day connected with the destinies of a man who was to play so eminent a part in the Church and the Society to which she, in some measure, led him. But to her he remains ever the young boy, and not the great man; her mind attempts no judgment, her heart remains true. The last letter she possesses was one she received from him when he was in Richmond, in 1894:

"You would not know me now" [he writes] "with glasses and deep lines in my face. Only my hair is the same—all there and not a grey one." [It never changed.] "Well, on the whole, life is a sad business, and I shall not be sorry when I have to meet Mother and Louy and Willie."

* Since these lines were written, Miss Lynch has had, for reasons of health, to give up the old house in Eccles Street and take up her abode with a niece.

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